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THE

National Magazine

NEW SERIES

A MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XXV.

No. 4.

APRIL 1913.

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THE
National Magazine.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Eeditor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pithagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14, 1887

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THE
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No. 4—April, 1913.

A VISIT TO EUROPE.

Chapter V.

The Excursions.

At Bristol I saw two Bengali gentlemen, Mr. R. C. Dutt and Mr. B. L. Gupta. They had been travelling in Norway and had lately arrived in England. It was midsummer when they were in Norway, and so they witnessed the phenomenon of the sun shining continuously for days and days without once thinking of going to set. Both the gentlemen spoke very highly of the kind and hospitable nature of the Scandinavian peasantry.

The Bristol reception was the only one in which I saw any Bengali gentlemen taking part. They seemed to keep themselves aloof from all things savouring of officialism and conservatism. They did not muster strong at the Northbrook Indian Club, which "has been established for the use of Indian gentlemen residing in England, and of others who have resided in India, or who take an active interest in Indian affairs; and with the object of promoting social intercourse between persons of these classes." The Bengalis in England frequent the liberal clubs, and associate with the liberals of Great Britain. It is interesting to watch the circumstances that are driving the Bengali to the liberal fold. He has largely assimilated western ideas; he is therefore impatient of class exclusiveness, and he tries to keep himself distant from those that possess and defend the continuance of class privileges. As a result of western education, he has dethroned the high castes of Hindu society, whom he worshipped and venerated from time out of memory, and he is now in no hurry to set other idols in their place. He makes no allowance for the defects of human nature. He has boldly put the question—" Are the Indians free-born British subjects, with the full rights of a British citizen?" For this he is not liked, and he is held up to ridicule. He is blamed for not giving up freedom and an income of Rs. 8 per month at home to turn a soldier on Rs. 7 a month abroad. He is blamed for many other things, sometimes rightly, often wrongly, and occasionally untruthfully, to the great detriment to English good name in India. He has many faults no doubt, faults inherent in the Indian character, which the circumstances and the surroundings of his life have made it difficult to eradicate. Nevertheless the Bengali has been called "the Scotsman of India." It is complementary; he does not deserve that comparison, for a Scotsman always does what he thinks of doing. No is the Bengali so calm, sedate and presevering in all his actions. A Scotsman always thinks gravely and acts gravely. A Bengali very often thinks gravity but acts frivolity. The Bengali is the infant French-man of India. He is emotional and impulsive, not discreet and politic. But with all his faults, liberalism in India and Bengalism are getting to be synonymous. In England therefore he goes where he thinks he finds sympathy for his aspirations. He throws himself headlong into that side, and does not try to keep the other side pleased with him as well.

From Bristol we came to Bath, a lovely little town lying in a dale formed by a cordon of low hills. Bath claims great antiquity, its early history being lost among the misty darkness of legendary times. Its foundation is, however, not ascribed to the gods, or to the skilful architect who built the houses in heaven and sometimes in earth as a mark of special favour. That credit is given to Bladud, a king's son, who was afflicated with leprosy, and who therefore in the sore grief of his heart wandered about as a vagabond, until he came to the neighbourhood of where Bath now is, and engaged himself as a swineherd to a farmer of the place. The herd caught the fell disease from the hapless prince who dreading the displeasure of his employer, removed his charge to a picturesque valley where numerous hot springs made a wide morass. At the sight of the springs the pigs at once plunged into the tepid water, and to the astonishment of the royal swineherd got cured of the eruptions in a short time. The prince was of a logical turn of mind for he had studied philosophy at Athens, and so after deep cogitation he came to the conclusion that if the spring water was good for the pigs, it ought to be good for him. He was not wrong, as the results proved, for cured and rejoiced he soon went back to his home. In time he succeeded to the throne of his father, the king of Britain, and in gratitude for his cure he built a large city on the spot where he received so much benefit. One of the numerous ancient baths discovered in the place, called the King's Bath, is still pointed out to the visitor as the one specially erected for the use of King Bladud. An effigy of the king is there, with an inscription recording among other things the fact of his being the founder of these baths 863 years before Christ. Bath was a place of great note under the Romans, who highly appreciated the curative properties of its water, and built here reservoirs and magnificent suites of baths. These are being discovered from time to time for the last three centuries. Just before we went there, a large hall, measuring 55 feet by 36 feet with a bath in the centre, was dug out. Bath was a great fashionable resort in the last century, but the wealthy now chiefly patronise the mineral waters on the Continent. Bath springs are now the property of the town corporation, who have built a "Grand Pump Room" at a cost of £10,000. The mineral springs at Bath yield 385,000 gallons of water daily at temperatures of 117° and 120° Fah. These waters are said to be beneficial in cases of gout, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, paralysis, nervous debility and skin affections. The constituent parts in 100,000 are :—Calcium, 377; Magnesium, 47·4; Potassium, 39·5; Sodium, 129; Lithium, traces; Iron, 6·1; Sulphuric Acid, 869; Carbonic Acid (combined,) 86; Chlorine, 280; Silicia, 30; Strontium, traces; Alkaline Sulphides, traces; Carbonic Acid Gas at normal temperature and pressure (cubic centimetres per litre,) 65·3. Total Solid Contents in 100,000,—1864·0; Specific Gravity, 1·0015. I have gone into such particulars with the object that, if any of my countrymen wish to utilise the hot springs in this country, as a place of fashionable resort, he may find some help in these details. For each bath a charge of *6d.*, 1s., 1*s.* *6d.*, 2*s.*, 2s. *6d.*, or 3*s.* is levied according to the nature of the bath taken. For drinking water the rate is 1*s.* *6d.* per head per week.

In August 1886 I went to Scotland. I went by sea and came back by rail. Edinburgh is 397 miles from London, nine hours journey by rail; the sea voyage takes 36 hours. On 25th August, the steamer "Penguin" left her moorings in St. Katherine's Wharf, and sailed down the Thames until its muddy waters hid themselves under the broad blue bosom of the North Sea, when she made straight for Leith. For a long while we did not lose sight of the land, with the gaunt white cliffs broken or smoothed by the ceaseless dashing of the surf, the green fields that came a long way down to meet the blue sea, the picturesque villages and towns with Church steeples that took a wide view of the ocean by looking over the tops of houses and trees, and the undulating eminences with scattered specks of white formed by grazing flocks and herds of sheep and cattle. All these could be distinguished, for the sun shone bright, while his rays sported among the waves and made rainbow after rainbow among the spray thrown up by the revolving paddles of the steamer. In the night the moon rose with a radiant face, for out there no endless chimneys wove for her a thick sooty veil, except the funnels of numerous steamers that continually ply in these seas, but the gossamer fabric they made was in no time wafted away on the back of the breeze that blew for France. Next day afternoon we entered the Firth of Forth and passed several rocky islands close to North Berwick. One of these was pointed out as the place selected by a monk for his residence in those days when there were monks in Scotland. It is a little piece of rock, where it was not possible to grow anything for food. So I enquired on what the monk lived. An idle question no doubt, for there is no knowing what religious enthusiasts cannot do. In India they thrive on leaves, dress themselves with ashes, and sleep comfortably on sharp iron spikes. Perhaps this holy man here brought a couple of goats with him. It was dark when we arrived at Leith, which is two miles from Edinburgh, and of which it is the port and now an intregal part.

The people of Scotland may well be proud of Edinburgh. Beginning with an assemblage of rocky hills—

"Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high,"—

sloping down gentler eminences, and spreading over a wide and luxuriant plain bordered by the blue fringe of the Firth of Forth, Edinburgh certainly is one of the most picturesque towns ever built by man on the face of the earth. Looking down from the Castle Hill or from the Salisbury Crags, or Carlton Hill or from the Nelson Monument, the eye grasps a glorious prospect of enchanting beauty never to be forgotten in life. A grand panorama is opened before it of swelling hills, deep ravines, slopes ornamented with trained vegetation, piles of ancient houses contrasted by graceful modern edifices, quaint narrow lanes with wide and magnificent thoroughfares of later times and verdant plains dotted with many a noble building. On one side stretches the wide expanse of the Firth of Forth with the grey hills of Fifeshire on the background, while on the other side rise the distant Highland mountains of Ben Lodi, Ben Lomond and others of less note. I visited most of the interesting places in Edinburgh. I walked up and down the Prince's Street, considered as the finest roadsite in Europe, and took a ramble round the ornamental grouud adjoining, known as the Prince's Street Gardens. On my way to the Castle I saw the Gothic Cathedral of St. Giles, the centre of religious upheavals in Scotland, from which honest John Knox hurled his stirring sermons. Close at hand was the County Square where into the pavement, stones have been let in the form of a heart, and which is known as the "Heart of Midlothian." In the Castle the visitor is shewn "Queen Mary's Room" where James VI was born, and from which the little infant was let down the precipice in a basket to be conveyed to Stirling. In another room called the "Crown Room" are kept the Scotch Regalia. A huge piece of old-fashioned ordnance, christened Mons Meg, cast in 1486, is kept in the Castle. From the Castle Hill I came to Holyrood through High Street and Canongate, leaving behind me the house of John Knox and those of the proud Morays, Montroses, Argylls and other noble families connected with the most stirring episodes of Scottish history.

Holyrood was founded in the early part of the twelfth century by King David I, who built it as an Abbey for the reception of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Apart from its antiquity and architectural and other attractions, it is the events connected with the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of the Scots, that have made Holyrood an object of thrilling interest. Here she came and lived after her return from France in 1561 ;

here she was married to Lord Darnley ; here Rizzio the Italian, was murdered as he clutched her gown for protection ; here the nuptial festivals were held after her marriage with the infamous Bothwell ; and here she was kept a prisoner by her own subjects before she was removed to the castle of Lochleven. The halls are shewn to the visitor where royal entertainments were held, in the midst of which the unfortunate Queen shone the brightest among the bright beauties of Scotland, enchanting all who beheld her by the loveliness of her person and the graces of her manner ; also, alas ! the apartments, where Darnley made her young heart weep, where the brutal Ruthven stabbed the unfortunate Rizzio, and where the guide asks you to look closely for traces of blood said to be still perceptible on the floor. My eye-sight was not however sufficiently strong to detect them.

One feels sick at the recollection of the various tragic scenes enacted in those bloody days. My countrymen accuse the Europeans of brutality and blood-thirstiness. There is no doubt that the sense of justice, mercy and charity is more developed in the Indian mind than in the European. But it must be remembered that as heat is inseparable from fire, brutality is inseparable from an aggressive and a conquering race. In fact, this defect of character, in a moral point of view, is the very cause that leads to conquest. We might have taken credit for this superiority of our mind had it not been the result of a calamitous inferiority in another respect. Our sense of justice, mercy and charity is the result of our physical weakness, and not our physical weakness the result of these higher attributes of mind. In a perfect man all the senses, both of body and mind, are fully developed, but always under control. He need not be aggressive, but he must be able to defend himself. He should possess the power to protect himself and others, for all are not good in this world. A Great Teacher taught the world to present its left cheek to one who had just slapped the right. Our books have also taught us to consider forgiveness as the greatest of virtues. With all humility, with the most profound respect for the great teachers who taught the cultivation of the noblest acts of human life—Charity and Forgiveness—I would nevertheless most reluctantly and most sorrowfully tell my countrymen, specially the low castes from whose mind the high castes have crushed out all independence, all manliness, all self-respect, always to return blow for blow, be the return-blow ever so feeble and be the consequence ever so serious. For the doctrine of absolute forgiveness is unworkable in the world as it is, and it is a sin inasmuch as it encourages the wrong-doer in his evil course to the great harm of the human family as a whole. So what you call brutality in the European is merely a frenzied outburst of a virtue necessary for the good government of the world and necessary for the progress of humanity. This frenzied outburst whenever and wherever it happens is to be deplored, but not the virtue itself that lies at the root of it.

Among the apartments in Holyrood shewn to the visitor may be mentioned Lord Darnley's Rooms. These consist of his Audience Chamber, his Sitting Room, Bed Room and Dressing Room. All these apartments contain many old pieces of tapestry and numerous pictures. The apartments of Mary, Queen of the Scots, consist of an Audience Chamber, her Bed-room and Supping Room. It was in the last place that Rizzio was murdered. In the Bed Room there is a bed said to be the identical one which Mary used. Among other places I visited in Edinburgh, I must mention the monument erected in honour of Sir Walter Scott. It stands near the Waverly Bridge, and was designed by a local architect. The fine Gothic outlines of the monument are considered unequalled both in design and execution.

From Edinburgh I went to Perth. At the railway station there, I met Dr. Watt and two residents of the place—Mr. Honey and Mr. Dunsmore. These gentlemen arranged that I should stay at Perth as the guest of Mr. Dunsmore. He took me home where good Mrs. Dunsmore gave me a very hearty welcome. John and Buchanan their little boys, and Caroline their little girl of about three years, were all so very affectionate towards me that in less than an hour's time I felt quite at home. I also saw Mr. Dunsmore's mother, who gave me a reception equally kind and warm. She lives in a separate house, and the old lady was very glad to see me, for she never saw an Indian before. She is just like ourselves, for she would not allow me to come away until I had taken something at her house. The Scotch at home are free and easy, so that in a short while you can feel at one with them, and may pour out your simple heart without making them look *what-care-I-for-you.*

Next day the three gentlemen I named above took me with them to Lochleven, some miles distant from Perth, to fish for trouts. On the way Mr. Dunsmore related various anecdotes. He pointed to a Highland peak and said that when he was a boy of eight or ten years of age, there lived perched upon the summit of that hill a big stalwart man, with a huge turban on his head, a retired officer of the Panjab campaigns. He built his nest high up there, a commodious bungalow, and claimed the neighbouring hills and rills as his domain. One day Mr. Dunsmore and a friend, a boy of the same age as he, went to fish for salmon in one of those very rills which the mighty lord from the Panjab claimed for his own. Little Robert Dunsmore was fully intent on the sport, when to his horror what would he hear but a thundering voice behind saying,—You rascally imps, I have caught you at length ; I will now hand you over to the police," and on turning back what would he see but the huge monster of the turban coming upon him down the hill with the impetuosity of a sweeping avalanche of the Alpine regions ! He was frightened and panic-stricken, and did not know what to do. His friend, who sat a little way off, saw what was passing and in a moment grasped the whole situation. He at once left his rod, and came up running, crying all the while—" What is it Bob, what is it Bob, what is the man doing to you ?" When he drew near he threw off his coat, stuck up his sleeves and defiantly challenged the man-mountain to fight him on the spot. The old gentleman was highly amused, he burst out into a hearty laugh, and let both the Lilliputians off, duly praising them for their courage and pluck. We in this country do not do such naughty things, for we are good boys. Peary Churn Sircar in one of his books for little folks (Second Book of Reading ?) has said—" A good boy never fights"—to which may I be permitted to add ?—" but sneaks away when a bad boy beats him."

Thus, happy as school-boys, we went our way along the wide even road over the Ochill Hills to Kinross on the bank of the lake. Here we took a boat and rowed up and down the lake in search of trouts. It was no easy matter to hold the rod, to throw the long line on the water, and dexterously and slowly so to drag it as to keep the bait of an artificial fly or a minnow just afloat to entice the trout to *rise*. I did not know how to do all this. I therefore sat quietly on the boat and watched the sport. Sometimes I looked at the sparkling ripples that played with a gentle breeze on the bosom of the deep blue lake, and every one of which shewed a little sun within, like a mirror, all its own. Often the eye would take a sweep over the ripples to the sloping pebbled bank, and on to the green grass above, and thence to the high mountains, covered with verdure, that solemnly looked down upon the lake from almost all sides. Or, when the boat would turn round, it would sadly look upon the little island where lay the ruins of the castle in which Mary, Queen of the Scots, was kept in confinement. Was that the spot where the loyal abbot made his garden to favour Mary's escape from her confinement? It would seem to question the bank opposite the island. In the meantime we had got a number of trouts. After the fishing was over, we went to the island to see the ruins of the castle, and then came back to Kinross and thence to Perth.

Next day was Sunday. The Scotch people keep the Sabbath more punctually than their neighbours of the South. Instead of leaving me at home all alone, Mr. Dunsmore took me to the Church, and on the way he shewed me a little old house which tradition says was the one in which the "Fair Maid of Perth" lived. After church we went to the Kinnoul Hills, gathering blackberries on the way. From a place called the "Wicks of Baiglie," we had a magnificent view of Perth and its beautiful surroundings. There is a popular saying that Perth lies between two inches. The meaning of it is that adjoining the River Tay, on each side of Perth, are two favourite resorts of the people called the North Inch and the South Inch. It was in the North Inch that the celebrated conflict described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fair Maid of Perth" took place. The "Wicks of Baiglie" commanded an unparalleled prospect all round, including the picturesque town, the North and South Inches, the neighbouring hills, and the winding shaded course of the Tay far away to where it gradually widens into a Firth.

From Perth I went to Pitlorchry, a little station on the Highland Railway, beautifully situated among the hills. From Pitlorchry, I walked to Blair Athole across the famous Killie-crankie Pass, and through a succession of woods, glens, ravines and rivers that diversified a mountain-scenery perhaps unequalled in the world.

At Blair Athole three gentleman kindly offered to take me with them on a pedestrian excursion across Glen Tilt to Braemar, which offer I thankfully accepted. For a few miles at the commencement and at the end of our journey, a carriage road was available which we took advantage of. In the middle, were two chains ef high mountains enclosing between them the narrow valley of the River Tilt, called a glen in that country. A footpath followed the course of the river. This part of the road, some 16 miles, we went on foot. The weather favoured us: while all the time I was in Scotland it was bright and sunny, this day alone was cloudy, but not rainy. So we merrily walked our way, cheered by the sweet perfume of the heather that covered the mountain sides like a thick Indian carpet of subdued colours, and refreshed by the murmuring sound of the Tilt, which flew swift when the rocks on each side encroached upon her bed, ran calm and placid when the rocks receded, and grew angry and furious when unmannerly boulders disturbed her peaceful course. When tired we all sat upon a rock, and took the food we brought with us, and drank the cool clear water which Tilt supplied us in abundance. The country through which we passed was almost uninhabited. The noble race of men, which the Highlands of Scotland formerly reared, have sought its home elsewhere. The wild deer now nibbles at the heather, where formerly passionate strains of music from the bag-pipe of the piper cheered the clansmen in their festive board, or recalled to the mind of valiant youths the heroism of their ancestors. The broad bosoms of the men are now of no use to the Chiefs to stand as a shield against the destructive blows of their relentless enemies. The heart of the antler, to offer as a mark to wealthy sportsmen of the South, now pays more than the brawny hands of the peasant that delved and toiled for a scanty crop among the rocky land. So they have gone, and the world has lost a brave race of men which, by singular good fortune, found one of the sweetest writers to make its romantic achievements resound through every clime.

It was late in the afternoon when the rumbling sound of the Linn of Dee reached our ears. The soft twilight was slowly creeping on the evening air when we stood on the bridge over the Dee.

We looked down, and saw with wonder how the rocks on either side squeezed the waters of the river into so narrow a compass that a child might easily leap across it. Chafing at the restraint put upon her, the Dee impatiently bounds from the rock, like the tigress when she has broken asunder the noose laid on her track by the watchful hunter. At length freed from her toilings amongst the rocks, the smart little river in a pretty pouty way leaps down on the stony shelf below and in revenge makes there a deep pool as dark as Erebus. Here Byron nearly lost his life. Moore in his life of the poet says—"As he (Byron) was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, a heather caught his lame foot and he fell. Already he was rolling downwards, when the attendant quickly caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed." Here we found a carriage waiting for us, in which we drove to Bræmar, passing on the way Mar Lodge, a princely mansion belonging to the Earl of Fife. At Bræmar all of us could not get accommodation in the hotels, they were so full, and two of us had to seek for shelter in a Highland shieling. Next morning while I was sitting on the hillside outside the cottage, a litte boy came jumping there and asked me who I was. I told him that I came from India. He said, "My father is in India too." "What is your father's name?" I asked. "Smeaton," he replied. "Is his name Mr. D. Smeaton, and is he now in Burmah?" I asked again. He ran home, and came back in a moment and said that his father's name was Mr. D. Smeaton and that he was in Burmah. So, little Arthur was an Indian after all, for while we were in Europe we looked upon all Anglo-Indians as our countrymen. He played around me as long as I sat there, and took an affectionate leave when we parted. At Bræmar, the local chiefs, the Earl of Fife and Colonel Farquharson, hold every year a gathering of their tenants in the right old Highland style. The clans march under their chiefs, clad in full Highland costume, armed with claymore or Lochaber axe, with banners waving and bagpipes screaming. The Queen and the Prince of Wales often honour this "Gathering of the Clans" with their presence. But both the Gælic language and the Highland kilt are fast disappearing.

I left my friends at Bræmar and pursued my journey alone to Ballater. But scarcely had the coach travelled a couple of miles, when a fellow passenger entered into conversation with me. He pointed out to me Balmoral, the Quee'n Highland residence; Invercauld, the family seat of the Farquharsons; Abergeldie, the estate belonging to the Prince of Wales; and the snow-clad summit of Lochnagar made famous by Byron. Mr. Newland, my new friend, would not allow me to leave Ballater until he had taken me round the neighbouring hills. He was deputed by a Society, formed with the object of preventing the landlords from enclosing the footpaths on which pedestrians love to ramble among the Highlands in summer, to collect evidence about the existence of such roads. This Society has already compelled the landlords to reopen many such footpaths closed by them. It will be seen from it that the proverb—"What is every body's business is nobody's business," has now no significance in that country. If a village common or a road is encroached upon, they all combine, subscribe large sums of money, and have the matter fought out, however powerful and wealthy the encroacher may be.

In our villages within the last few years, the zemindars (permanent farmers of land revenue) have swallowed up the lands set aside from time immemorial as "common pasture" (*Gochar*) and, as far as I am aware, not a vioce has been raised against it either by the villagemen, or by the public orators, or Government. And yet a fitter subject for agitation by a cow-loving people could hardly be imagined. "Your memorialists would humbly pray that the slaughter of cows be prohibited by law, that the English officers in charge of the Agricultural Departments be reprimanded for their meddlesome habit of endeavouring to increase the supply of cattle-food in the country, and that your memorialists be allowed to freely enjoy their newly-acquired right of killing the cows by slow starvation," that is the form of petition one can suggest on seeing the weak emaciated condition of cattle in this couutry compared with their plump sleek state in Europe. I am sad and surprised to find that this fact, palpable to all eyes, is denied. Let us learn to boldly avow what is wrong in us, if we want to be respected even by our enemies.

Mr. Newland and I drove across the Balmoral Estate, and we also went to many farm-houses in the neighbourhood, asking the old people there about the footpaths. Wherever we went they offered us whiskey and tea, just as you offer sweetmeats, betel-leaves and smoke to respectable strangers in your house, In one place we met a number of tramps, both men and women. Tramps have no fixed abode or occupation, but go about the country begging or stealing. Tramp-life is equivalent to *Fakir*-life in India, *minus* the religious paraphernalia. Religion has become so tough and flinty in Europe that it is practically getting out of fashion. Accustomed as we are to the religious vagrancy in India, I could hardly realise the sweet of tramp-life in England, where food is not abundant, where the air is cold, where it rains all the year round and snows in the winter, where they keep their front doors locked, where the heart of the people has become tramp-proof by evolution, where bull-dogs and man-traps guard the orchards at night, where no *chhatrams* exist in which one can lay down his head without paying, where most lands are enclosed, and where prosecution for trespass is more than commom. For the same reason gypsies have practically disappeared from England. The few that are there have taken to the trade of mending broken pots. We came across a little gypsy encampment near the Killiecrankie Pass.

At Ballater I saw Sir William Muir. He expressed great anxiety at the growing misunderstanding between Englishmen and natives of India. I also greatly deplored the circumstance and said that "I would always feel it my duty to do all that I could to bridge the gulf that unhappily at present divides the two races. But all our efforts will be fruitless if some of the influential newspapers conducted by Englishmen in India do not adopt a kinder tone towards the nattives of the country. Papers conducted in party spirit is unsuitable for India, and what is more, they teach a dangerous lesson to periodicals published by the Indians in English or vernacular." That this misunderstanding is largely due to mutual ignorance, there can be no doubt. The same cause produced the same results during the Muhammadan time. Abul Fazl in his preface to *Razm Namah* states that "The Emperor Akbar convinced that the fanatical hatred prevailing between Hindus and Muhammadans mainly arose from mutual ignorance, sought to render the books of the former accessible to the latter. He therefore selected the Mahabharata to be translated by competent authorities of both races." I think the rulers and the ruled of the time knew much more of each other there hundred years ago than they do now.

From Ballater I went by rail to Aberdeen. It will be impossible to describe all the places to which I went. I may mention here that Aberdeen is a seaport town with a population of about 110,000. It is also the seat of a university. It possesses a handsome Art Gallery, an Industrial Museum, a Mechanic's Institute and an Art School founded by a gift of £ 6,000 made by a private individual. Two Daily, with their evening editions, and two Weekly Newspapers are published in the town, which will show what progress education has made in Great Britain.

Nothing is more absolutely necessary for the regeneration of India than education, universal education, compulsory education and if possible free education. The National Congress and all the public associations in the country, Hindus and Musalmans Englishmen and Indians, should combine to bring about umversal education in India. Where is the money to come from ? We already levy a tax on marriages for the benefit of the village schools ; let it be legalised. Then tax gold and silver imported into this country ; nobody would feel the worse for it. Tax anything you like, but give us education ; for it is better to die of starvation than to live like beasts.

At Aberdeen I went to the seaside, on the further end of the town, where large boats laden with freshcaught herrings are brought in. They also catch fish in the open sea by steamers. Herrings are very much like our *Hilsa* fish, equally bony and oily, but not so sweet. The best fish in England is the Salmon (*Salmo salar, Linn* ; Salmonidæ,) which is found in abundance in all the Arctic seas, and which enters the rivers in spring to spawn. In going up the rivers the salmon often takes tremendous leaps to surmount rapids and cascades. Another fish they like in that country is the sole, a flat salt-water fish with both the eyes on one side, which goes to sleep after nicely covering itself with sand. Other kinds of fish I saw on the table there were sturgeon, pike, roach, haddock, cod, tench, turbot, plaice, eel, mackerel, lamprey, lock, whitebait, &c. Whitebait is a small fish which they eat fried. Of shell-fish, they are extremely fond of turtle-soup, real or mock. They have great preference for the green turtle (*Chelonia Midas*), brought from the West India Islands. But to them the greatest delicacy is of course the oysters, of which they chiefly use only one species, the *Ostrea edulis.* Outside many London shops you will see signboards with "Natives" upon them. They do not mean that any of us are kept for sale there, but that the people can get there the most delicate of all oysters which grow off the English coast, named "natives" in contradistinction to those brought from France and other places. They have got huge lobsters, cray fish and crabs in that country. They boil the lobster, mince it into small pieces, and eat it with green salad, the whole forming what they call the "lobster salad." Mussels, cockles, whelks, limpets and scallops are commonly eaten by the poorer people.

From Aberdeen I came back to Perth by way of Dundee, and immediately started for Aberfeldy in the Highlands. Thence I went to Killin Pier across the Loch Tay by a fine little steamer. The country around here is simply indescribably beautiful. The music that played on board the steamer, while we were on the bosom of the pretty lake with its deep blue waters; the slopy bank carpetted with grass, before which the brightest emerald would fade in shame; higher up a thickly wooded forest, through which only the most audacious sunshine could with difficulty pierce its way down to the ground, strewn with yellow autumnal leaves shed by deciduous undergrowths; and above all the many-headed mountains guarding like giants the charms of the lovely little loch, all contributed to make the scene fairylike, dreamy and enchanting in the highest degree. I have not seen Kashmir, and cannot therefore say if that place can be compared with Scotland. But I have seen many other places in India, both hills and plains, and I can confidently say that Scotland is the most beautiful country I ever saw. The Himalayas are too wild and too grand; they raise a feeling of awe in the mind, but do not soothe and charm. Nilgiris, had they such fine lakes, might have stood a chance of being compared with the mountain scenery of Scotland. Scotland is an epitome of all the charms of the world. It has the sea on almost all sides, it has huge precipitous mountains, undulating hills, flat plains, forests, lakes, rivers, everything that the eye of the artist loves to dwell upon.

A little island sits upon the waters of Loch Tay, that fondly nestles in its bosom the dilapidated skeleton of an old castle. It reproachfully looks upon the waters around, which fell asleep at their post on a wintry morning long ago, when the Macgregors, protected from arrows by the fascines they pushed before them across the frozen lake, attacked and overpowered the defendent of the castle. What vicissitudes the lands around have passed through, or for the matter of that, most inhabited lands on the face of earth! Only, they wanted the wand of a magician like Sir Walter Scott to cast upon them a halo of romance. Benmore yonder, with its head raised 3,843 feet about the level of the sea, witnessed the sanguinary struggle which deprived the Clan MacNab of their lands in Glen-Dochart, leaving to them only the little weed-covered graveyard in Killin, by the side of which I pensively sat for a long while. Where the locomotive engine of the Killin Railway shrieked and snorted before its departures for Oban, the war-horse neighed and claymores clanged in bygone days. The little village of Dalree, to which we shortly came, remembers the bloody morning in 1306, when Bruce desperately fought with the followers of Macdougall of Lorn, ending in one of the many narrow escapes of his eventful life. Did not Tyndrum, our next halting place, send her quota of armed band to murder neighbour Glencoe in her sleep? Next came we to Dalmally, in the heart of the Breadalbane-Campbell territory, with Ben Cruachan and other Bens of note and Glen-Orchy, Glen Strae and other valleys of beautiful appearance by her side, all of which oft heard afar the plaintive wail of the hunted race of Macgregors—

"Glen-Orchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and her towers,
Glen-Strae and Glen Lyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach
Landless, landless, landless!

T. N. MUKHARJI.

AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.

(XXI.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Indian Journalism.

Kisori was a journalist. He was baptised into it while at the Janai School. Sometime after he came to Cálcutta, took the charge of the anglo-vernacular diglot *Halisahar Patrika* in 1873. He edited the National Magazine, from 1875. He became an active member of the staff of *Reis and Rayyet* from the very year 1883 when it was started by Dr. Sambhu Chandra Mukherjee. He used to contribute frequently to the Statesman in the days of Robert Knight, and had connection with almost all the leading journals of Bengal, such as the Indian Mirror, the Hindoo Patriot and the Bengalee. His contributions to the Englishman, to the Pioneer, and to the Indian Daily News though few and far between, were much appreciated. We need no apology to give a bird's eye view of Indian journalism in the life of one who was so intimately connected with it for the best part of his life. The late Mr. Robert Knight of the Statesman collected materials but death prevented him from presenting the mature product of his brain. In the National Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of an old Journalist, a disciple of Kisori Mohan gave a succinct account which has passed through his hands as editor. He retouched not simply the manner but the matter. How unambitious he was is clear from the fact that lest he would have to trumpet out his name he omitted all reference to the Hali Sahar Patrika and the National Magazine. What a difference between the so-called great men of these days who rush to paint in high colours even their trivial manœuvres in their own journals and sing their own praise lest others do not.

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* December number of 1895. February and April numbers of 1896.

Journalism is an orchid of England which was brought by the Britishers and has flourished so luxuriantly through the encouragement of the British Government. There was, doubtless, contrivance for printing in ancient India* as well as in China at least a thousand years ago. But with the appearance of dark age the art was forgotten.

The idea of Government measures being subjected to criticism by the people was intolerable to Islamic autocracy and consequently free Press could not exist in the Mahomedan days. It took more than half a century even for the British Government to recognise the freedom of the press. With the establishment of the British Raj after the battle of Plassey, printing press was imported by the Government for printing its orders and regulations.

In 1774 under the patronage of Warren Hastings the official organ known as *India Gazette* was established. It was also called *Hickey's Gazette*, after the name of its first editor, Hickey. It was not a dry chornicle of Government appointments and transfers and resolutions as the Government Gazettes of these days are. It was a newspaper. At first it was a weekly and subsequently became a daily. It was whig in policy, and ultimately merged into the *Bengal Hurkara.* In 1780, James Silk Buckingham established the first daily in India, the *Calcutta Journal,* otherwise known as

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* "An extraordinary discovery has been made of a press in India. When Warren Hastings was Governor-General in India, he observed that in the district of Benares a little below the surface of the earth was to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous wooly substance of various thickness in horizontal layers. Major Rocbuok, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made, displaying the singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which, on further examination, proved to be of same size, and to their astonishment they found a kind of Printing Press set up in a vault, and movable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every enquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrnment could have been placed there, for it was evidently not of modern origin and from all the Major could collect, it appears probable that the Press had remained there in the state in which its was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned associations with a memoir containing many curious speculations on the object." Gentleman's Journal, London, 1st March, 1870.

Hickey's Calcutta Journal. It criticised government measures freely and vigorously. The Government could not bear its independent tone and gagged it. It came to an abrupt end in 1824. How European officials in those days were thin-skinned will appear from their conduct towards Mr. Buckingham. Bishop Middleton took umbrage at him for a letter on the duties of chaplains, which was not half so pungent as the imaginary dialogue between the statue of Bishop Heber and that of Lord William Bentinck. His lordship peremptorily called upon the Government to curb what he thought to be unbridled licence on the part of the Calcutta journal. The Chief Secretary, Mr. Butterworth Bayley sent the intimation to Mr. Buckingham that if he continued this course of conduct, his licence to reside in India would be at once annulled and he would be required to furnish security for quitting the country at the first convenient opportunity. Mr. Buckingham treated the warning at defiance as every free-born Britisher brought up under instincts of free press would have done. The result was he was forcibly deported from India and his property worth much was confiscated during the administration of Lord Amherst under the authority of that "lawless law," Regulations III of 1818. Mr. Buckingham, after his deportment from India, established in England the Oriental Herald, entered the Parliament from the borough of Sheffild and became an opponent of the monopoly of the East India Company.

In 1794 the Irish-American, Mr. William Duane started the *Indian world* which also suffered much for its independence. Within a few months of its existence Duane was asked by Captain Collins, the Private Secretary of Sir John Shore, on the 27th of December to call at the Government House. As he went, of course with full knowledge of the offence he had given by an article in his paper, he was seized, kept in Fort William for 3 days, then booked on an armed vessel and conveyed to England. He lost his Indian property worth about 50,000 dollars. He afterwards went to Philadelphia and to pour forth his anti-British gall started the paper, Aurora.

In 1795 under the joint proprietorship of Dwarkanath Tagore, Colonel Young and S. Samuel, the *Bengal Hurkura and the Military Chronicle* was started at Calcutta, which came to be a power. It was originally a weekly and consisted of a small folio sheet and published every Tuesday. In 1819 it became a daily, printed on a single quarto sheet and its circulation became large. By 1824 its bulk increased to three royal folio sheets. Some of the best names in Eastern journalism is associated with it. Mr. James Sutherland was its editor for a long time. He was the nephew of the great orientalist, Henry Colebroke, came to India in 1810 and died in 1844. He came to the notice of Lord William Bentinck for his able articles, and was made a Professor of the Hughli College in 1840. He was afterwards appointed the Secretary to the Marine. The year in which he took service, the India Gazette merged in the Hurkurra and William Adam became the editor. Among its later editors were P. Saunders, and Henry Mead. Dr. John Grant, the Apothecary General of Calcutta, Mr. Charles Becket Greenlaw, whose bust is in the Calcutta Town Hall, and Henry Meredith Parker were some of its brilliant contributors. Parker's article, The Ghost of a Salt officer, attracted the attention of Lord William Bentinck. Though it was whig in its principle, it did not exhibit the independent attitude of the Calcutta Journal or the Indian World. It did not venture to criticise the Government measures till the liberty of press came to be tacitly recognised during the latter part of Lord Amherst's administration. In earlier years it was chiefly "made up of advertisements, official and social items of local news, storms and atmospheric phenomena and very copious extracts from European journals." It became thoroughly radical after the fear of deportation was over in the days of Lord William Bentinck. It was not a sectarian organ. It did not escape the charge of libel. Captain R. A. Macnaghtan brought two suits in the Calcutta Supreme Court for damages for libel alleged to have been committed by a letter entitled "Love of Claret." One was against the proprietor, Dwarkanath Tagore and the other against the editor, Samuel Smith. The Chief Justice Sir A. Ryan awarded the nominal damage of Re. 1 only against the proprietor. The suit against the editor was withdrawn. In 1857 Lord Canning was obliged to gag it on September 18th for inciting articles on mutiny. The paper was allowed to re-appear next week after it made apology. It absorped in the Indian Daily News in 1869. Some of the best articles of the *Hurkura* were reprinted under the name of the *Bengal Chronicle*. The *Hurkura* was famous for its style. Kisori Mohan used to read some of its articles to his students.

The first private enterprise in printing Bengali in India was undertaken by Andrews, who established a printing press at Hughli and published Halhead's Bengali grammar from his press in 1778. About the sametime came out the English translation of Bhagavadgita by Sir Charles Wilkins under the patronage of Warren Hastings. The honour of founding modern Bengali types belongs to Sir Charles Wilkins. He himself brought out a complete set of Bengali types and taught a blacksmith Panchanan Karmmakar, the art. Panchanan founded copper types which were used in printing the Bengali translation of Sir Elijah Impey's rules by Jonathan Duncan in 1785 and the Bengali translation of Cornwallis's regulations of 1793 by Mr. Foster. In 1800 Dr. Carey, Ward, and Marshman established at Serampore a big printing press. Dr. Carey was anxious to print a Sanskrit Grammar. Sanskrit types had not been founded. Panchanan Karmmakar joined their press and moulded Sanskrit types which numbered 500 in all, He served with credit for 40 years from 1843. To Panchanan and his son-in-law Manohar belong the credit of moulding the modern style of Bengali, Sanskrit and Chinese types. Persian and Arabic types were moulded by Radha Raman Karmmakar of Simla, Calcutta.

Not only English education but Anglo-vernacular journalism owes a deep debt to the Serampore mission. On May 31st 1818 they issued the first regular vernacular newspaper—*Samachara Darpana.* It was a diglot, written partly in Bengali and partly in English and was under the editorship of Marshman. It chiefly dealt with social questions and very rarely discussed politics. It soon became popular. About that time, 1818, the same noble reverend workers issued the English paper *Friend of India* which ruled the Indian journalism for more than half a century. It was at first a quarterly and created a name from the beginning. In 1819 its article on the rite of *Suttee* or burning of wife in the funeral pyre of the husband, attracted the notice of Adam, a member of the Governor-General's Council. He suggested to Lord Amherst to suppress the paper for that article but the Governor-General was of opinion that there was nothing objectionable. It became weekly in 1835 and since then with the promulgation of the liberty of press it began to discuss politics chiefly. Soon it flourished and proved a financial success. Before 1835 the number of subscribers was below 100 but between 1835 and 1850 the number rose to more than 3,000. It, however, became a semi-official organ and as years rolled on it developed an anti-native attitude. J. C. Marshman was its first editor and under his guidance it was a power. He trained his relation Mr. Meredith Townsand and on his retirement the charge fell upon him. Townsand was a born stylist. He neglected studies in early years which were passed in juvenile sports at Serampore. One day Marshman took him to task and this turned the current of his life. He shut himself in the study from that day and came out a master of English literature and history within a few years. Soon he became an assistant of Marshman in the conduct of the Friend of India and developed a unique racy style. The paper rose to its pinacle of reputation during his days. The splendid articles of Townsand and the London letters of Marshman were eagerly looked for by the educated Indian and European class. After his retirement from India Townsand established the London Spectator which became the standard of elegance and purity of style. The Friend of India then came in the charge of Dr. George Smith and Mr. James Routledge both of whom are great names in Indian journalism. Henry Lawrence, Havelock, Sir Richard Temple, Fredrick Halliday, Sir George Kellner and other officials contributed to it. Henry Mead who had been the editor of the *Madras Athenæum* and of the Delhi Gazette in 1850, edited it for a short time in 1857. During his editorship, Lord Canning was obliged to gag the paper for the offensive article "Centenary of Plassey". It was highly inflammatory and was justly thought to be dangerous in those troublesome days of the mutiny. The rumour of the greased cartridges had driven the Sepoys to take up arms against the British Government. The whole gangetic delta was ablaze. The general mass were vacilating. The Government of Canning was trying to counteract the influence of the evil rumour that the English Government wanted to interfere with the religion of the Hindus and the Mahomedans. At such critical moment the Friend of India began to write week after week that the British people really intended to bring the dusky uncivilised Hindus and Mahomedaus into evangelical light. Its articles filtered to the Sepoys and the mass by means of translations in the Urdu papers. District officers began to report that their efforts to convince the people of the non-interference with their religion were of no avail because of the utterances of the Friend of India which was deemed as an official organ. Lord Canning called upon the editor not to make any reference to evangelisation of India as the mission of the British rule. Mr. Mead treated his just remonstrance with contempt and issued a most insulting article headed "First Warning." There was then no other alternative than placing a censorship on the paper. A small party of soldiers crossed the Ganges from Barrackpore and quietly took possession of the press and the office of the Friend of India at Serampore. The editor was ousted. Lord Canning was considerate and was not bent upon ruining the paper which was a valuable property to the proprietors then in England. He placed the paper in the hands of his Private Secretary who issued it regularly till the proprietors made satisfactory arrangements for the editing. " Mr. Meade ", Ganguli characterises well, "was a very able writer but he wanted ballast." After a chequered career in England and Ceylone, he became the editor of the *Bengal Hurkura* in 1862. In that year unfortunately he met on September 6th a watery grave in the river Hughli. He was succeeded by Dr. George Smith. After his retirement in 1869 Mr. James Routledge became its editor. He is best known for having fought almost single-handed in the cause of justice in the celebrated Kuka affair. "Fifty subjects of the crown" to quote from Ganguli " were blown away from the mouth of cannon without any kind of trial. This inhuman act roused the indignation of Mr. Routledge. His denunciation of the kuka executions and their authors saved the credit of the entire British press in India. To their lasting shame some (Anglo Indian) journals saw nothing culpable in the matter. With them Messrs. Cowan and Fosyth were vigorous administrators worthy of being named with Lieutenant Willoughby. Mr. Routledge's triumph was complete. The Resolution of Lord Napier's Government on the Kuka case will remain the best monument of Mr. Routledge's moral courage and journalistic success." The educated class of Bengal presented an address to Mr. Routlidge on November 23rd, 1872, in the Utterpara Library " for the ability and readiness with which he always advanced the cause of justice and the best interests of the country."

ASIATICUS.

LOCKE'S INFLUENCE UPON FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.

(II.)

It is remarked by D'Alembert, as a curious circumstance in the literary character of his countrymen, that, though singularly fond of novelty in matters of taste, they have always shewn themselves, in the pursuits of science, extremely bigoted to old opinions. "These two biases," he adds, "apparently so strongly contrasted with each other, have their common origin in various causes, and chiefly in that passion for enjoyment, which seems to be the characteristical feature in our minds. Objects which are addressed immediately to feeling or sentiment, cannot continue long in request, for they cease to be agreeable when the effect ceases to be instantaneous. The ardour, beside, with which we abandon ourselves to the pursuit of them, is soon exhausted; and the mind, disgusted, almost as soon as satisfied, flies to someting new, which it will quickly abandon for a similar reason. The understanding, on the contrary, is furnished with knowledge, only in consequence of patient meditation; and is therefore desirous to prolong, as much as possible, the enjoyment of whatever information it conceives itself to have acquired."

In illustration of this remark, he mentions the obstinate adherence of the French philosophers to the *scholastic doctrines*; which they did not abandon till the period when the *succeeding* school, which first triumphed over the dogmas of Aristotle, had, in several of the other countries of Europe, shared the fate of its predecessor. "The theory of the Vortices," he observes, "was not adopted in France, till it had received a complete refutation by Newton. It is not yet thirty years," he adds, "since we began to renounce the system of Descartes. Maupertuis was the first person who had the courage openly to avow himself a Newtonian."

As a farther confirmation of D'Alembert's observation, I must take the liberty to add (at the risk, perhaps, of incurring the charge of national partiality), that, on most questions connected with the Philosophy of the Human Mind, his countrymen are, at least, half a century behind the writers of this island. While Locke's account of the origin of our ideas continued to be the general creed in Great Britain, it was almost unknown in France; and now that, after long discussion, it begins, among our best reasoners, to shrink into its proper dimensions, it is pushed, in that country, to an extreme, which hardly any British philosopher of the smallest note ever dreamed of. In consequence of the writings of Reid, and of a few others, the word *idea* itself is universally regarded here, even by those who do not acquiesce implicitly in Reid's conclusions, as at the best a suspicious and dangerous term; and it has already nearly lost its technical or Cartesian meaning, by being identified as a synonym with the simpler and more popular word *notion*. Our neighbours, in the meantime, have made choice of the term *ideology* (a Greek compound, involving the very word we have been attempting to discard), to express that department of knowledge, which had been previously called *the science of the human mind*; and of which they themselves are always reminding us, that it is the great object to trace, *in the way of induction*, the intellectual phenomena to their general laws. It is a circumstance somewhat ludicrous, that, in selecting a new name for this branch of study, an appellation should have been pitched upon, which seems to take for granted, in its etymological import, the truth of a hypothesis, which has not only been completely exploded for more than fifty years, but which has been shewn, to be the prolific parent of half the absurdities both of ancient and modern metaphysicians.

Among the French philosophers above mentioned, there is one whom I ought, perhaps, to have taken an earlier opportunity of separating from the rest, on account of the uncommon union displayed in his writings, of learning, liberality, and philosophical depth. To those who have read his works, it is scarcely necessary for me to add the name of De Gerando; an author, between whose general views and my own, I have been peculiarly flattered to remark a striking coincidence; and whose dissent from some of the conclusions which I have endeavoured to establish, I would willingly believe, is owing more to the imperfect statement I have yet given of my opinions, than to the unsoundness of the arguments which led me to adopt them. In the present instance, at least, his opinion seems to me to be, at bottom, nearly, if not exactly, as my own and yet a careless reader would be apt to class us with two sects diametrically opposed to each other.

"All the systems which can possibly be imagined, with respect to the generation of our ideas, may be reduced," according to M. De Gerando, *as to their fundamental principle, to this simple alternative: either all our ideas have their origin in impressions made on our senses, or there are ideas which have not their origin in such impressions; and which, of consequence, are placed in the mind immediately, belonging to it as a part of its nature or essence.*

"Thus, the opinions of philosophers, whether ancient or modern, concerning the generation of our ideas, arrange themselves in two opposite columns; the one comprehending the systems which adopt for a principle, *nihil est in intellectu quin prius fuerit in sensu*; the other, the systems which admit the existence of *innate ideas*, or of ideas inherent in the understanding."

That M. De Gerando himself did not consider this classification as altogether unexceptionable, appears from the paragraph immediately following; in which he remarks, that, "among the philosophers who have adopted these contradictory opinions, there are several, apparently attached to the same systems, who have not adopted them from the same motives; or who have not explained them in the same manner; or who have not deduced from them the same consequences." Nothing can be juster or better expressed than this observation; and I have only to regret, that it did not lead the very ingenious and candid writer to specify, in the outset of his work, the precise import of the various systems here alluded to. Had he done so, he could not have failed to have instantly perceived, that, while some of the opinions which he has classed under one common denomination, agree with each other merely in language, and are completely hostile in substance and spirit; others which, agreeably to his principle of distribution, must be considered as disputing between them the exclusive possession of the philosophical field, differ, in fact, chiefly in phraseology; while, on every point connected with the foundations of a sound and enlightened logic, they are perfectly agreed.

If, in endeavouring to supply this omission in my friend's treatise, I should be successful in establishing the justness of the criticism which I have hazarded on some of his historical statements, the conclusion resulting from my argument will, I am confident, be not less acceptable to him than to me, by shewing, not only how very nearly we are agreed on this fundamental article of our favourite science, but that the case has been similar with many of our predecessors, who little suspected that the difference between the tenets, for which they contended so zealously, was little more than nominal.

Without entering into a nice discrimination of systems, evidently the same in their nature and tendency, and distinguished only by some accessory peculiarities (such, for example, as the respective doctrines of Descartes and Marlebranche concerning *innate ideas*), it appears to me, that the most noted opinions of modern philosophers, with respect to the origin of our knowledge, may be referred to one or other of the following heads.

1. The opinion of those who hold the doctrine of *innate ideas*, in the sense in which it was understood by Descartes and Marlebranche; that is, as implying the existence in the *mind*, of *objects of thought distinct from the mind itself*; coeval with it as an essential part of its intellectual furniture; and altogether independent of any information collected from without. Of this description (according to the Cartesians) are the ideas of *God*, of *existence*, of *thought*, and many others, which, though clearly apprehended by the understanding, bear no resemblance to any sensation; and which, of consequence, they concluded must have been implanted in the mind at the moment of its first formation.

It is against the hypothesis of *innate ideas, thus* interpreted, and which, in the present times, scarcely seems to have ever merited a serious refutation, that Locke directs the greater part of his reasonings in the beginning of his Essay.

In England, for many years past, this doctrine has sunk into complete oblivion, excepting as a monument of the follies of the learned; but we have the authority of De Gerando to assure us, that it was taught in the schools of France till towards the very conclusion of the last century. Perhaps this circumstance may help to account for the disposition which so many French philosophers have shewn, in later times, to reject, indiscriminately, every principle which they conceived to have the most remote connection with that absurd hypothesis.

2. The opinion of Locke, in the sense in which it was under-

stood, not only by himself, but by Berkeley and Hume, and, indeed (with a very few exceptions), by all the most eminent philosophers of England, from the publication of the Essay on the Human Understanding, till that of Reid's Inquiry into the Mind. This opinion leads (as has been already observed), by a short and demonstrative process of reasoning, to Berkeley's conclusion with respect to the ideal *existence* of the material world, and to the universal scepticism of Hume.

3. The opinion of Locke, as interpreted by Diderot;—in which sense it leads obviously to an extravagance diametrically opposite to that of Berkeley,—the scheme of *materialism.*—Nor does it lead merely to *materialism*, as that scheme has been explained by some of its more cautious advocates. It involves, as a necessary consequence (according to the avowal of Diderot himself), the total rejection, from the book of human knowledge, of every word which does not present a notion copied, like a picture or image, from some archetype among the objects of external perception.

All our simple notions, or, in other words, all the primary elements of our knowledge, are either presented to the mind immediately by the powers of consciousness and of perception, or they are gradually unfolded in the exercise of the various faculties which characterize the human understanding. According to this view of the subject, *the sum total of our knowledge may undoubtedly be said to originate in sensation*, inasmuch as it is by impressions from without that consciousness is first awakened, and the different faculties of the understanding put in action; but that this enunciation of the fact is, from its conciseness and vagueness, liable to the grossest miscostruction, appears sufficiently from the interpretation given to it by Locke's French commentators, and more particularly by Diderot, in the passage quoted from his works in a former part of this Essay.

It must appear obvious to every person who has read, with due attention, M. De Gerando's memoir, that it is precisely in the qualified sense which I have attached to Locke's words, that he all along defends them so zealously; and yet I am strongly inclined to consider Locke's words, *when thus interpreted*, as far more widely removed from the opinion of Diderot, than from the antiquated theory of *innate ideas.* Perhaps I might even venture to say, that were the ambiguous and obnoxious epithet *innate* laid aside, and all the absurdities discarded, which are connected, either with the Platonic, with the Scholastic, or with the Cartesian hypothesis, concerning the nature of *ideas*, this last theory would agree, in substance, with the conclusion which I have been attempting to establish by an induction of facts. For my own part, at least, I must acknowledge that, in the passages formerly quoted from Cudworth, Leibnitz, and Harris, there are only a few peculiarities of hypothetical phraseology to which I am able to oppose any valid objection. The statements contained in them exhibit the whole truth, blended with a portion of fiction; whereas, that to which they stand opposed not only falls short of the truth, but is contradicted by many of the most obvious and incontrovertible phenomena of the understanding.

On this, as many other occasions, I have had much pleasure in recalling to recollection an observation of Leibnitz. "Truth is more generally diffused in the world than is commonly imagined; but it is too often disguised, and even corrupted, by an alloy of error, which conceals it from notice, or impairs its utility. By detecting it wherever it is to be found, among the rubbish which our predecessors have left behind them, we have not only the advantage resulting from the enlargement of our knowledge, but the satisfaction of substituting, instead of a succession of apparently discordant systems, a permanent and eternal philosophy (*perennem quandam philosophiam*),—varying widely in its forms from age to age, yet never failing to exhibit a portion of truth, as its immutable basis."

The mistakes into which modern philosophers have fallen, on the important question now under our review, may, I think, be traced to a rash extension, or rather to a total misapplication, of Bacon's maxim, *that all our knowledge is derived from experience.* It is with this maxim that Locke prefaces his theory concerning *sensation* and *reflection*, and it is from that preface that M. De Gerando borrows the motto of his own speculations upon the *origin of our ideas.* "Let us suppose," says Locke, "the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in a word, from *experience.* In that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself."

In what sense this celebrated maxim ought to be understood, I shall endeavour to shew more particularly, if I should live to execute a plan which I have long meditated, of analyzing the logical processes by which we are conducted to the different classes of truths, and of tracing the different kinds of evidence to their respective sources in our intellectual frame. For my present purpose, it is sufficient to observe, in general, that however universally the maxim may be supposed to apply to our knowledge of *facts*, whether relating to external nature, or to our own minds, we must, nevertheless, presuppose the existence of some intellectual capacities or powers in that being by whom this knowledge is to be acquired; powers which are necessarily accompanied, in their exercise, with various *simple notions*, and various *ultimate laws of belief*, for which experience is altogether incompetent to account. How is it possible, for example, to explain, upon this principle alone, by any metaphysical refinement, the operations of *that reason* which observes these phenomena; which records the past; which looks forward to the future; which argues synthetically from things known, to others which it has no opportunity of subjecting to the examination of the senses; and which has created a vast science of demonstrated truths, presupposing no knowledge whatever but of its own definitions and axioms? To say that, even in *this* science, the ideas of *extension*, of *figure*, and of *quantity*, are originally acquired by our external senses, is a childish play upon words, quite foreign to the point at issue. Is there any one *principle* from which Euclid deduces a single consequence, the evidence of which rests upon *experience*, in the sense in which that word is employed in the *inductive logic*? If there were, *geometry* would be no longer a demonstrative science.

Nor is this all. The truths in mathematics (admitting that of the *hypotheses* on which our reasonings proceed) are eternal and necessary; and consequently (as was early remarked, in opposition to Locke's doctrine), could never have been inferred from experience alone. "If Locke," says Leibnitz, had sufficiently considered the difference between truths which are necessary or demonstrative, and those which we infer from induction alone, he would have perceived, that necessary truths could only be proved from principles which command our assent by their intuitive evidence; inasmuch as our senses can inform us only of what *is*, not of what *must necessarily be*."

But, even with respect to *facts*, there are certain limitations with which this maxim must be received. Whence arises our belief of the *continuance* of the laws of nature? Whence our inferences from the *past* to the *future*? Not surely from *experience* alone. Although, therefore, it should be granted, as I readily do, that in reasoning concerning the *future*, we are entitled to assume no fact as a *datum* which is not verified by the *experience of the past* (which, by the way, is the sole amount of Bacon's aphorism), the question still remains, what is the origin of our confident belief, that *past events* may be safely assumed as *signs of those which are yet to happen*? The case is precisely the same with the faith we repose in human testimony; nor would it be at all altered, if, in the course of our past experience, that testimony had *not once* deceived us. Even, on that supposition, the question would still recur, whence is it we conclude, that it *will not* deceive us in future? or (what comes nearly to the same thing) that we give any credit to the narratives of men who existed two thousand years ago? No proposition, surely, can be more evident than this, that *experience*, in the acceptation in which Locke and his followers profess to understand it, can inform us of nothing but what has actually fallen under the retrospect of memory.—Of the truth and importance of these considerations, no philosopher seems to have been fully aware, previous to Mr. Hume. "As to past experience," he observes, "it can be allowed to give *direct* and *certain* information of those precise objects only, and that precise period of time, which fell under its cognizance; but why this experience should be extended to future times, and to other objects,—this is the main question on which I would insist." What is the proper answer to this question is of no moment to our present argument. It is sufficient, if it be granted, that Experience alone does not afford an adequate explanation of the fact.

In concluding this Essay, it may not be altogether useless to remark the opposite errors which the professed followers of Bacon have committed, in studying the phenomena of Matter, and those of mind. In the former, where Bacon's maxim seems to hold without any limitation, they have frequently shewn a disposition to stop short in its application; and to consider certain physical laws (such as the relation between the force of gravitation, and the distance of the gravitating bodies), as necessary truths, or truths which admitted of a proof, *a priori*; while, on the other hand, in the science of Mind, where the same principle, when carried beyond certain limits, involves a manifest absurdity, they have attempted to extend it, without one single exception, to all the primary elements of our knowledge, and even to the generation of those reasoning faculties which form the characteristical attributes of our species.

J. G.

NOT MUCH OF A TALE.

It was only a way-side incident, *not much of a tale*; but—

"O Reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader, you would find
A Tale in everything."

One of our school vacations was about to end, and I was returning to service in the town of northern Bengal where I was then employed with the odours of sweet home still clinging about me and the soft, sad accents which had bidden me God-speed beside the garden-gate only the day before still thrilling through my soul. I was in an "inter"-class carriage, the class affected by the gentry in equivocal circumstances who would save themselves the press and crush of the third or would not herd with its unwashed denizens and yet could ill spare the price of the comforts of a second—not to say—of a first class compartment. The railway despots, however, loftily disregard the difference in status between the passengers of the intermediate and those of the third class and treat both with impartial contempt. Neither are gentlemen or ladies in their judgement. Weighed by the fare-ticket they are both found wanting—that's all.

The heat and glare of a summer noon were thick upon the air and rebounding from the parched earth about the railway line as the iron horuse rushed on and, presently, slowing down pulled up at a small station. Even before it had stopped, many-throated cries were heard for water—" Ho *paniwalla! paniwalla!*"—and heads and hands with brass pots and other vessels in them were thrust out of the carriage-windows. But the knight of the bucket, if there were any, entertained for the express purpose of supplying drinking-water to the thirsty passengers was, perhaps, otherwise employed at the time and had forgotten his *raison d'être* for which dereliction of duty, he knew, he should have to answer to none; and the much needed water that was about the place was not a drinkable liquid in jar, pipe, tank, or well, or in any other decent reservoir, but in a shallow ditch beyond the station-platform and beyond the wire-fencing which any one might share with the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. When the hoarse cries for water cried to the echo proved as cries in the wilderness, I saw some whose necessity was too urgent to be put off actually run, pot in hand, to this disreputable pool. Among these was an old Brahman whom I did not at first notice, but when, only a while after, he managed to get into a scrape and a scuffle. The man had got down from a third class carriage, the one next mine, had covered the distance to the ditch, and had filled his cup, when *ding! ding! ding!* rang out the station-master's metal-tongue—I mean the yard or so of bifurcated rail which hangs by a wire in a corner of the station-verandah and does the duty of a gong—and *sh-sh-sh*! went the guard's shrill whistle; and his green flag unfurled gracefully waving, the train slid back to life with a jerk and a rattle. I was at a window lazily looking out and amused at the absurd posture of the guard who had just planted his legs as far apart from each other as possible, his head in a cocked hat thrown back, his flag and his roll of papers in one hand clasped with the other behind him, and his left eye consciously blinking under the shade of a shaggy arch at every car as it slowly rolled past him, as who should say—" Ah, pass on, but remember you move not but by my orders, nor stop but by it!" And I was going to be amazed at the impudence of a man with a bluish-greenish-brownish turban on his head and a rougish twinkle in his eyes who, as the train was unleashed, came running from, I had not seen, where, a bucket in his left hand and vociferously crying—"*Pani! Piyeka pani!*" "Goodness! water now," exclaimed I to myself and curiously looking into the bucket I was petrified to see that there was not a drop in it; nor was it a water-bucket at all, but an empty mortar-vessel which the man had picked up in a hurry. But my amazement, the man's make-believe, and the guard's blinking were all suddenly cut short by the wildness of the old Brahman aforesaid and the agony of a young woman who leaning with half her body over the bottom of a window in her carriage was crying with all her little might—" Here, grand papa, here!" I took in the circumstances at once. The old Brahman had taken alarm at the first clang of the gong and the blast of the whistle, and 'spite his infirmities had run and torn through the wire fencing losing hold of his pot in doing so which had shot yards away and lay gurgling out its muddy contents, and he had collided violently with the water-carrier and his bucket and got entangled in the coils of his bluish-greenish-brownish turban, for its proprietor also had lost his balance in the unlooked-for shock and sprawled in the dust. But he now regained his feet and buffeted his guest up who astonishingly unmindful of the treatment struggled madly in the man's clutches to get loose interjecting between whiles—" Hands off,!" " Let me go !" " Ránee, I am coming, girl !" But he could not break away nor come, for now the station-master in his flapping paramatta *chapkan* and tawny " S. M." cap and two of his other people joined the fray very much to his disadvantage and effectually stopped further struggles on his part. The guard had, in the meantime, changed his posture and was calmly looking on the scene. And he certainly took in the circumstances as I had done; but though he might have gone a little out of the way to pull the poor old man up after himself, he made not a sign; only, like an Olympian "careless of mankind" he lightly sprang into his break-van when it came level.

Then clear above the multitudinous noise of the racing train I could hear the Brahman's despairing—

" Oh, who will now look after my Rànee ?"

And I cried out instantly and impulsively as loud as I could, " That will I, father; and don't fear, but follow by the next train."

Then turning to the girl who sat sobbing at the window not 6 feet from me I said encouragingly—

"I am your cousin, Rànee. I shall come over to you at the next station and accompany you all the rest of the journey home; so, don't worry; grandpapa will come by the next train."

The girl turned her face towards me at these words and gazed at me wistfully for a second. She said nothing; but her eyes (and beautiful eyes they were in tears!) seemed to look thankfulness—and that was enough for me.

At the next station I changed into her car and found her in a corner, at one end of a bench with a small trunk at her side to separate her from the other people on it. These were of the poorest classes; but they were sensible people who kept their respectful distance; and, what is more, had put two of their own women between her and themselves. For courtesy to the fair sex commend me to the Indian, prince or peavant, notwithstanding all that the foreigners who do not know him have said to his prejudice.

Our Rànee, she might be Ràdhà-rànee or Nandaranee by her full name for aught I then knew, was quite simply dressed in a blue cotton sadi and a brown linen jacket; and a thin sheet of the same colour with its borders sewn up in red tape was wrapped round her person. As to ornaments, I could then see her wearing nothing more than a pair of bright red shell-wristlets, and gold bangles, and a small pearl pendant in each ear. She was about 18, well-rounded in form, yet of slender build, passably fair of complexion, and healthy-looking. Her features, as much of them as a casual glance could expose under a half-drawn veil, were comely. Her hair, as she sat there with her hands on her lap, was modest, yet not bashful; and the very disposition of her clothes about her person bespoke an attractive simplicity of heart. Altogether, I judged her then and there to be such a sweet, young creature as you would love the more for her calling you by any endearing term of relationship you might happen to be entitled to. I have not as yet said that she was a mother. Her baby lay by her in a pink frock in a clean little bed on the bench, sleeping.

As I seated myself on the bench opposite her, I said in a tone of polite, but easy familiarity assumed just to re-assure her and to deceive our fellow-passengers into believing that I was one of her own people.

"Rànee, has grandpapa got any money with him? Where are your tickets?"

At this she looked steadfastly at me for a few seconds through her veil of thin cloth, and I could see that her eyes were no longer wet, but marks of tear had not yet fully dried on her flushed cheeks. Then she answered falteringly, almost inaudibly. But I could make her out to say that the old man had some money and the tickets with him and that she had Rs. 3 of her own tied up in a knot at a corner of her sadi.

"Very well," said I, "I happen to have an extra ticket with me which will do for you at getting down if it be at all necessary. But are you not coming from your father-in-law's and going on a visit to your parents?"

She nodded assent while she again surveyed me, my clothes, and the things I had about my person ; and I let her by looking out of the window during the operation not to embarrass her. And I felt, when after about a minute I looked at her again, that she was persuaded that I was one whom she might trust and depend on ; for now she raised her veil above her eyes gracefully with her left hand and said quite audibly—her voice was sweet as the distant tinkling of bells round the necks of cattle returning home to their fold from pasture at dusk.

"Yes ; and I am to get down at M—whence home is not far. May not grandpapa join us at the station ?"

"He may," I answered, "if we wait for him there about 10 hours, that is, all through the night, for the next train will not be due before 4-30 in the morning."

So, the ice being broken, we talked on ; and she threw off her reserve more and more until, at last, she began to interlard her sentences with the epithet "cousin," as addressed to me at which I was heartily pleased. Our women-folk are not accustomed to talk to strangers of the opposite sex and cannot conceive how to speak to a man without having something to call him by—some term of relationship—which in their mind and also in that of the world justifies, so to say, their liberty. I took up the baby in my arms and remarked that it was lovely and kissed it at all which her mother's heart broke forth in radiant smiles in her light-blue eyes and in the creamy dimples in her delicate cheeks.

After I had told her of my own accord as much of who and what I was as I thought necessary, I led her on easily from one personal topic to another until, before we had passed five more stations, I was in possession of the whole of her little history except that portion of it which related to her husband, whoever he was ; for a husband a young wife will never mention, far less talk about to a man—and an older man, nor to an older woman either for the matter of that. This is permissible only to intimate friends of her own sex, and age, and condition. But I was neither of her sex, nor age, nor condition. She was, it appeared, an only child. Her father had died when she was in the cradle. Her mother lived, and an uncle, and his wife, and two cousins, and her grandfather—all under the same roof-tree ; and she was the old man's light of life.

"Do you know, cousin," said she with the most charming *naiveté* and warming with the remembrance of her grandfather, "My name is not Rànee at all by which he calls me? It is Suhàsinee. But he insists on calling me "Hridaya-rànee" or, simply, Rànee, as, he says, I hold absolute sway over his heart, old dear!"

With that she sighed, and her eyes again moistened, as she continued .—

"Is there anything to fear, cousin, in his losing the train at that station? I hope those horrid people will not ill-treat him any more."

I eagerly assured her for the twentieth time that there was nothing to fear on any account at which she smiled again and patted her child on the cheeks.

Her grandfather, to continue her account, was a priest and lived by ministering to the spiritual needs of his people as his fathers had done before him; and her uncle, her late father's younger brother, was in the service of a land-holder in Rajshahi. Her father-in-law was a Kaviraj (physician) in good practice and lived at his ancestral home in a village in the Nudia district, and she had a younger brother-in-law, and a sister-in-law much older than herself who lived at Bhagalpur with her husband and had not been to her birth-place to see her parents and brother many a long year. The brother-in-law was at school in the village and such a darling he was!

"He knows none but me, cousin," she said, "and will not eat but off the same plate with me nor go to sleep unless I sit by his pillow. It has been such a pang to part from him! he has completely twined himself round my heart."

And I asked myself—Has not his brother too? I doubted not but he had.

Of her father and mother-in-law also she spoke in the most affectionate and respectful terms. She did not remember to have seen her own father; but her father-in-law fully answered her ideal of him.

"Mother-in-law and I wept at parting last night locked in each other's arms" said she meltingly.

My heart glowed at the contemplation of her domestic happiness, and I bent my soul for a moment in an inward prayer for its continuance all through her journey here below.

It was past 7 in the evening when we got down at Rànee's home station, a small station on a vast plain. Inquiring of the station-master I learnt that he had received a telegram from the station-master of——telling him of a woman with a baby at her breast who had her ticket with a man left behind there, and on my telling him that my companion was the party, he said she was free to go. We had decided that, as Rànee's parental home was only about 4 miles from the station and we had had no proper or full meal through the livelong day, and what was more, as baby's supply of milk was exhausted and he might catch cold or something worse in the open, corrugated iron-shed which was the only resting place for "native" passengers at the station, we should proceed home straight in a bullock-cart which we had hoped to get for hire at the place. But, as luck would have it, not a wheel nor a hoof, nor even a coolie was about there; and the master Babu explained that the day was a market-day, and carts and coolies had more than enough work to earn by at the market and did not mind a hire or two at the station.

Here was a nice fix. My own trunk was too heavy for my servant to carry and Rànee's too along with it a distance of 4 miles; and as I did not like the idea of leaving them in the charge of the station master, a perfect stranger to us, and as, therefore, it was necessary to leave my servant with my property at the station, the only possible arrangement under the circumstances was for me to carry Rànee's box as best I could. I weighed it on my hands and, fortunately, found it light enough for my young shoulders. So I said to her cheerily.

"Let us out, Rànee; I shall carry your box myself, it is not at all heavy."

But she looked quite funny in her dumb amazement. When, after a while, she found her tongue, she said.

"O, I cannot allow that; I cannot be such a trouble to you, cousin; I have been too much already, and now for you to act the coolie for me! That cannot be. Rather we stay here till grandpa arrives."

And then we wrangled over it for about a quarter of an hour under a spreading tamarind tree at the back of the station; and the wrangling might have gone on but baby mewling up decided the point. He was hungry, and we must hasten home at all costs.

"We shall carry child and the box between us, by turns," said she.

"Very well, up, then, dear" answered I.

And as she knew the way, and I did not, she with the baby at her bosom led me with her trunk posted on my unaccustomed shoulders.

It was a moon-lit night, but not bright; for there were clouds, large black patches and grey fleecy ones, sailing along the sky which more or less dimmed the lustre of the queen of the night. A gentle breeze had sprung up with sun-set which was fanning the sweltering nature very refreshingly. It seemed to have touched with new life every thing that was capable of answering to the touch; the trees rustled overhead with all their leafy branches, the grass under the feet raised again its tender blade, and the villages in the distance sent forth their multifarious sounds wafting over the air—loud cries or shouts, notes of singing, the clash of cymbals, the sound of drumming, and barkings of dogs—all mixed up and softened. Jackals slunk about the fields and the way-side and peered at us as we approached or passed them and anon set up their piercing howl in which their kindred within ear-shot readily joined. It was a right jolly and energetic concert quite in keeping with the hour. The villages nestling among the trees looked like heaps of darkness dotted here and there with twinkling lamps.

We walked, Ranee before *and I behind, as I have said.* And I told her little anecdotes and adventures of my own, and of the people I knew, and of those whom they knew. When any thing I happened to say uncommonly interested her, she would stop on the way, and turn to me, and sweetly ask me to stop too and sit upon the box, while she sat upon the grass before me, and tell on till I finished. She had, I found, a great apppetite for tales of adventure. She was intelligent too—very, and astonished me by her knowledge of things.

The haltings thus caused were several; but more were those caused by the disputes we had between ourselves at every hundredth yard or so about carrying the trunk according to our contract. At her saying that now was her turn and offering the child to me, I would readily take him with my left arm, but would not part with the thing and would only smile at which she would stand full in my way in a pretty pet and, with arched neck and forefinger of her right hand menacingly raised, charge me with breach of contract and what not, and quarrel with me. Or she would say with pouted lips and eyes in which the light of a smile was about to be moistened with an incipient tear—

"I see, cousin," she would say, "you were all along determined not to let me forgive myself!"

I would then coax her with promises of an actual transfer of the luggage to her shoulders "after a few paces more" to receiving her baby back and resuming the walk.

Our progress for all these reasons and for that she naturally walked slow was abominably slow. When at last her village was in sight about a quarter of a mile off at the other end of a plain which we had just entered and she had just pointed to a little, blinking light saying gleefully that it must be burning at home, she actually sat down at my feet and said with an air of decision that she would not budge if the trunk were not really and truly given her this time to carry. And I was preparing to launch out into some new form of cajolery, when both of us perceived a bullock-cart coming our way from a sidepath. We waited till it came up in a few minutes; and when alongside, Rànee advanced a step and, looking at the carter who also had turned his face her way, cried out,

"Uncle Banamàli, is it you?"

The man instantly jumped down, and stopped the bullocks, and said,

"Yes, neice; but are you on your way home from father-in-law's? Where is grandpapa? I heard yesterday your mother say he had gone to fetch you. And why do you walk?"

Rànee told him all in a minute.

"Then jump in, girl, and quick with you. I shall drop you at your door before I go home. I am returning from the market.

"But who this Babu be?" continued he, glancing at me as I stood with the trunk perched awkwardly on me; I had forgotten to put it down; "Is this *Jàmai* Babu himself?" meaning Rànee's husband.

And the man's risibility was so tickled at the thought of a husband (a gentleman too) humbly trudging behind his wife carrying her box on his shoulders, that he broke forth into a loud peal of ha! ha! till the welkin rang again. I instantly dropped the unfortunate trunk at my feet, and Rànee, I could see even in that imperfect light, coloured to the roots of her hair. But she said demurely after a second,

"He is my cousin, uncle Banamàli; you shall see him and hear of him to-morrow."

" Well, get in, then, nephew ; and make yourself comfortable on the gunny bags there."

But I preferred to finish the little remainder of the journey on foot.

Rànee's mother and a boy who were evidently watching for her home-coming ran out of the house to the road-side at the cart stopping opposite it, and the mother and the daughter were soon in each other's embrace. The grandfather's absence was quickly noted and explained ; and then, as the elderly woman who held the baby in one arm and pressed her daughter to her heart with the other and the boy who had taken up the trunk were turning to go, Rànee whispered in her mother's ears, and they tripped up to me and with beaming smiles said,

"Welcome, cousin, thrice welcome !"

And the mother too readily joined her in the invitation.

After the meal which was finished within an hour of our arrival and at which I was waited on by both Rànee and her mother and lovingly pressed to some thing more of this or that article of food on the plates, I proposed to walk back to the station so that I might catch the downtrain which touched it at 3-15 in the morning. To this they would not listen. "No, never," they said. But they were going to send their servant to the station to fetch mine home, and I must stay with them the whole of the next day at the least.

"Know, cousin, and believe me," said Rànee earnestly after I had argued my point at some length, "I shall be very—very miserable if you do not stay; miserable whenever I shall think of it —and I shall think of it often. My home-coming shall be no joy to me."

This effectually silenced me.

The grandfather arrived the following morning in due time and, as he blessed me.

"The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run

So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done."

My leave-taking was more pathetic. The whole family crowded at the door of the planquin as I got into it; they had got this vehicle for me from a neighbouring village. They all looked sad, and as Rànee smoothed my pillow which she had placed on a *sujani*, a bed-sheet with much ornamental needle-work on it, she said softly,

"You will not return this *sujani*, cousin, with the other pieces of bedding; it is my own work and for you,—something to remember me by."

And she averted her face, and I, mine to hide—a tear.

Then as the palanquin sped through the night with me in its womb the bearers humming, as is their wont, *hun, hun-hai! hun-hai!* I closed my eyes and thought and thought of my protege, just lost and for ever—

" A spirit still and bright
With something of an angel-light."

I think of her still of moon-lit nights out walking alone on village-meadows.

DWIJENDRANATH NEOGI.

SANTI DEVI.

(II)

CHAPTER VI.

Pritinath could not stay at home for any length of time, and decided to go out for a change to regain his health and peace of mind. The house which was to him a bower of bliss, was now transformed into a wilderness of woe. The absence of his beloved wife and son made his heart desolate and he pined away in silence. The garden which was a thing of joy and beauty, was now a veritable scene of desolation—neglected and not looked after. The outer world is governed by the inner world in which love reigns supreme. Love is a force which upraises and uplifts everything, and its absence transforms things into gloominess. Love is life and light, its absence, is death and desolation. Pritinath decided to visit Calcutta. Making the necessary arrangements for his zemindary; he left Barisal for Calcutta accompanied by Santi. Reaching his destination safely, he engaged a garden house, situated on the banks of the Ganges at Barranagore.

The environments of the place bore a resemblance to his old residence. The similarity in the situation and environments of the new house with his home, assuaged Pritinath's grief to some extent. Pritinath relinquished his own abode on account of the sad memories engendered by it. But he felt glad, that he could secure a place like his former hearth and home. Such are the frailties and peculiarities of the human heart !' Pritinath never received any visitor, nor did he care to call on any body. His only companion was Santi. He felt pleasure in conversing with her, and spent the major portion of his time, in the contemplation of God. A broken heart, can never be made whole, but man has recourse to contrivances, to keep up his spirits. In place of the broken up objects enshrined in his heart, he sets up new figures prepared from the debris of the old objects and tries to love them, as best as he can. With such delusions men pass their days forgetting the One Eternal which always is and will be with him. The heat of the sun generates clouds, clouds cause rain and subside heat. So the heat of excessive grief causes tears and a flow of tears lightens the pangs of the heart. Pritinath always shed tears which enlivened him, and enabled him to bear the burden of separation, moreover, the adage, out of sight, out of mind, holds good in such cases. Pritinath had partially recovered from the terrible shock he had undergone, and was sitting listlessly in his drawing room. The scene all round was so lovely, that it brought in his seared heart a calm which he had not felt for sometime. The night was far advanced and the place was still, as if all nature was in repose. A bright moon was shining, casting a light which made everything look like the day. A fine breeze was blowing gathering and wafting the exhilarating smell of flowers and diffusing the scent all around. The moon was reflected on the broad expanse of the river in which tiny boats were passing and repassing. The oarsmen chanted songs, which echoed and re-echoed in places on the sides of the river. Birds were singing merrily and the voice of the cuckoo reigned supreme. In such surroundings the heart feels a calm and runs up to the Deity. Pritinath heaved a deep sigh and muttered to himself. " Oh my God are my dear ones in the land of the living, if they are, Oh, keep them from harm's way and bring them to my bosom. I pray Thee, with all my heart and soul. If they are not on this earth, where are they ? I long to be with them. I have suffered much and I pray that I may be reunited with my dear ones, in whichever sphere they may be. My God, my father, you are merciful, shew, do shew me this mercy. Are they still in the land of the living ? if they are, I long to go to them. If they have departed from this world, where have they gone ? What sort of a place is heaven ?

Is it free from mental pain ? Shall we all meet again in heaven ? Can death break the intense attachment we feel for each other ? For the sake of love, one can easily sacrifice life. Can such love be transitory ? No it is impossible ? If two hearts are united by love, they can not be alieated by the hand of death. Love lasts forever. After death fond hearts are re-united. Death destroys the tenement of clay. But the soul is immortal. To gratify our senses, we come to this world, and death brings a reunion. At this juncture he heard a sound and his eyes caught on the luminous form of the Sadhu. He was standing before him ! Naturally, he thought it was spectral illusion and with that conjecture he stretched out his hand towards the figure, but did not feel anything tangible. On looking at him, one can not help revering him. Pritinath bowed down his head respectfully and said :—"As the doors and windows are all closed, I wonder how you entered this room !

The Sadhu said—" Material things can obstruct material bodies, they cannot, in any way, impede the ingress or egress of spiritual bodies which are not at all tinged with matter, The astral body can go and work, anywhere it pleases, and its power is not circumscribed or limited. Man is so engrossed with his physical body and its upkeep, that he is completely forgetful of his soul. The attachment to the body is so great that when one meets another, the stereotyped query—" How are you, is always asked. If man turns his attention towards the Divinity which is within him, he attains the object of his life. Salvation can be attained by meditating upon the in-dwelling Divinity, which is then perceptible to the mental eye. In trance the body lies inanimate and dormant, but the inner soul is awakened and the devotee sees it in a halo of light, with an ecstacy, which must be felt and cannot be adequately described. One must be in a state of death, before he can see his luminous self. What is the nature of this death ? Total suspension of breath.

Three qualities guide our mind—*Satya* (goodness) *Raja* (passion or foulness) and *Tama* (darkness) these qualities manifest themselves according to the devotee's tenor of mind. For the good of humanity, great sages have invented images of gods and goddesses to fix the worshipper's mind.

The picture of Sree Ram and Sita with Hanuman seated beneath them, as well as of Luchmi (the goddess of wealth) with a *Pechaka* (owl) by her side, has an esoterical meaning. The couple depicting Ram and Sita are nothing but a representation of the unification of soul and mind. *Hanuman* and *Garur* are very powerful, they can go anywhere in a moment and can display prodigious feats of strength. The explanation of the figures is that the *tama guna* of the mind is animalism, and Hanuman and Garur are represented as animals, When the mind joins the intellect, its nature is at once changed, and it becomes Rajaseek. When it is united with the soul it becomes a receptacle of the Satyaguna. There is a saying that a man looking at the image of Baman (dwarf) seated on his car, cuts asunder the thread of re-birth and shall not have to come to this earthly plane. People have implicit belief in the saying and flock to Puri to have a look at Juggernath on his car. The esoteric meaning of the adage is that when a devotee sees the diminutive divine spirit, in his own body, which is metaphorically called the car, then he gets rid of the influences which brings re-birth. Matter and earthly attractions are no longer of any consequence to him. God is omnipotent and all-pervading. But His presence is particularly felt in this body. Under the circumstances one should not go anywhere to find Him. The Holy spirit is within you and you should know the way to find Him out.

The musk deer is not aware of the rich perfume which emanates from him, he becomes elated and runs about to find the source of the perfume, unmindful of the fact, that the perfume is coming out from him. Similarly man never dreams that the body is the tabernacle where the Deity resides and he goes to places of pilgrimage and all passable and impassable places to find out where God is to be seen. He is not in Heaven or Earth but dwells in you. The sage and devotee Ramprasad says, that whoever has seen the blessed Mother swinging, has obtained the right to sit on her lap. This swinging is seen by every yogee during trance. Sree Krishna is the great spirit and Radha—the soul ; the divine couple side by side are swinging on the dais of the mind. The propensities of the mind are represented as *sukhees,* are always with the heavenly couple and enjoys heavenly bliss. This is *Radha-Krishna's dole* (swinging ceremony). I have left my corporeal body in my cave, and have come to you in my astral body. Pritinath was struck with wonder on hearing the teachings of the Sadhu.

The words of the Sadhu were an eye opener to Prithinath and he felt that he was drinking nectar. But in spite of this, disbelief still lurked in his mind and he thought—"Is it really true what the Sadhu says? Let me again examine the body of the Sadhu and he stretched out his hand to feel it. He could find nothing material and was dumb foundered with astonishment and awe. The Sadhu said—"Pritinath you think that you see a vision but it is not so, it is a fact—real and stern. Saying this the Sadhu vanished and was to be seen no more.

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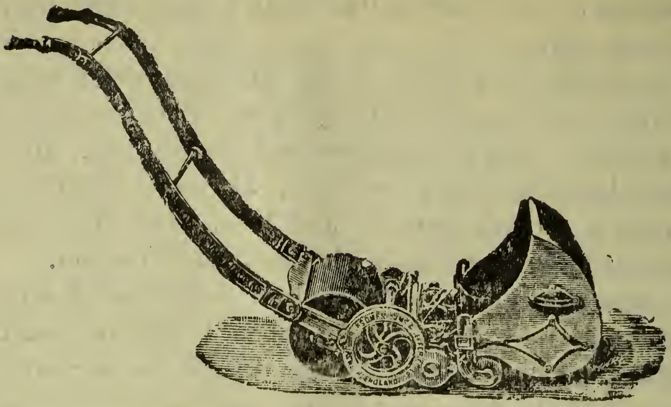

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THE

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NEW SERIES.

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A VISIT TO EUROPE.

CHAPTER VI.

Last days in England.

I spent the last days of my stay in England seeing the various sights of London and the neighbourhood. Twice I went to Parliament and heard the debates then going on on the everlasting Irish question. The solemn feeling which the name of Parliament inspires in one at a distance was not heightened in my mind as I sat listening in the Visitors' Gallery. I could hardly realise in my mind the fact that the words that fell there decided the destiny of nations. It looked so like a debating club of old boys! Nor are the Houses of Parliament as a building very impressive. They looked like a vast shed, built in a Gothic style, with numerous courts, apartments and dark corridors. The edifice is new having been constructed between the years 1840-57, upon the site of the old Palace of Westminster and of St. Stephen's Chapel. The most notable feature outside is the *Clock Tower,* 320 feet high, with a large clock which is considered one of the best in the world, having never varied in its life more than four seconds in a day. It is is wound up twice a week, and it takes five hours to wind up the striking part. A large bell strikes the hours, which is known by the name of "*Big Ben.*" "*Great Tom of Westminster*" formerly did that duty; it was removed in 1699 to the Cathedral of St. Paul by permission of William III. *Great Tom* once made a funny mistake in the reign of William and Mary. One midnight it struck thirteen instead of twelve. This irregularity on its part owed its detection mainly to the vigilance of a sentinel at the Royal Palace at Windsor several miles off. He fell asleep whilst on duty upon a terrace at Windsor Castle, and was tried and condemned by a court martial. He pleaded not guilty on the plea that *Great Tom of Westminster* struck thirteen at midnight. He was however disbelieved by his judges, but everything became clear as noonday when several other persons came forward and swore that he spoke the truth. He was pardoned. The Houses of Parliament are entered through the Palace Yard and Westminster Hall up a broad flight of steps into St. Stephen's Hall, where Statues of Hampden, Selden, Fox, Chatham, Clarendon, Grattan, Falkland, Walpole and Mansfield are arranged on either side. Thence the visitor goes to the Octagonal Hall, the right hand passage from which leads to the House of Lords and the left to the House of Commons. The House of Lords, 97 feet long, 45 feet high and 45 feet wide, is well decorated with gilding and colour, wrought metal, carved work, frescoes, and arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England. On one end of the chamber is the Throne, with two seats on either side on a less elevated dais, one for the Prince of Wales and the other for any distinguished personage next in honour. Before the Throne is the *Woolsack,* on which sits the Lord Chancellar. The Peers sit on seats ranged on either side of the chamber or on cross benches. There is practically nothing to speak of about the House of Commons. It is a large Hall, 70 feet long, 45 feet high 45 feet wide, surrounded by galleries on all sides below and above. The Speaker's chair is on the further end in the same place occupied by the Throne in the House of Lords. Members sit in the galleries below, while over them are the galleries for visitors, reporters and the public. Since the dynamite explosion of 1885, strangers are not allowed to see the Houses, unless introduced into the Lords by a written order from a Peer and into the Commons by that from a Member.

Near the Parliament Houses is the celebrated Westminster Abbey, where the sovereigns of England are crowned and where rest the ashes of the greatest men in the annals of England. It stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. Its conversion to a Christian Church is attributed by some to king Lucius (A.D. 184) and by others to king Setert (A.D. 610 or 616). Commanded by St. Peter in a dream, Edward the Confessor rebuilt the sacred edifice in the shape of a cross and plentifully endowed it with precious relics. He gave to it "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of the Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge, with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head; and of the mountains of Golgotha and Calvary; great part of the Holy Cross inclosed in a certain one particularly beautified, and distinguished with many other pieces of the same, and great part of one of the nails belonging to it; and likewise the cross that floated against wind and wave over sea from Normandy, hither with that King. Many pieces of the vestments of the Virgin Mary; of the linen whinh she wore; of the window in which the angel stood when he saluted her; of her milk; of her hair; of her shoes, and of her bed; also of the girdle which she worked with her own hands, always wore, and dropped to St. Thomas, the apostle, at her assumption; of the hairs of St. Peter's beard, and part of his cross." Edward the Confessor was buried here, but the present building is not the one built by him. It was constructed during the reign of Edward I and II, and considerable additions were made to it from time to time by subsequent sovereigns and abbots. For instance, the Jerusalem Chamber was built by Abbot Litlington in the reign of Edward III. In it died Henry IV, whose last moments have been so touchingly described by Shakespeare—

KING HENRY.—Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK.—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.
KING HENRY.—Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.

Westminster Abbey passed through many vicissitudes during its life of twelve hundred years. In its early days kings, nobles and pious votaries vied with each other to endow it with lands and perquisites, and to embellish the sacred edifice with capitals, mouldings, statues and all sorts of sculptured decorations, the beauty of which was enhanced by a skilful inlay of precious stones, by embossed gold and by fretwork of silver. Master-painters executed the frescoes, experts painted on the glass-windows scenes of biblical life, and the walls were covered with rich tapestry, wrought by soft snowy hands that were plighted long ago to bold warriors who fought and died far away in Palestine. Solemn monks performed the various rites, incense burnt in the censers filling the whole place with a sweet ferfume, and all knelt there and prayed, all believed, all reverentially spoke in hushed voices, *all* were ready to lay down their lives for the sake of the Father, Mother, the Son and the Saints, and all were as ready to take your life if you differed from them in the most trifling article of faith. Ah, those days! when devils were as plentiful and fond of mixing with human affairs, as the means possessed by man to thwart their evil machinations, and to ruthlessly cast them out of human society. For did not the very sight of the Confessor's coffin, when carried in 1269 to Westminister Abbey on the shoulders of Henry the Third and his brother Richard, King of the Romans, at once dispossess an Irishman and an Englishman of the devils that were in them? What a great fascination past days have on the human mind, and how we clothe the world of that time with a soft dim light, quietly sleeping on the everlasting spring, among fragrant flowers of variegated hues, sloping hills, green forests with overhanging boughs laden with fruit, musical rills and whispering zephyrs, where human life, bereft of all its struggles and turmoils that *we* know of, sweetly glided on to eternity in company with dancing fairies and sporting sylvan spirit! We are all poets and prophets by nature, only a fanatical poet makes a successful phophet. However reverentially we may recall to our mind the days that are gone, it is necessary that a disenchantment should take place, and that in wishing to be child again we should not forget that there were big boys to beat us, and mysterious apprehensions to torture us, and that there existed such things as marbles and sweets, the want of which caused us a world of unhappiness. But yet, what would we not give if knowledge and reason would but confirm the various creations of imagination, past and present, and satisfy the deep yearnings of our heart for gods and goddesses, genii and fairies, Rosicrucians and Mahatmas, and all sorts of subtle beings with powers greater than our own? Or, at least, let the whole working of the Universe be made clear to man and brought within the reach of his comprehension. Revelation after revelation has been vouchsafed to the world, but yet after all that deadly war they waged against each other from time immemorial, the answers to the questions—Whence? Whither? and Why?—are as far from solution as ever.

In a later age, Westminster Abby saw things totally dissimilar to those described above. Abuses in the Christian Church were indeed ripening the Reformation, when holy men like Peachum and Lockit quarrelled with each other and carved on the very walls of the sacred place gross caricatures, like those representing a monk being carried off by the Evil One, a woman wringing her hands in despair and an assistant sprite laughing for joy. Then came Henry the Eighth, with his spendthrift courtiers and hungry sycophants, to plunder all the ecclesiastical valuables, to wrench off the head of massive silver from the monument of Henry V, and to send to the melting pot the metal chasings of the shrine and the lead of the roof. But it received its crowning humiliation from the hands of Cromwell's Ironsides, who turned it into a barrack, mutilated the statues stripped it of its ornaments, pawned the organ pipes and enjoyed the proceeds in a carousal over the ashes of Edward the Confessor. Westminster Abbey is such a confused heap of monuments and chapels that it is impossible to put an account of it, in an intelligible form, within the short space I have at my command. It contains not only the tombs and monuments of kings, queens and great men, but also of many obscure personages. This made Goldsmith to put into the mouth of his Chinese Philosopher the question —"*That* I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the msmory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who was reduced his fellow citizens from anarchy into just subjection." But his surprise knew no bounds when he was informed that no such great deeds were necessary to get a final resting place within the precincts of the Abbey. The section where the bones of great men are interred or their memorials kept is called the "Poet's Corner." Here could be seen the graves, medallions, busts, tablets or monuments consecrated to the memories of men well known even in India such as Ben Jonson, Samuel Butler, Jonn Milton, Thomas Gray, Matthew Prior, &c., &c. In the Chapel dedicated to Edward the Confessor are kept the two *Coronation Chairs*, still used by the sovereigns of Great Britan for that purpose. One of them contains the famous Stone of Scone, a piece of greyish red sandstone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned, and which Edward I brought away to England. The Scots had very great reverence for this piece of stone, and believed that wherever it was carried the supreme power would go with it. Addison has saved me and all future dabblers in ink the trouble of making any serious reflections over the ashes that lie in Westminster Abbey. "When I see kings," wrote he in the *Spectator*, "lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and disappointment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind." To which may be added the terse saying of a great poet of the East—

Bas námwar bazer dafn kardah ánd ;
Kaz hastesh ba-rue zamin ek nishán namánd.
O àn pir láshá rá kih sipardand zer khák ;
Khàkash chunán bakhurd kazo istkhuán namánd.

"Many famous men have been buried, but not a single sign of them remains upon earth. That old man's corpse which was put under earth, has been so eaten by the soil that not a single bone remains."

I went to see the Tower of London, with which the history of England is so intimately connected. It was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and to the original building subsequent sovereigns made many important additions. Royalty sometimes used the Tower as a place of refuge, as was done by Richard the Second during the insurrection of Wat Tyler. The different sections of the Tower are known as the White Tower, the Middle Tower, the Byward Tower, the Traitor's Gate on St. Thomas's Tower, the Beauchamp Tower, the Deverenx Tower, &c. It was in the White Tower that Richard II abdicated the throne in favour of his cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke. A very interesting collection of arms and armoury of different ages has been preserved in the Tower, which among other things include a chain armour used in the Battle of Hastings and the arms and accoutrements of the time of Agincourt and the Wars of the Roses. In the Tower are also kept the Regalia or the Crown Jewels of England, with the famous *Kohinur* among them. But the Tower of London is interesting to the general public for the large number of noble heads that were cut off here by order of the former monarchs of England, and on account of the historical personages that were imprisoned here from time to time. It was here that Balliol, Bruce, Wallace, and John, King of France, were kept in confinement by Edward III. A place is shewn in the Tower as the "Site of the ancient Scaffold," where Queen Anne Boleyn and many others were beheaded. The Executioners were most busy in the time of Henry VIII. For an account of these executions, I must refer my readers to the history of England. The last man that was beheaded in the Tower was Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747, for his share in the rebellion on behalf of Prince Charles Edward.

I went up the Monument erected to commemorate the Great Fire in London in 1666. It is 202 feet high. The top is reached by a winding staircase inside, consisting of 345 steps. That awful fire destroyed 460 streets and 13,200 houses. I also went to see St. Paul's Cathedral, where one day they invited us to be present at a service. Of course I saw the Zoological Gardens. Among other places to which I went I may mention the Bank of England, the National Gallery, the Hampton Court, and the Exchange. I also visited some of the hospitals, specially St. Bartholomew's some of the cemeteries notably that at Kensal Green where our renowned countryman, Dwarka Nath Tagore, is buried, some of the Clubs, like the Athenæum, and some of the co-operative stores, like the Army and Navy. Often I rambled among the fields in the neighbourhood of London near Chiswick and other places the names of which I forget, and in the Parks at Battersea, Finsbury, Regent's, Greenwich, Richmond, &c. How delightful it was to have a rowing on the Thames at Richmond! A visitor in London should not forget to go to *Madame Tussaud's*, where a large collection of life-size wax figures of kings, notable persons, celebrated thieves and murderers are kept for show. These figures are instinct with life and expression, and in some the eyes are so contrived to move as to make one mistake them for living beings. A section of the establishment is called the Chamber of Horrors, where figures of noted criminals and relics of historical as well as private atrocities are carefully preserved. Among these may be seen the image of Charles Peace, the notorious murderer and burglar, who apart from the ordinary disguises assumed by criminals of his class, possessed the wonderful power of so contorting his face in different ways as to appear on each occasion altogether a different man even to his most intimate acquaintances. He made a mistake by taking his birth in England. Such a wonderful power could easily raise him to the rank of godhead in this country. There are also in this Chamber of Horrors, heads and likenesses of Marat, Robespierre and other notorieties of the French Revolution. The original knife and lunette, which decapitated 21,000 persons during the French Revolution, amongst whom were Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, are shewn here. I went to see the Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace. Like the Thames Tunnel, the Crystal Palace has a traditionary hold in the minds of my countrymen, as one of the wonders of England. Its fame no doubt is largely due to its name. But there is no novelty now in a small tunnel under a narrow river, when mountains and seabeds are pierced by railways; or in a glass roof, when a portion of almost every office and hotel is imperceptibly separated from the sky above by this transparent material, and when by its aid tropical gardens are reared amidst the inclement weather of northern Europe. Nevertheless Crystal Palace is a vast edifice with a magnificent nave and two aisles and transepts. It is said that it cost a million and a half of sterling pounds. It is now used as a place of amusement where large numbers of people go, specially on Thursdays, when they have splendid fire-works to entertain the visitors.

We were invited by many of the Literary Societies in London. The vast establishment of the *Times*' Office also threw its doors open to us. Most of my countrymen have read an account of this wonderful establishment, and I need not therefore give a description of it here. Visitors in England should not fail to see the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum and the Botanical Gardens at Kew. The British Museum is well-worthy of the great nation to which it belongs. It had its origin with a private man, named Sir Robert Cotton, who formed a large collection of manuscripts and state papers. His son further augmented the collection, and his grandson presented it to the nation in the year 1700. The building where this collection was first kept was burnt by fire in 1731, which event led the Government of the time to consider the scheme to provide a suitable repository for such collections. An Act was passed in 1753, which gave the national sanction to the foundation of the British Museum. Perhaps nowhere in the world is the early history of man so vividly represented as in this institution. It would take a life-time to study the various objects that are so carefully preserved in this great repository of human knowledge. To an old and ancient race like ourselves the departments of antiquities must be the most interesting. So often and often did I linger among the Assyrian and Egyptian galleries, curiously looking at terracota tablets with inscriptions in the wedge or cuneiform characters, which served as deeds and documents 2500 years ago. Here was a petition to the king of Assyria from poor Nabu-balat-su-ikbi, denying the charge of treason brought against him; there a tablet recorded the sale of a slave, named Arbail-sarrat, about 648 B.C. Another tablet shewed the sale of a female slave, Hambusu, and her daughter, to Luku for one *mana* and eight *shekels* of silver. This transaction took place about the year 659 B.C. There was also a letter from Sennacherib, whilst still crown prince, to his father concerning the affairs of the kingdom. In that age, men cheated their brothers' widows as they do now, for I found among these tablets one with a detailed account of a law-suit brought by Bumanitu against her brother-in-law. These tablets record various other transactions in ordinary household affairs. Houses were let, gardens sold, agreements made about the dowries of Baby-lonian ladies, and similar transactions are all recorded there. The Egyptian collections are still more ancient, the earliest relics being at least 3800 years old. There is a very fine collection of hieroglyphic, demotic and the comparatively modern hieratic paphyri. Among the last may be seen treatises on medicine, geometry, arithmetic and other sciences. The collection of mummies is a splendid one. One I noticed was that of Tochenemum, daughter of Petchonsu, door-keeper of the temple of Amen-Ra, who lived at least 1,000 years before Christ. The antiquities of Greece and Rome are also well represented. The Asiatic collection is however not so good. It is said that if the racks in the library of the British Museum were spread out in one single line they would cover a space forty miles long. But what struck me most was the interest which people took in the objects displayed there. Acquirement of knowledge is a pleasure to them, and the most advanced among them feel the greatest satisfaction by practising the virtue of placing within the reach of the nation the means of acquiring knowledge. The collections at the British Museum mostly consist of objects contributed by private individuals. *Our* virtues have a different tendency. Men and gods so act and react upon each other that it is time for our gods to make a modification in their tastes. In this age of self-help, they must get rid of their penurious and exacting habits. However we may sympathise with them for the etherial nature of their constitution, we cannot really expend money to provide them with bodies of gold or silver, even of clay. Nor should they depend upon us for shelter, food, wearing apparel and ornaments for personal adornment. For the money they absorb is required for schools, museums, scientific institutions and other means of throwing light into the mind of this benighted people. If they in mercy allowed us, their humble servants, to recast our national budget, we in gratitude would twist and turn the meanings of Sanskrit verses and give them such a scientific status as would make them secure for a long time to come against all arguments of missionaries, theists, agnostics and atheists.

The Museums in Europe, where ethnographical specimens from all parts of the world have been collected, bring to the mind of an Indian a feeling of humiliation and sorrow. Their he finds himself ranked among barbarous tribes with their cannibalism, human-sacrifice, tattooing and all sorts of cruel and curious customs that denote a savage life. The races of Europe, who have long discarded these practices, now look upon such acts with horror. It is a pity that, while we here are trying our best to revive old Hinduism, as existed say a hundred years ago—with of course human-sacrifice, *Aghori*-cannibalism, burning of widows, and all kinds of pious rites and ceremonies,—the people of Europe should look upon such modes of securing earthly and heavenly bliss with disfavour. It seems these Europeans are deaf to all sound argument, and will not listen to the profound esoteric explanations we tender for these practical outpourings of our religious fervour. We therefore cannot do better than, armed with all our unintelligible sacred books, take our stand on the lofty platform which a handful or European savants have built for us, look down with scorn on the wilful obstinacy of the European people, and patriotically despise their railways, telegraphs, their sciences and all their teachings. For have we not all these things written thousands of years ago in the books here under our arm? And many things besides, which our wisdom will show to us as soon as they are rediscovered or reinvented in Europe or America? We have of late made an important addition to our already overflowing national glory by satisfactorily establishing our relationship with the priests of ancient Mexico, who artistically carved out with their sacrificial knives, and reverentially laid before the altar, the bleeding throbbing hearts of most beautiful youths who, but a day before, were dallying with the sweetest maidens of the empire, but whose bodies now lay below, still quivering with life, to be shortly dressed, cooked and eaten by the pious worshippers. Such acts were no doubt the most beautiful points of ancient religions: my countrymen are enamoured of them, and they are mad after reviving them in an esoteric shape. But, alas! we live in a vicious age. There is no toleration now-a-days. Who say the British tolerate the free exercise of our religion? Will they tolerate the brave *Aghori* to feed on putrid human flesh?—the *Aghori* whose all acts are sanctified, for in the very depth of his devotion he has buired all sense of sweet and sour, joy and sorrow, good and bad. Or will they allow us to moisten the parched tongue of our goddess with the blood of a tender youth free from all blemishes? Or, will they allow us to burn our widowed sisters to give a happy release to their souls longing for an immediate flight to heaven? Have they not trampled with a strong foot on the religious observances of our friends, the *Thugs*, the anointed of the gods, to carry out principles so ably generalised by Malthus, and as heavenly emissaries protected and cherished by kings and nobles? Did they not prohibit on pain of death or transportation for life the sacred rite of *Meria* practised from time immemorial by our neighbours the Kandhs? O, they are now thinking of doing something to free our widows from an ascetic life to which we force them for their eternal good! Verily, this land has become the land of infidels—a regular *Dar-ul-harb*, to borrow with many grateful acknowledgments an appropriate term from our friends the Musalmans—and not fit for a good Hindu to live in. When they discouraged human sacrifice, they denuded the tree of Hinduism of its leaves, and as a result brought famines to the country as the peasantry in the Central Provinces will assure you, for there was no proverty, no famine before the English came to India [*Vide* History, specially the writings of Muhammadan historians as embodied in the eight volumes published under the authority of Sir Henry Elliot]. When they abolished the *Sati* they lopped off its branches. But the greatest act of tyranny the English committed against our religion has yet to be told: when they made the waterworks of Calcutta, they laid their inexorable axe at the root and felled the tree of Hinduism! We did all we could to stop their sacrilegious proceedings. We nationalised each question as it came up. We held meetings and passed resolutions against the abolition of *Sati*, the establishment of schools and the introduction of waterworks. But for the few renegades, like Ram Mohan Roy, Mahendra Lal Sarkar, Malabari, and those men of Bombay who make cotton mills, our name would have remained as pure as ever, for nobody could then blame us if there was no *Sati* to-day, if there were English schools and colleges in India, and if carcases of animals did not rot in our streets as it is said they do in Constantinople.

To speak seriously, it is time for us to realise our true position among the nations of the world, and not to revel in imagination and labour under hallucinations. It matters little now what we were many thousands years ago, even if we were all that was good and all that was great. It matters little now whether the *Mahanimba* of our books was the same as the *Cinchona officinalis* of to-day, whether Kurubarsha was the present Russia and whether Egypt and Mexico were colonised from India. It matters much to be able to see what we are to-day, for by that the world will judge us, not by that which we were. An antiquarian or a scholar may take a respectful interest in us, but every man and woman in Europe are not antiquarians or Sanskrit scholars. The truth is that the songs, which a nomadic race sang in the plains of the Panjab many thousands of years ago, have not struck the world dumb or paralysed its mind with amazement. The world at a distance cannot make a distinction between a Kandh and a Brahman, between a Jaina and a Muhammadan. It avails nothing if the Jaina condemns animal-sacrifice or the

Muhammadan disavows *Sati.* There we are, or in a lump, to be judged by the most striking acts committed in our country. Our ancient civilisation is now out of date, and could only have been effective if Europe were to-day, what it was three hundred years ago. Or even I may say the distance between the two races was not very great fifty years ago. The discoveries and inventions that took place during the last fifty years have brought us within the sphere of those religious and philosophical principles, which men in all ages formulate from time to time for application on inferior races in order to satisfy their conscience and reconcile the general maxims of morality. Human beings are led by self-interest, and a leader is he who puts this self-interest on an intelligent and practical basis. He is either a man of strength, a man of religion, or a man of learning. Nowhere will you find mercy or respect for your age and past achievements except from the man of emotion, who is led more by the instincts which God has planted in his bosom than by the teachings of conquerors, patriots, prophets and philosophers. The most devout Christian can in all conscience tyrannise over a dark-skinned man, aye, work him to death, if he can only prove to his mind thaf he has got the blood of Ham in his veins. The most ardent votary of Reason can satisfy himself on the morality of carrying fire and sword to all parts of the world, to burn, pillage and murder the defenceless for the benefit of the powerful and, as he will call it, to help nature in its path of progress by destruction which brings about reconstruction. And as for the strong and the patriot, he goes about in quest of gain and glory in defiance of religion and reason. This is world, and it has been so as far back as man can remember. It behoves us therefore to see wherein we are deficient, and to try to make up that deficiency, if we are to gain the respect of our friendly rulers and the respect of the world. Otherwise let us quietly submit to be classed with savages.

The south Kensington Museum contains specimens of art. The place is full of plaster-casts of monuments, triumphal columns, architectural designs and statues. Among these may be mentioned Trajan's Column from the original in Rome. Pottery, ivory, bronze, gold and silver, wood and all sorts of handicrafts from all parts of the world, both antique and modern, are represented there. Among these collections may be seen the four Chinese Villas, which the Emperor of China sent as a present to the Empress Josephine, first wife of Nepoleon. The vessel conveying these presents was captured on the way by a British man-of-war. After the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, the restitution of these presents was offered, but was declined. One villa represents a fine building, with a thatched roof ornamented with rows of pearls, on all sides surrounded by trees with golden stems and emerald leaves. The effect is extremely pretty. An extensive collection of pictures has also been presented to this Museum by a gentleman named Johu Sheepshanks. A section of the Museum is devoted to an extensive collection of Indian artware, which was the property of the East India Company and afterwards of the India office. The Botanical Gardens at Kew are a monument of British genius and perseverance. The vegetable kingdom of the British Empire, which includes one-sixth of the dry surface of the globe, is represented here. The Gardens contain also a Museum of Economic Botany.

It was now December. There was snow on the ground and and the days were short. It was time for me to leave England. In eight months we saw things which no Indian remaining in his own country can hope to see in all his life. There is something in the atmosphere of England which opens the eyes and widens the mind. We were favoured with special opportunities, which can scarcely fall to the lot of the student or the tourist. The kindness with which we were everywhere received, by high and low, from our august sovereign the Queen Emp ess, down to the poorest peasant in the Midland, will be ever remembered with love and gratitude.

On the 13th of December, I left England for Rotterdam in Holland.

T. N. MUKHERJI.

THEOSOPHY IN CALCUTTA.

Although Col. Olcott landed in India in February 1879 he came to its metropolis three years afterwards having travelled its different parts and visited twice Ceylon. The reason of this delay as assigned by the "Founders" will be found afterwards. Although Col. Olcott was not at Calcutta we found many prominent persons of Calcutta were the votaries of the Occult Science, foremost of whom were Raja Shama Sanker Roy, Baboos Peary Chand Mittra, Sisir Coomar Ghosh, Dwijendra Nath Tagore, Norendra Nath Sen, Deno Nath Mullick, Mohini Mohan Chatterjee and a host of others who received absolute proofs and possessed an absolute certainty of the existence of *Mahatmas* under whom many of them used to work and in whose steps they used to tread. Immediately after he came to India, these Bengalees deputed Babu Sisir Coomar Ghose to Bombay as a delegate from Calcutta to do honour to the Colonel. We also find the names of Raja Shama Sanker Roy Sisir Coomar Ghose, Peary Chand Mittra and others as Members of the General Council of the Theosophical Society.

On 19th March 1882 Col. Olcott came down to Calcutta and after staying a few days at Howrah with his friend Mr. Gordon, the gifted Editor of Phychic Notes, was a guest of Maharajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore C.S.I. It seemed that the Colonel was a man of vast erudition and considerable thought. He was a clever man who was a Councillor-at-Law in his country and held several important offices there, having besides, been connected with several local newspapers. It is an undoubted fact that he made considerable sacrifice in the interests of theosophy. A *soiree* was given by the Maharajah Bahadur in his *Baitakkhana* house on 1st April in honour of Col. Olcott in which a host of Bengalee gentlemen joined.

After a short prayer, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, addressed as follows:—Dear Beloved Brother, Col. Olcott, on behalf of the most respectable and influential meeting assembled here, on the invitation of the Hon. Maharajah Jotindra Mohan Tagore, C.S.I., I welcome you most heartily and cordially as a brother. Although you are of American extraction, yet in thought and feeling, in sympathy, aspirations and spiritual conception, you are a *Hindu* and we, therefore, look upon you as a brother in the true sense of the word. Your life has been a life of self-abnegation, of self surrender, of unselfishness. Every Hindu who has heard of you, who has read of you, longs to see you. Many of my countrymen understand the object of your establishing the Theosophical Society. What the *Maharshis* and *Rishis* had taught in the *Vedas*, *Upanishads*, *Yoga*, *Tantras* and *Purans* is, that Divinity is in humanity, and that the life assimilated to Divinity is the spiritual life—the life of *Nirvana* which is attainable by extinguishing the natural life by Yoga, culminating in the development of the spiritual life. It is for the promotion of the truly religious end that you, brother, and that most exalted lady Madame Blavatsky, at whose feet I feel inclined to kneel down with grateful tears, have been working in the most saint-like manner, and your reward is from the God of all perfection. Ah! Soothing is the teaching of our *Maharshis* and *Rishis* that God is the God of all perfection, perfect in love, perfect in wisdom and perfect in power. No one who raises himself above the human platform by the life of *Nirvana* can know God, and this explains why some people judge of God by the human standard. Spiritualism, Occultism and Theosophy, all grew and flourished here. Ages of misrule have thrown them back. The study of European sciences has taken their place. They are no doubt good in their way, but they can not reveal the secrets of nature which can only be known through the soul, the study of which it is the duty of every God loving person to encourage in every possible way, and I feel grateful to God and his good angels that by the cultivation of Theosophy, the light, which the *Rishis* had shed on the subject, of the soul and its natural connection with God, and which had sunk into obscnrity, is being kindled by the indefatigable exertions of Sister Blavatsky and Brother Olcott. May God grant them health and strength to carry on the noble mission they have imposed on themselves from a pure love of God and from a pnre love for the people of Hindustan.

Col. Olcott feelingly replied in a brief speech, which elicited much applause. He said that it would be affectation to pretend that he did not feel deeply grateful for the terms in which his venerable friend, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, had bidden him welcome to

Bengal. He was thus enjoying a pleasure, long anticipated in meeting face to face this Bengali Scholar who had by his writings made Hindu spiritualism known and respected from one end of America to the other. And he was much indebted to the Hon. Maharajah Jotindra Mohan Tagore, for giving him the opportunity to meet thus in one small gathering so many Bengali gentlemen, distinguished in science, literature, philosophy, rank and finance. He saw present one whose learning had made his name known over the world among Orientalists, he referred to Dr. Rajendralala Mitra. That eminent man had, the speaker understood, proposed to the Senate of the Calcutta University that Occult Science should be included in the curriculum of studies, and, in his (Col. Olcott's) opinion, that act had entitled Dr. Mitra to the deepest respect and gratitude of every true Hindu. For all science was based upon the rock of Occult Science and the masters of Occultism were the Aryan *Rishis* and their successors in the school of *Gupta Vidya.* Upon the rock rests not only Hinduism, but all the other religions of antiquity. He would not, however, enter into the subject just now as on Wednesday evening next he was to lecture at the Town Hall. He hoped that we might all live to see that happy day when there would be a union of all true lovers of *Aryayarta to re-infuse* into the now shrivelled and decrepid body of modern India that moral grandeur and brilliant spirituality which characterised the India of the days before she fell from her high civilization.

On April 5th at the Town Hall, Col. Olcott delivered his lecture "Theosophy the scientific basis of religion" before a large and appreciative audiance. On the motion of Doctor Mohendralal Sircar seconded by Moulavi Amir Hossein, Babu Peary Chand Mitra took the chair. The Chairman in a short speech introduced the lecturer, who then delivered his lecture. He divided the subject into two parts, in the first part he gave a succinct history of personal experience of himself and Madame Blavatsky and of the Theosophical Society which they founded and in the second he presented an exposition of theosophy, its principles and distinctive features. The lecture, having of necessity, to cover a wide ground, lasted over two hours. The Indian Mirror remarked that the lecture was decisive success..

On April 6th, Madame Blavatsky arrived and was received at the station by the President and some noted Bengalees. On the evening of the same day a Branch—the Bengal Theosophical Society—comprising some very influential members, was formed and many new Fellows were initiated. The meeting was presided over by the President Founder. After the ceremony of initiation, it was proposed by Peary Chand Mittra and seconded by Norendra Nath Sen :—

"That a Branch of the Theosophical Society be established here in Calcutta."

Upon motion the name adopted was "Bengal Theosophical Society."

Resolved on motion that the byelaws of the parent Society be temporarily adopted for the guidance of the Society.

Resolved than no parmanent officer be appointed for the present.

On motion Babu Peary Chand Mittra was appointed Provisional President.*

On motion Babu Norendra Nath Sen was elected Provisional Secretary and Babu Balai Chand Mullick was elected Provisional Assistant Secretary. On motion Babus Janoki Nath Ghosal, Mohini Mohan Chatterjee, Debendra Nath Ghose and Mr. D. N. Cardozo were appointed members of the Provisional Council ; with power to add to their numbers, for the organization of the Society. The Secretary was afterwards asked to take charge of the funds of the Society.

At a subsequent meeting of the Society held at the *Baitakkhana* house of Maharajah Jotindra Mohan Tagore, on the 17th April 1882 —Col. H. S. Olcott the President Founder in the chair, a permanent organization was made and the following gentlemen were appointed, office-bearers for the ensuing year :—

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* In August 1882 number of the *Theosophist*, a Calcutta correspondent enquired as follows :—

I understand you do not believe in Spiritualism—then how is it that a *spiritualist* has been elected President for the Bengal Branch of the *Theosophical* Society ?

To which the Editor wrote :—

We do not believe in the phenomena, but not as to their cause, there being no religious or other test—other than that of good moral character and sympathy with the objects of our Society, applied by us to those who seek for admission, the election of the venerable Babu Peary Chand Mittra, as President of our Bengal Branch, was not only most proper, but very desirable. He is certainly the most *spiritual* Theosophist and most *theosophic* Spiritualist we have ever met.

President—Peary Chand Mittra.

Vice-Presidents—Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore and Rajah Shama Sanker Roy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Babu Norendra Nath Sen.

Assistant Secretaries—Babus Bolai Chand Mullick and Mohini Mohan Chatterjee.

As the objects of the Society differ from those that are now in vogue we enumerate them below as they were passed in General Council at Bombay on 17th February 1881.

(1) To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, the obvious philanthopic value of which must be beyond dispute, while the esoteric significance of a union formed on that plan, is conceived by the Founders, for reasons derived from a study of Oriental Philosophy, to be of great importance.

(2) To study Aryan literature, religion and science, which the Founders believe to contain certain valuable truths and philosophical views, of which the Western world knows nothing.

(3) To vindicate the importance of this inquiry and correct misrepresentations with which it has been clouded.

(4) To explore the hidden mysteries of nature, and the latent powers of man, on which the Founders believe that Oriental Philosophy is in a position to throw light.

It is plain that these objects exacted the co-operation of Eastern and Western scholars alike, irrespective of nationality. The Society is entirely unsectarian, and includes adherents of all faiths—the principle of toleration being imperatively enforced, in view of the objects it seeks to attain. It only claims from each member the toleration which he expects every other to extend to him. It includes members who take a merely intellectual interest in its aspirations, as well as those who, from a conviction that the greatness of Oriental Philosophy is not unworthy of a life's devotion, may seek through its instrumentality to penetrate those innermost recesses of ancient culture to which such devotion affords the only passport. For both Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky believed that Asiatic Psychology is a reality which may best be approached through a study of the philosophical systems to which, for that reason, its attention is specially turned.

Col. Olcott left Calcutta on 18th April. The Indian Mirror of 14th April published two stories, the latter of which is reproduced as it related to the Bengal Theosophical Society recently formed. It was also confirmed by Babu Mohini Mohan Chatterjee in a subsequent issue of the paper.

"On the morning of the 10th instant we called on Madame Blavatsky with a full determination not to express our wish to witness any phenomena. Besides Madame Blavatsky and ourselves, there were present in the room Babus Peary Chand Mittra and Mohini Mohan Chatterjee. While we were engaged in general conversation, Madame Blavatsky suddenly fixed her eyes on a sudden spot. She asked Babu Mohini Mohan Chatterjee to go outside the room, auh see if any one was concealed in the adjoining hall. The Babu accordingly did as he was directed, but found nobody. A small billet of paper was then visibly shot by some unseen agency from a point above the top of a lofty wooden partition and it fell near the spot where Col. Olcott was seated from a height of 20 feet. At the desire of Madame Blavatsky Babu Mohini Mohan Chatterjee picked up the paper and its contents were found to run as follows :—

" Degrade not truth by forcing it upon unwilling minds. Seek not to secure help from those whose hearts are not patriotic enough to unselfish work for the good of their countrymen. " What good can we do?" Is asked—" what benefit can we confer upon humanity, or even on our own country ?" Lukewarm patriots, verily, are they. In the presence of his country perishing in its nationality for want of vitality and the confusion of fresh forces a *real patriot* catches at a staw ? But are there any *true patriots* in Bengal ? Had there been many, we would have sent them here before now ; we would have hardly allowed you to remain three years in India, without visiting Calcutta, the city of great intellect, and no hearts. You may read this to them. K. H."

Neither Madame Blavatsky nor Col. Olcott expected such a letter ; and neither certainly was concerned in the mysterious manner in which it was conveyed into the room. The thing may seem almost incredible, but it is nevertheless an undoubted fact."

When one considers the bitter opposition that had to be surmounted and the influential quarters from which it has often emanated the fact speaks well for the principles upon which the theosophical organization claims public sympathy. It must be admitted even by the unprejudiced that the Society is doing a real service to all the races in India by causing there to take a deeper interest than hitherto in the esoteric features of the old Asiatic faiths and so to find a common ground of mutual agreement. Its influence seems to have been peculiarly felt happy upon the native mind in stimulating a more decent regard for ancestral traditions and a long needed appreciation of Aryan religious thought.

The Bengal Society used to meet every fortnight under its worthy president in the premises No. 2 British Indian Street (Indian Mirror office). The first anniversary meeting held on 22nd May 1883 when the following letter from the President was read.

21st May 1883.

My dear brother,

The severe sickness, which confines me to bed, will, of course, prevent my personal attendance at the first anniversary celebration of our Bengal Theosophical Society. But as you know, and as the testimony of a life's studies and writings prove, my spirit is present with you and all who work for the moral regeneration of humanity, and the spread of spiritual truth. Had I not so full a knowledge of the blessed activities which await man beyond the Valley of the Shadow, I could not, without a pang, face the contingency that my lamp is flickering in its socket at the very time when you are beginning your Theosophical work in India. With all the ardour of perfect sympathy, would I have rejoiced to take a part in that work, and, if it be true, as I know it is, that though dead in the body, man's spirit may still share in the labours he loved, then believe me, dear Brother, that though corporeally separated from you, my soul shall still be with you in all holy desires, aspirations and good works, to the end. So may God give us the true light which we seek for and the desire to make our lives whether long or short, to be an occasion to perfect ourselves in holiness and wisdom.

Yours affectionately,
PEARY CHAND MITTRA.

To Col. H. S. OLCOTT.

Babu Norendra Nath Sen was elected President in his place which post he held all along till his death in 1911. We will in a subsequent issue describe the progress the Society made during his tenure.

S. M.

THE AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE DEVALAYA, AND ITS PROBABLE FUTURE.

The Devalaya is an institution established by Sevabrata Srijut Sasipada Banerji at 210-3-2 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta, on the first of January, 1908. It is a revival, on an improved and extensive basis, of the Sadharan Dharma Sabha which he had established at Berhanagar in 1873. The Devalaya is an Association for devotional exercises and for literary, scientific, philanthropic and charitable work on a basis common to all the principal religions current in the country. It provides a weekly religious service on unsectarian lines permitting persons of all religious persuasions to join it. It promotes, by means of weekly and other occasional meetings for lectures, the free expression of all religious views, however divergent, in a catholic and charitable spirit. It aims at the union and mutual co-operation of the various religious bodies of the country without at the same time any surrender of their peculiar doctrines and practices. It maintains a class for teaching the Shastras, a library, a reading room and a monthly journal devoted to the discussion of important social and religious problems on broad and liberal principles. It is by the toleration of mutually conflicting opinions, by the mutual respect and co-operation of men holding different views, and by a wide system of culture that does not refuse to hear any opinion earnestly and honestly held, that the world is progressing towards unity and brotherhood.

The probable future of the Devalaya.

The future of the Devalaya is destined to be true religious development. Religion to be true must be based upon rationalism or true science. "True science and true religion," says Professor Huxley, "are twin sisters and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the destruction of both." The charge of atheism or irreligion is erroneously laid at the door of science. "Devotion to science," says Herbert Spencer, is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied and by implication in their cause. It is not a mere lip-homage but a homage expressed in actions—not a mere professed respect but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought and labour." Mere dogmatic teaching, based though it may be upon traditional authority or the simple *ifse dixit* of any person, however honoured his name or reputation may be, will not commend itself to thoughtful men. In order to command respect or obedience such dictum should be accompanied by good and sufficient reasons. Science is the rationalisation of knowledge which is two-fold, *a priori* or original to the mind and *a posteriori* or derived from experience. Such rationalisation when applied to religion will result in the building up of a general or common system of religion or true religious development or evolution. Religion if professed and practised in a spirit of catholicity and true devotion untainted by irrational antipathy and intolerant bigotry—a spirit conspicuously characterising the methods adopted by the Devalaya —may be a powerful element of unity among the professors of different religions. In this matter the need for reform lies in the direction of a thorough insight into the fundamental principles of all systems of religion and preference of substance to form. It is only in the observance of the domestic or religious rites and ceremonies and the modes of worship and not in cardinal principles that there are difference in religion. A Hindu may recite his *mantras* in a temple, a Mohammedan perform his *namaj* in a mosque and a Christian say his prayers in a church, but all these different methods are meant to express, in a place dedicated to Divine service, our feelings of gratitude and veneration for the same Almighty Father for it is one and the same being of whom the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible speak. The charge of idolatry or image worship has been erroneously laid at the door of Hinduism. As in the Christian Trinity—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost—there is unity of Godhead under the threefold character of revelation, fulfilment and inspiration of law or truth so the Hindu triad of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva represents the three-fold power of creation, preservation and destruction inherent in the one absolute Being. The numerous deities in the Hindu pantheon represent either abstract qualities or concrete objects the former being a manifestation of God in mind, the latter in matter or nature. The image in which any of these is worshipped is simply a medium intended for obtaining knowledge of God either through mental attributes or for rising from nature to nature's God. As nature-worship, which was prevalent in the Vedic period, is worship of God in nature, so image-worship introduced during the Pauranic period is worship of God through an image.

The Hindu does not worship the clay or stone image before him but conceives the attributes of the Deity through the medium of an image which serves only to fix his mind. True Divine worship is *samipya*, feeling the presence of god, *sajujya*, being one with him, and *salokya*, living in Him. These are the principal elements of Divine service and religious conduct universally adopted throughout the civilised world. If the Hindu method of worship is idolatrous, then all systems of religion which prescribe the worship of god in a particular form are also idolatrous, for they all have their ideals and what are idols if not the external representation of their ideals? "Idol," says Carlyle, "is eidolon, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not god but a symbol of God." The Hindu welcomes all modes of worship, the progressive stages being from image-worship to mental worship and from mental contemplation of the Deity to union with Him. So long as there are diversities in intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement in a society, there must be diverse methods of worship and various conceptions of Divinity. To adopt one uniform system for persons of different culture is practically to do away with worship altogether. Prayer is the spontaneous outburst of deep emotions towards the Deity. Sincere and pervent devotion constitutes the essence of prayer. So long as one has a firm faith in and profound veneration for God, it is immaterial how he worships or prays to Him. The Geeta has laid down a broad and liberal principle of Divine service. God is equally propitiated by whatever ways men may worship Him. According to the Upanishads prayer consists in love of God and the service of humanity. Thus the proper discharge of our duties constitutes the vitality or essence of religion. Our duties are three-fold; duties to ourselves, to society and to God, in other words, self-love, benevolence and piety forming a comprehensive moral code for the regulation of our conduct. Not only the same aim is discernible in the various modes of worship but the same God is meant to be worshipped by the Vedic and the Pauranik systems.

Hindu religion underwent a gradual change until the Vedic system was thoroughly replaced by Pauranik or Tantrik Hinduism. Elaborate religious rites and ceremonies took the place of the Vedic sacrifices and image-worship was introduced. The essential and cardinal doctrines of both forms of Hinduism differ in minor doctrines and observances. The main difference in doctrine is that the Vedic religion insists on the worship of the manifestations of nature called Indra or Surjya, Agni or Varuna and led up to the worship of the great Duty. The Pauranik religion, on the other hand, worshiped the great Deity in the three-fold power of creation, preservation and destruction under the names of Brahma, Vishnu and Moheshwara and legends of other gods and goddesses were added to fill the popular mind and excite the popular imagination. There are now two rival classes of Pundits namely, those belonging to the Vedic and those belonging to the Tantric schools. Each of them considers his rival as the exponent of a false or mistaken religion. This antagonism is highly objectionable and based on a misunderstanding of the true spirit of the Hindu Scriptures from the Vedas down to the Tantras. There is a substantial agreement in them, although there may be minor differences as to the mode of worship or observance of rites and ceremonies. Thus monotheism is evolved out of polytheism in Hinduism. We have found by an examination of the doctrine of Trinity that unity of godhead is the essential principle of Christianity. The doctrine of Islam is that there is one god and Mohammed was His prophet.

Thus a liberal interpretation of the real character of those three systems of religion, Hinduism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, and of others which may be similarly explained, results in the emergence of a world religion or true religious development or evolution and in the existence of perfect harmony among them. Considered in their essential basic principle—the common Fatherhood of god and the brotherhood of men—they are not rival and antagonistic but friendly and co-operative institutions having one common object in view, *i.e.*, to promote equality, fraternity and piety. Religious harmony may also he inferred from the ethical aspect of religion. Religion may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise for the regulation of our conduct and the discharge of our duties. The one is the province of faith, the other of morality. Faith seems to draw its principal if not all its excellence from the influence it has upon morality and no article of faith can be true and authentic that weakens or subverts morality which is the practical part of religion.

Religious rites and ceremonies are intended to produce good moral results,—to form an excellent moral character by purifying the heart. It can not he said that purity of heart can only be attained by minute and punctilious observance of such rites and ceremonies and not otherwise. Such being the case want of uniformity in their observance is not of any practical moment. In order that they may not smother living piety beneath mechanical works, usefulness of religious rites and ceremonies should be judged from their moral efficacy alone. If such efficacy is secured by other than such means or by different kinds of such means, religious antipathy or persecution based upon want of uniformity of their observance is highly unjustifiable. Proselytising zeal to be of any value should be directed to make converts to ideas of sound morality which are invariable and universal and not to those of customary or religious formalities which are variable and local. The moral standard being common to all forms of faith can easily reconcile all differences in them and will meet with little or no opposition. The excellent moral teachings of the Bible are acceptable to a Hindu or Mohammedan whose Geeta or Koran may be read with advantage by a Christian. There will be true religious unity if the different religions are elevated to high ideals of morality without abandoning their individual or peculiar characteristics. For true religious development does not mean the fusion of all creeds into one—a consummation which is not within the range of practical attainment —nor the merging of a particuler system into another as, for instance, Hinduism converted to Christianity but the general improvement of all the systems by preserving their good points and assimilating those of others. Care should be taken that indiscreet imitation or want of adaptability may not lead to denationalisation or degeneration.

As remarked by Swami Vivekananda in his famous address at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, "the Christian is not to become a Hindu or a Buddhist nor a Hindu or a Buddhist to become a Christian. But each must assimilate the others, preserve his individuality and grow according to the law of his growth. If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world it is this: it has proved to the world that holiness, purity and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world and that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character. If in the face of this evidence, anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his faith and the destruction of that of others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart and point out to him that upon the honour of every religion would soon be written in spite of his resistance. Help and not Fight, Assimilation and not Destruction, Harmony and Peace and not Dissensions."

Religion being a means to an end, no one has any reason to boast of the superiority of his faith, unless and until he has become a goodman and true by following its tenets and teachings. This religious development or evolution will take place when the moral standard of all systems is so raised as to produce such a happy result. It is gratifying to notice that the aims and objects of the Devalya and the methods of work adopted to carry them out are fast gravitating towards such a central position of perfection.

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

THE METAPHYSICAL THEORIES OF HARTLEY PRIESTELY AND DARWIN.

When I hinted, in the preceding Essay, that the doctrines prevalent in this country, with respect to the origin of our knowledge, were, in general, more precise and just than those adopted by the disciples of Condillac, I was aware that some remarkable exceptions might be alleged to the universality of my observation. Of those, indeed, who, in either part of the united kingdom, have confined their researches to the Philosophy of the Human Mind, properly so called, I do not recollect any individual of much literary eminence, who has carried Locke's principle to such an extravagant length as Diderot and Helvetius; but, from that class of our authors, who have, of late years, been attempting to found a new school, by jumbling together scholastic metaphysics and hypothetical physiology, on various instances might be produced of theorists, whose avowed opinions on this elementary question, not only rival, but far surpass those of the French Materialists, in point of absurdity.

Among the authors just alluded to, the most noted are Hartley, Priestley, and Darwin; all of whom, notwithstanding the differences among them on particular points, agree nearly in their conclusions concerning the sources of our ideas. The first of these, after telling us, that "all our internal feelings, excepting our sensations, may be called *ideas*;—that the ideas which resemble sensations may be called *ideas of sensation*, and all the rest *intellectual ideas*;"—adds, "that the ideas of sensation are the *elements* of which all the rest are compounded." In another passage he expresses his hopes, that "by pursuing and perfecting the dotrine of association, he may, sometime or other, be enabled to analyze all that vast variety of complex ideas, which pass under the name of *ideas of reflection* and *intellectual ideas*, into their simple compounding parts; that is, into the simple *ideas of sensation* of which they consist." And in a subsequent part of his work, he points out, still more explicitly, the difference between his own doctrine and that of Locke, in the following words. "It may not be amiss here to take notice how far the theory of these papers has led me to differ, in respect of logic, from Mr. Locke's excellent Essay on the Human Understanding, to which the world is so much indebted for removing prejudices and encumbrances, and advancing real and useful knowledge."

First, then, it appears to me, that all the most complex ideas arise from Sensation; and that *reflection is not a distinct source*, as Mr. Locke makes it.

The obvious meaning of these different passages is that we have no direct knowledge of the operations of our own minds; nor indeed any knowledge whatsoever, which is not ultimately resolvable into sensible images.

As to Dr. Hartley's grand *arcanum*, the principle of Association, by which he conceives that *ideas of sensation* may be transmuted into *ideas of reflection*, I have nothing to add to what I have already remarked, on the unexampled latitude with which the words *association* and *idea* are, both of them, employed, through the whole of his theory. His ultimate aim, in this part of it, is precisely the same with that of the schoolmen, when they attempted to explain, by the hypothesis of certain *internal senses*, how the *sensible species* received from external objects, are so refined and spiritualized, as to become, first, objects of Memory and Imagination; and, at last, objects of pure Intellection. Such reveries are certainly not entitled to a serious examination in the present age.

It must not, however, be concluded from these extracts, that Hartley was a decided materialist. On the contrary, after observing, that "his theory must be allowed to overturn all the arguments which are usually brought for the immateriality of the soul from the subtility of the internal senses, and of the rational faculty," he acknowledges candidly his own conviction, that "matter and motion, however subtly divided or reasoned upon, yield nothing but matter and motion still," and therefore requests, that "he may not be, in any way, interpreted so as to oppose the immateriality of the soul." I mention this in justice to Hartley, as most of his later followers, have pretended, that, by rejecting the supposition of a principle distinct from body, they have simplified and perfected his theory.

With respect to Hartley's great apostle, Dr. Priestley, I am somewhat at a loss, whether to class him with Materialists, or with Immaterialists; as I find him an advocate, at one period of his life, for what he was then pleased to call the *immateriality of matter*, and, at another, for the *materiality of mind.* Of the former of these doctrines, to which no words can do justice but those of the author, I shall quote his own statement from his "History of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Colours,' first published in 1772.

"This scheme of the immateriality of matter, as it may be called, or rather the *mutual penetration of matter*, first occurred to my friend Mr. Mitchell, on reading "*Baxter on the Immateriality of the Soul.*" He found that this author's idea of matter was, that it consisted, as it were, of bricks, cemented together by an immaterial mortar. These bricks, if he would be consistent to his own reasoning, were again composed of less bricks cemented likewise by an immaterial mortar, and so on *ad infinitum.* This putting Mr. Mitchell upon the consideration of the several appearances of nature, he began to perceive, that the bricks were so covered with this immaterial mortar, that if they had any existence at all, it could not possibly be perceived, every *effect* being produced, at least in nine instances in ten certainly, and probably in the tenth also, by this immaterial, spiritual, and penetrable mortar. Instead, therefore, of placing the world upon the giant, the giant upon the tortoise and the tortoise upon he could not tell what, he placed the world at once upon itself; and finding it still necessary, in order to solve the appearances of nature, to admit of extended and penetrable immaterial substance, if he maintained the impenetrability of matter, and observing farther, that all we perceive by contact, &c. is this penetrable immaterial substance, and not the impenetrable one, he began to think he might as well admit of *penetrable material* as of *penetrable immaterial substance*, especially as we know nothing more of the nature of *substance*, than that it is something which supports *properties*, which properties may be whatever we please, provided they be not inconsistent with each other, that is, do not imply the absence of each other. This by no means seemed to be case, in supposeing two substances to be in the same place at the same time, without excluding each other; the objection to which is only derived from the resistance we meet with to the touch, and is a prejudice that has taken its rise from that circumstance, and is not unlike the prejudice against the Antipodes, derived from the constant experience of bodies falling, as we account it, downwards."

In the Disquisitions on *matter and spirit,* by the same author (the second edition of which appeared in 1782), the above passage is quoted at length; but it is somewhat remarkable, that, as the aim of the latter work is to inculcate the *materiality of Mind,* Dr. Priestley has prudently suppressed the clause which I have distinguished in the first sentence of the foregoing extract, by printing it in *capitals.*

In one opinion, however, this ingenious writer seems to have uniformly persevered since he first republished Hartley's Theory, that " man does not consist of *two principles* so essentially different from one another as *matter and spirit*; but that the whole man is of some *uniform composition*; and that either the *mateaial or the immaterial* part of the universal system is superfluous." To this opinion (erroneous as I conceive it to be) I have no inclination to state any metaphysical objections at present; as it does not interfere, in the slightest degree, with what I consider as the appropriate business of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. I object to it merely as it may have a tendency to mislead our *logical conclusions,* concerning the origin and certainty of human knowledge. Highly important as the question concerning the nature of Mind may be supposed to be, when considered in connection with its future prospects, it is evidently altogether foreign to the speculations in which we are now engaged. The only proposition I insist upon is, that our knowledge of its phenomena, and of the laws which regulate them, is to be obtained, not by looking *without,* but by looking *within.* This rule of philosophising (the most essential of all in this branch of science) is, as I formerly observed, not founded upon any particular *theory,* but is the obvious and irresistible suggestion of those powers of Consciousness and Reflection, which are the exclusive sources of our information with respect to that class of facts, which forms the appropriate object of our study.

It has become customary, of late, for Materialists to object to those who profess to study the mind *in the way of reflection,* that they suffer themselves to be misled, by assuming rashly the existence of a principle in man, essentially distinct from anything which is perceived by our senses. The truth is, that while we adhere to the method of *reflection*, we never can be misled by any hypothesis. The moment we abandon it, what absurdities are we apt to fall into!—Dr. Priestly himself furnishes me with an instance in point;—after quoting which, I shall leave my readers to judge which of the two parties in this dispute is most justly chargeable with the error, of arguing rashly from a gratuitous assumption concerning the natute of Mind, to establish a general conclusion with respect to its principles and laws.

"If man," says Priestley, "be wholly a material being, and the power of thinking the result of a certain organization of the brain, does it not follow, that all his functions must be regulated by the laws of mechanism, and that, of consequence, all his actions proceed from an irresistible necessity?"

In another passage he observes, that "the doctrine of *necessity* is the immediate result of the doctrine of the materiality of man; for *mechanism is the undoubted consequence of materialism.*"

According to this argument, the scheme of materialism leads, by one short and demonstrative step, to the denial of man's free agency; that is, a mere *hypothesis* (for what Materialist can pretend to offer a shadow of proof in its support?) is employed to subvert the authority of *Couscionsness*, the only tribunal competent to pass any judgment whatever on the question at issue.

It is remarkable, that the argument here proposed by Dr. Priestley, with so much gravity, or, at least, one extremely similar to it, was long ago introduced *ironically* by Dr. Berkeley, in his ingenious dialogues, entitled the *Minute Philosopher.* "Corporeal objects strike on the organs of sense; whence issues a vibration in the nerves, which, being communicated to the soul, or animal spirit in the brain, or root of the nerves, produceth there-in that motion called volition: and this produceth a new determination in the spirits, causing them to flow in such nerves, as must necessarily, by the laws of mechanism, produce such certain actions. This being the case, it follows, that those things which vulgarly pass for human actions are to be esteemed mechanical, and that they are falsely ascribed to a free principle. There is, therefore, no foundation for praise or blame, fear or hope, reward or punishment, nor consequently for religion, which is built upon, and supposeth those things."

It will not, I trust, be supposed by any of my readers, that I mean to ascribe to Dr. Priestley any partiality for the dangerous conclusions which Berkeley conceived to be deducible from the scheme of Necessity. How widely soever I may dissent from most of his philosophical tenets, nobody can be disposed to judge more favourably than myself of the motives from which he wrote. In the present case, at the same time, truth forces me to add to what I have already said, that the alteration which he has made on Berkeley's statement is far from being an improvement, in point of sound logic; for his peculiar notions about the nature of *matter* (from which he conceives himself to have *"wiped off the reproach of being necessarily inert, and absolutely incapable of intelligence, thought, or action"*) render the argument altogether nugatory, upon his own principles, even if it were admitted to hold good upon those which are generally received. It plainly proceeds on the supposition, that the common nations concerning *matter* are well-founded; and falls at once to the ground, if we suppose *matter* to combine, with the qualities usually ascribed to itself, all those which conciousness teaches us to belsng to *mind.*

On the question concerning the *origin of our knowledge,* Priestley has nowhere explained his opinion fully, so far as I am able to recollect; but from his reverence for Hartley, I take for granted, that, on this point, he did not dissent from the conclusions of his master. In one particular, I think it probable that he went a little farther; the general train of his speculations concerning the human Mind leading me to suspect, that he conceived our *ideas* themselves to be material substances. In this conjecture I am confirmed by the following remark, which he makes on a very puerile argument of Wallaston, that the mind cannot be material, because it is influenced by *reasons*." In reply to which, Priestley observes, "that to say that *reasons* and *ideas* are *not* things material, or the affections of a material substance, is to take for granted the very thing to be proved."

But whatever were Priestley's notions upon this question, there can be no doubt of those entertained by his successor, Dr. Darwin, who assumes, as an ascertained fact, that "ideas are material things," and reasons about them as such through the whole of his book. In this respect, our English physiologists have for exceeded Diderot himself, who ventured no farther than to affirm, that "every idea must necessarily resolve itself ultimately into a sensible representation or picture." This language of Diderot (a relic of the old ideal system) they have not only rejected with contempt, but they have insisted, that when it was used by the Aristotelians, by Descartes, and by Locke, it was meant by them to be understood only as a figure or metaphor. They have accordingly substituted, instead of it, the supposition, that the immediate objects of thought are either particles of the medullary substance of the brain, or vibrations of these particles,—a supposition which, according to my apprehension of it, is infinitely more repugnant to common sense, than the more enigmatical and oracular language transmitted to us from the dark ages;—while with all its mechanical apparatus it does not even touch that difficulty concerning the origin of our knowledge, of which the *images* and *species* of the schoolmen sufficiently shew, that these subtile disputants were not altogether unaware.

Notwithstanding the celebrity of the names which in the Southern part of Great Britain, have lent their credit to this very bold hypothesis, I cannot bring myself to examine it seriously; recollecting the ridicule which Seneca has incurred, by the gravity of his reply to some of his stoical predecessors, who maintained, that *the cardinal virtues are animals.* Wild and incredible as this ancient absurdity may at first appear, it will be found, upon examination, to be fully as reasonable as various tenets which have obtained the suffrages of the learned in our own times.

I have only to observe farther at present, with respect to the doctrine of the *materiality of our ideas,* that it has by no means the merit of so much originality, even in the history of our domestic literature, as was probably believed by some of its late revivers. It appears, from various passages in his works, to have been the decided opinion of Sir Kenelm Digby; and it is enlarged upon and developed, at some length (though evidently without any wish on the part of the author to materialize the mind itself), in a posthumous volume of the celebrated Dr. Hooke. The following extract from this last publication, which is now but rarely to be met with, I cannot forbear to introduce here, as an interesting fragment of this sort of *physiologico-metaphysical* speculation; and I may venture to assert, that the hypothesis which it takes for granted is not inferior, either in point of ingenuity, or in the certainty of the *data* on which it proceeds, to that of any one of the three noted theorists referred to above.

"Memory," says Hooke, "I conceive to be nothing else but a repository of *ideas*, formed partly from the senses, but chiefly by the soul itself. I say partly by the senses, because they are, as it were, the *collectors* or *carriers* of the impressions made by objects from without; delivering them to the repository, or storehouse, where they are to be used. This repository I conceive to be seated in the brain; and the substance thereof I conceive to be the *material* out of which these ideas are formed, and where they are also preserved, when formed, being disposed in some regular order; which order I conceive to be principally *that* according to which they are formed, that being first in order that is first formed, and that next which is next; and so on continually by succession, from the time of our birth to the time of our death. So that there is, as it were, a continued *chain of ideas* coiled up in the repository of the brain, the first *end* of which is farthest removed from the centre, or seat of the soul, where the ideas are formed, and the *other end* is always at the centre, being the last idea fromed, which is always the moment present when considered. And therefore according as there are a greater number of these ideas between the present sensation or thought in the centre, and any other, the more is the soul apprehensive of *the time* interposed."

To those who are acquainted with the strong bent of Hooke's genius towards mechanics, and who recollect that, from his childhood, the art of *watch-making* was one of his favourities studies, it may be amusing to combine, with the foregoing extract, a remark which occurs more than once in the works of Lord Bacon: "When men of confined scientific pursuits afterwards betake themselves to philosophy, and to general contemplations, they are apt to wrest and corrupt them with their former conceits."—Nor is Hooke the only writer of note, since Bacon's time, who has exemplified the truth of this maxim. Another illustration of it, still more closely connected with the subject of this Essay, occurs in a profound mathematical work (entitled *Harmonics*) by Dr Smith of Cambridge. I shall quote the passage I allude to in the author's words, as it contains (independently of its reference to my present purpose) a curious hint towards a physiological theory of the mind, founded on the very same hypothesis which was afterwards adopted by Hartley.—"With a view to some other inquiries, I will conclude with the following observations: That, as almost all sorts of substances are perpetually subject to very minute vibratory motions, and all our senses and faculties seem chiefly to depend upon such motions excited in the proper organs, either by outward objects, or the powers of the will, there is reason to expect, that the *theory of vibrations* here given will not prove useless in promoting the philosophy of other things besides musical sounds."

Among modern philosophers, however, I am acquainted with none to whom Bacon's aphorism applies with nearly so great force, as to the ingenious physician whose hypothesis, concerning *the materiality of ideas*, has led me insensibly into these reflections. The influence of his medical and obstric occupations on his habits of thinking, may be traced in almost every page of his works, both philosophical and poetical;—not only in the physiological language in which he uniformly describes our mental operations, but even in his detached theories upon the various incidental questions which he has started. It is sufficient to mention, as instances, his account of the mechanical process by which the human countenance is first moulded into a *smile*;—and his theory of *beautiful forms*, deduced from the pleasurable sensations, associated by an infant with the bosom of its nurse. The enthusiastic praise which he bestows on a conjecture of Mr. Hume's, that "the world may possibly have been *generated* rather than created," is perhaps explicable, in part, on the same principle.

The propensity which all men have to explain the intellectual phenomena, by analogies borrowed from the Material World, has its origin in an error, differing from that which misled Hooke and Darwin, only in this, that the latter, being the natural result of the favourite, or of the professional habits of the individual, assumes as many different shapes as the pursuits of mankind; whereas the former having its root in the common principles and common circumstances of the human race, may be expected to exert its influence on the theories of philosophers, in every country, and in every age. The one prejudice would have been classed by Bacon with the *idola specus*; the other with the *idola tribus*.

But I must not enlarge farther on systems which, whatever may have been the views of their authors, have obviously no logical connection with the problem relating to *the sources of our ideas*; a problem which (as I have repeatedly observed) is to be solved, not by any *hypothesis* concerning the nature of Mind, but by an appeal to the phenomena of thought, and by an accurate analysis of the objects of our knowledge.—On these grounds, our attention is naturally attracted to a new and very interesting class of facts, which have been accumulated, of late, with extraordinary industry, as an inductive demonstration of the justness of those principles which I have been endeavouring to controvert; and which have been recommended to public notice (in *one* instance at least), by a much more splendid display of learning and genius, than has been yet exhibited by any of our metaphysical physiologists. I allude to the philological researches of Mr. Horne Tooke.

Before, however, I enter upon any discussions concerning the inferences which these researches have been supposed to authorize, it is necessary for me to take a pretty wide compass, by premising some general observations; the scope of which, I am afraid, it may be difficult for my readers, at first view, to connect with the inquiries in which we have been hitherto engaged. I shall state, therefore, the whole of my argument at once, as clearly and fully as I can, in a separate Essay.

J. G.

SANTI DEVI.

(IV)

CHAPTER X.

Santi shed a flood of tears which abated her grief to some extent. She meditated thus:—"Alas! I am a wretched creature and a prey to melancholy. At an early age I have lost my buoyancy of spirit. Since my mother's disappearance a weight is on my heart. Men turn prematurely old through mental suffering although they may be young in years. Mind is the king of the material body, which is shaped and changed according to its working. I have had a taste of grief and this affair has bowed me down just adding insult to injury. My father taught me to revere the man, whom I revered as my temporal and spiritual lord. He had a warm corner in my heart and I fully made up my mind to be united with him in this world as well as in the next. As ill luck would have it, the man has fallen low in my estimation and appears to be depraved and abominable in character. I see, all that glitters are not gold. I shudder to have any connection with him. Oh God have mercy on me. Why am I chastised in this way?

Banish from my mind all apprehension and end my misery with Thy grace. I have had enough of these troubles. A woman can't love twice, I can't efface his image from my heart, although I find him unworthy. An object of love,—the idol of one's heart, can't be changed and replaced according to one's caprice or whim. He is enshrined in the heart, and must be worshipped from a distance and in silience. Two souls brought together responds with each other. This union may not be possible, but the worship remains. To be unflinchingly faithful to the adored is the duty of every. woman. I see my path clearly chalked out before me, although I have not the good fortune to be united in holy wedlock. I shall have to pass my days with a shadow, whilst I discard the reality. I will devote my life in worshipping God and cherishing my afflicted father, laid prostrate by a sudden blow. Oh Lord! I don't know how to worship Thee, I am but a child in years and innocence, hardly able to distinguish right from wrong.

Give me faith and love and infuse my heart with Thy purity, blessed be thy holy name." Just then a maid stepped in, and informed her, that her father has sent for her. Santi slowly followed the hand-maiden and entered her father's room. Pritinath was perusing a letter, and on noticing his daughter beckoned her to sit down, handing her the letter, he was holding in his hand. Pritinath always addressed Santi lovingly and smilingly, on the present occasion he had a frowning aspect and spoke rather gravely. Her father's demeanour frightened Santi, and she trembled in every limb. She was much agitated and tears fell down from her eyes blurring her vision for the time being. She could not read the letter but sat like one demented. With considerable effort, she came round and at last read the letter, which was written by Monindra.

It ran as follows—Respected Sir,

I can't recall to my mind what actually transpired between me and Srimati Santi Devi. I may have said something unpleasant, for which I feel the greatest remorse and beg to tender an unqualified apology. A man is sometimes led away by forces, over which he has no control. Some such Satanic influence may have caused the unseemly act, or rather engendered the unbecoming language, for which I beg to express my regret, I find, I can't be a fit person for the hand of your immaculate daughter. She is as noble, as pure as I am depraved and ignoble. Can't she forget and forgive and take away the stigma from my character, so that I may be enabled to approach her in all lowliness, to regain my former position.

With due deference,

I beg to subscribe myself your obedient and afflicted neighbour,

Monindra.

Pritinath asked Santi to explain to him what had happened. So that he may be able to know the facts and advise her to do what was needful under the circumstances. After giving vent to a flood of tears, Santi falteringly said—"I feel a haziness coming over me and I am unable to give expression to my thoughts and feelings. I can however, take upon myself to say that a man can not be united to me by ties of marriage whom I consider to be base and ignoble. The man has no sense of propriety and falls short of my ideal of spirituality and hence he cannot possibly be a helpmate to me. I will never marry, and would devote myself to yourself and to the Great God—my Maker. Permit me Oh father to fulfill my vow. I desire nothing more in this world. My child it is very difficult to control base passions. It is easy to check the course and current of a river, than to restrain animal desires. This hankering after carnality, can't be put a stop to, without the aid of God. A girl should have a husband. To minister to a husband is to minister God. Marriage is ordained in Heaven and is a holy sacrament. Don't take Monindra if you consider him beneath your dignity. You are at liberty to marry anyone, who comes up to your ideal. Santi said :—Papa drop the subject please. By your blessings I have nothing to hanker after. My pleasure in life would only be to carry out your mandate. I don't wish to be married. Pritinath did not for the present press the matter. He thought to discuss about it with Santi some other time. Consequently he very adroitly changed the subject, and talked with Santi on household affairs. It is superfluous to say that Pritinath was wounded sorely in heart.

CHAPTER XI.

On account of the hitch in connection with his daughter's marriage, Pritinath was sorely grieved. Misfortune the adage says never comes singly. It was verified in Pritinath's case, a serious misfortune, affecting his purse and position occurred and he was deeply and sorely hurt. Pritinath was the adopted son of Isswar Chundra Mukerjee. Prior to his adoption, old Isswar Chandra had adopted another boy by the name of Sibendra. Sibendra whilst in his teens, fell into bad company, and his character became depraved and vitiated. Issur Chandra took drastic measures to reclaim the boy, but his efforts were not successful. Sibendra did not like the harsh treatment to which he was put and one day made himself scarce. Enquiries were set at foot to find out the youthful prodigal, but all to no purpose. Sibendra was not traced and found out, and was, at last, given up for lost. For six long years, old Isswar Chandra, waited for the return of the lad, but his hopes were dashed to pieces.

Sibendra never turned up. At last, Isswar Chandra had no other alternative, but to make a fresh adoption. Pritinath was duly adopted and soothed the heart of the old man by his good sense, propriety and respectful demeanour. The old man, unfortunately did not live long to enjoy the pleasure of his son's company. He died two years after the adoption and Pritinath inherited Isawar Chandra's property. He married Kunti Devi, after the lapse of a year, and in due course his wife gave birth to a daughter and latterly to a son, who were the apple of their parent's eyes. Sibendra after the lapse of many years, turned up suddenly whilst Pritinath was living at Baranagore. Sibendra at once served Pritinath with an Attorney's letter demanding in peremptory terms, the restoration of his property as the first and rightful adopted son of the late Isswar Chandra. The lawyer's letter happened to be a source of great anxiety to Pritinath. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. From the lap of luxury to the abyss of misery. Sibendra filed a suit in the subordinate Court, which decided against him. The appeal to the judge's court was also lost. He had no other alternative but to go up to the highest tribunal. He did not care much for his own fate, but the thought of his beloved daughter turning penniless, altogether upset him.

CHAPTER XII.

Pritinath was in a brown study, sitting with his chin resting on his hand. The result of his suit would be out soon, and naturally he felt nervous. He thought—If my suit turns out a losing game, my daughter will be helpless. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she would be the last person to be able to fight with penury and its concomittant misery. What will be her fate? I tremble to think about it. My wife has left for her a paltry sum of money, which will be barely sufficient to live from hand to mouth. I trust in God's mercy. They will be done, oh loving Father.

We are helpless and so many puppets in Thy hand. There are slips from the cup and lip. The adage has been verified in my case, I had a mind to give her hand to an eligible groom, but my hopes were frustrated, God ordained it otherwise. My heart bleeds for her. Oh Lord pour down your blessings on us. I dedicate myself and my daughter to your service. I have lost my wife and son. My heart bleeds for them. My affections are now centered up on my poor girl. Oh Lord Krishna, chasten her, but sustain her. Spare her afflictions which must be unendurable to one in her years. I pray thee with all my might. A servant noiselessly entered Pritinath's room and laid down a letter on the table. Finding his master listless and unmindful of his presence, he loudly hemmed and hawed, with a view to attract his attention. Pritinath at last noticed the letter on the table. Directing the servant to leave the room. Trembling all over, he coald scarcely pick up the letter, he was under such an awful nervous tension. With a supreme effort, he took up the letter tore it open and read the contents. He could hardly realize the full sense and significance of the letter. With dazed eyes he sat still and then fell down flat on the floor, nobody was at hand to afford him relief. Santi fortunately came in just then. Finding her father stretched on the floor, he run up to him and finding him senseless and rigid, she cried out loudly and piteously and her shrieks brought into the room a troop of servants and retainers. The services of a physician were requisitioned. The doctor on examining Pritinath pronounced the disease to be paralysis and prescribed medicines but all proved fruitless. Nothing could restore his senses. Alas the frail body of flesh and blood could not bear mental and physical pain at the same time.

SIVANATH ROY.

THE ALL-INDIA CATTLE-PRESERVATION MOVEMENT.

ENQUIRIES are being made from various quarters of India as to what this movement is and I find it almost impossible to answer each letter in detail. I am, therefore, giving below a brief description of the various matters connected with a Cattle Preservation Society.

(1) Let it be clearly understood that this is neither a sectarian nor a religious nor even a political movement. It is a dairy and farming affair out and out based on the natural law of supply and demand. Europeans, Indians, Hindus, Mohamedans, or Christians, meat-eaters or vegetarians, the rich or the poor can join in the society alike.

(2) In order, however, to enlist the sympathisers of Hindus, without whose co-operation no such scheme can succeed in India and who would not be a party to any such scheme otherwise, the cattle purchased for the purpose of these cattle-sheds will not be resold when they become useless, and it is to be hoped that no body would grudge this humanitarian provision.

(3) The object of the movement is to start large and small cattle-sheds of milch and agricultural cattle throughout India to ensure a pure and cheap supply of milk and ghee and to carry on other agricultural operations.

(4) The point is often raised as to whether the scheme is workable on a sound commercial basis and without risk of losses, and where the requisite expert knowledge is to come from? In reply to such queries I can say, without risk of contradiction, that there is no ground for incurring losses. It must be within the knowledge of all that an ordinary Ahir or Guala who has got 8 cattle can conveniently manage to feed his live stock, support a family of say 6 to 8 members and to meet other family-expenses on marriages, funerals, panchayet dinners, etc., etc. Our cattle-sheds are to be run on these lines combined, of course, with improved methods of sanitation, medicine and warding off epidemics as determined by the modern veterinary science. I am almost certain that if the supervision is efficient and careful there is no risk of failure. It hardly remains

for me to mention here that when carelessness is a feature no one can guarantee the security of money in your own cash box. The ordinary Ahirs and their females will be able to do all connected with the cattle-sheds under the supervision of the Panchayet or Board.

(5) The management of each individual shed will be carried on on democratic lines, or on the lines of a co-operative society, so many of which are now to be met with in every part of India. In short, the supreme power of management will rest with the shareholders assembled in a general meeting; the general meeting will elect a Board of Directors or a Panchayet who will manage the shed on behalf of the shareholders and who will be responsible to the shareholders. Whether in the general meeting or at meetings of the Panchayet all questions will be decided by a majority of votes and the decision of the majority will be binding on all. The money of the society will remain with a treasurer appointed by the general meeting, The treasurer may be either the most popular gentleman of the locality (with no security) or a paid servant (who has furnished a security for an amount likely to remain in his charge). It is for the members of the society themselves to see that their money is secure enough. The account books of the treasurer will be open for inspection by any member of the society at a prescribed time. The manager, his staff and the treasurer will be under the orders of the Panchayet and the Panchayet under the orders of the general meeting. The duties, relations and powers of these governing bodies will be embodied in a set of by-laws which I hope to bring out shortly.

(6) As to the necessity for such a society.—

The solution of the question of supply of pure milk and ghee has become an urgent necessity, the prices are going up almost daily. There are men still living who used to get pure ghee at Rs. 18 per maund of 48 seers and milk at half a maund per rupee, the maund being of 48 seers, and what is the rate to-day? We get milk at 8 seers a rupee and ghee at 12 chittaks a rupee. But the Bazar milk of to-day is not pure milk. It is milk plus pure pipe water or aqua if you would prefer that medical name—the whiteness in the fluid being the only mark of identification in the majority of shops. In the name of ghee we have got a license to eat grease, cocoanut oil, earthnut oil, safflower oil and what not. If the present state of affairs continues, the Indians will ere long be compelled to cease to use these articles, and the day would not be far off when our sons or grandsons would make a mention in their social circle, with an air of self-respect, that their father or grandfather used to take half a pound of milk daily, and as a matter of fact they will be looked on as the descendants of a well-to-do and respectable family. Again, the better paid Baboo of 1980 would, on the occasion of Holi or Durga Puja, probably purchase from a certain firm a pound of ghee imported from a respectable dairying company of Switzerland packed in a stoppered glass bottle with silk ribbons on, for say, Rs. 3-11 and would, in an advertising mood, try to impose his greatness on every man in his way and a great man he must really be.

We, therefore, propose to open a joint stock company with a capital of 50 crores of rupees divided into 10 crores of shares of Rs. 5 each so as to include the rich and poor alike. Taking it into consideration that money cannot always be had easily in rural areas, we have further made it a rule to collect the value of shares in kind so that subscribers can sell to us their cattle, corn, bhoosa, cowdung and can even pay us in labour, the number of working days being scattered over a period in which the labourer could purchase a share of Rs. 5 without inconvenience to his daily vocations or jeopardising his means of livelihood. We want to start a cattle-shed in every central village to which four other surrounding villages will be affiliated. In each such shed we propose to keep 50 cattle including bullocks, cows, buffaloes, buffalo-cows and calves.

The male animals will do the agricultural work and will be lent on hire to members. The milch cattle would yield milk, ghee and curd. We will also utilise the cowdung and skin in the best manner possible. Working out the figures of income and expenditure carefully, and making allowance for all contingencies and emergencies it can be said that we shall be able to recoup our initial outlay in the first year. It is, of course, not possible to say what dividend we shall declare in this first year, but in subsequent years we strongly hope to be able to declare a dividend of 15 per cent. or even more. Now, all such sheds in one Tahsili will be affiliated to a town shed to be started in each Tahsil, and these Tahsil sheds in their turn will be united together to form a district shed. Over these district sheds will be the provincial Board and above all The All-India Cattle Preservation Corporation. The employes will be paid a salary ranging from Rs. 2 to Rs. 1,000 per month. We hope that this is a scheme in which all classes and masses will and ought to co-operate. India, as a whole, is a country of vegetarians, and we have to look to ghee and milk as the only articles of nourishment for our brains and body. Our benign Government, the custodian of our well-being, is passing law after law to guard these stuffs against adulteration but for want of co-operation on our own part the supply of pure ghee and milk is an impossibility.

What we want in the preliminary stage is a large number of earnest and honest workers to start the business, before the paid staff can be looked for.

The details of a scheme containing particulars as to management, the figures of income and expenditure for a district as a whole and the prospects of those who want to serve in the cause on pay or othewise and other particulars have been circulated. Similar statistics for the whole of India have already been issued by me and published and reviewed by the press.

Before closing this brief note I think I owe it to you, to ask you to pause for a minute and to consider seriously whether you are getting a sufficient quantity of milk and ghee sufficient enough to nourish your bodies and pure enough not to affect your health and whether you can afford to enjoy this luxury financially, bearing in mind the rise in prices during the last 30 years. If not, it remains for me to inform you respectfully that you are unconsciously gratifying a certain craving at a considerable extravagance and injury to your health; and all the fun and ridicule directed by the promoters of the temperance movement towards drunkards holds good in your case with equal force. Let the rise in prices continue as at present and we shall see you struggling hopelessly or successfully to give up using these daily commodities just as the Chinese are now exerting themselves to get rid of opium.

Note:—I shall be really very glad to place myself in communication with any gentleman who wants to start such a society in his village or town.

A. B. LAL.

THE IMPROVEMENT SCHEME.

The much talked of improvement scheme is at last a fait accompli. The main thoroughfares in Calcutta are narrow with few exceptions The vehicular traffic in Cornwallis Street, as well as in Chitpore Road is very great during office hours, both in the morning and in the evening. The former street is tolerably wide to cope with the traffic, but the latter road is insufficient in breadth ; it should be widened to at least 80 ft. the footpaths should also be widened. The Tramways line in Chitpore Road is a great menace to the public ; especially to pedestrians. The danger should be averted by shifting the line to the middle of the Road. Cotton Street should be widened, and lengthened up to the Strand Road. A new street should be opened from Halliday street up to the Bag Bazar street. Hurry Ghose's street should also be widened and footpaths should be constructed on both sides of the street. At each crossing of big thoroughfares a fountain should be constructed to beautify the streets. These fountains should be made to play on festive occasions. Overhead bridges should be constructed at each crossing for the safety of women and children. The condition of Strand Road is worst of all streets in Calcutta ; it is dirty and always blocked up with bullock carts, and the traffic of carts should be regulated by the Police. The Port Trust Railway lines should be removed elsewhere. It is an ugly sight. A footpath should be constructed and shrubs planted at intervals ; the footpath should be made like the *Bomb vard* of Paris ; so that the inhabitants of the premier city will resort to the Strand Road as a place of luxury and pride. The existing bathing Ghats should also be improved, and divided into male and female Ghats. Sheds should be constructed for changing clothes of Hindu ladies. A new road should be opened from but Ram Ghat up to Chowrunghee, and it should be named after His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor. New buildings on main roads should be constructed on modern hygenic principle. These structures should be made of the same height on both sides of the road and the colour wash must be the same, so that the symmetry will be very pleasing to the eye. This rule is observed in Jaipur and the place is noted for its beauty.

The streets of Calcutta should be cleaned thrice a day. Shopkeepers should not be allowed to block the footpath in front of their place of business. Some wealthy men utilize the footpath in front of their houses, for the grooming of their horses. This practice should be stopped with a high hand. All new roads should be reserved for vehicular traffic. The Tramways Company should not be allowed to make new lines on them. The tram lines cause much damage to tyres and especially to rubber-tyred wheels. If the new roads are reserved for wheeled carriages, the traffic of other streets will be reduced. Bullock-carts should not be allowed to go through narrow lanes. A certain time should be fixed for the traffic of carts These carts generally block narrow lanes and cause much inconvenience to the public. The bullocks of carters are generally weak and emaciated, consequently they can not draw the cart swiftly, and hence the congestion. These bullocks should be changed and Jodhpuri bulls should be introduced. The carters must be made to pass a test of driving. Their ignorance of driving is the source of many accidents. The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should direct their Agents to keep a sharp look out on these carters. These low class up-country men are fiends in human shape. They treat dumb animals under their care very cruelly. Honorary Agents should be engaged by the Commissioner of Police to arrest carters when they show cruelty to animals under their care. There are few parks in Calcutta. These gardens are inadequate for the inhabitants of the city. New gardens should be provided for the citizens of Calcutta. A few terrace gardens should be made to beautify the city. School-boys should not be permitted to play foot-ball, cricket etc. in lawns intended for respectable men to promenade. I have seen many accidents taking place to innocent gentlemen for the rash and negligent way of rude players. Apart from this there is another danger in promiscuous playing. If a cricket-ball strikes a statue, the figure may get damaged; small plants are also liable to damage by foot-balls. This indulgence to boys should be stopped at once. *Malees* (gardeners) should be directed not to allow boys to play. For school-boys playgrounds should be opened, and they can play there to their heart's content. In public squares low class people generally occupy seats intended for respectable men. These men do not budge an inch when a gentleman wants to be seated. They not only occupy the seats, but sometimes lie down on them.

This practice should be stopped at once. Constables on duty, and garden door-keepers should be directed to do the needful. As a rule motor cars should not be allowed to run through lanes and streets of narrow width. Pressure on no account, should be brought to bear on Bustee people to remove their habitations elsewhere. If they are forced to shift nolens volens. The consequence will be a great paucity of servants, and the attendance of menials, if secured with great hardship will be late, and irregular on account of their habitations situated in a long way off. At least one Bridge should be constructed in the vicinity of Nimtollah Ghat for the convenience of the inhabitants of the northern quarter. The river should be dredged up for the traffic of shipping. This will prove very beneficial to the tradesmen.

All mills should be located outside Calcutta. The smoke nuisance is very great. People suffer from lung disease in consequence of inhaling smoke. The existing mills should be removed gradually. Chimneys should be constructed in burning ghats to pass smoke. During the hot season, the wind blows towards the south and people inhabiting in the vicinity are bothered with the awful stench and smoke carried by the wind emitting from the Burning Ghat. To remove this nuisance chimneys should be constructed. All markets should be improved. The Superintendent of the Municipal market should personally go round the market thrice daily, to keep the stall-holders in check, and redress any grievance if complained against. Mahomedan stall keepers and butchers are very uncivil to customers. They should be taken to task for their rude behaviour.

Respectable ladies are bothered by beggars when they go to bathe during auspicious days, and these beggars should be checked by the Police. I have seen respectably dressed young men look at ladies during their ablutions. This practice should be stopped. As a rule motor cars should not be allowed to run through lanes and streets of narrow width, and the speed per hour should be decreased. Thus many accidents will be averted. In conclusion I beg to draw the attention of the Government of Bengal the vagaries of the corporation. The inhabitants are bothered in season and out of season by the high handedness of Municipal underlings. Petty outdoor officers are the root of all evil. The majority of them are not above the fascination of a kudos. A strict eye should be kept over them. The District system is a mistake it should be abolished at once. The chairman can not supervise properly so many districts. The offices should be located in the head office. I am told that Mr. Payne had a mind to abolish the district system, and I hope he will carry out his intention this time.

The Municipal Act is about to be amended and I hope sufficient opportunity should be afforded to the public to discuss all matters fairly and fully. Ward committees should be appointed to bring to the notice of the authorities what improvements if any are wanted in their respective wards. A big park in the northern part is a desideratum. The post of Municipal Magistrateship should be abolished and the work should be entrusted to Honorary Presidency Magistrates. They should be allowed to work in a room of the old Duff College, at Nimtollah Ghat Street.

The election of Municipal Commissioners is a force. Good men and true remain on the background whilst monied good for nothings come out with flying colors. It is the interest of rate-payers to get the right men and the franchise should be used with caution and circumspection.

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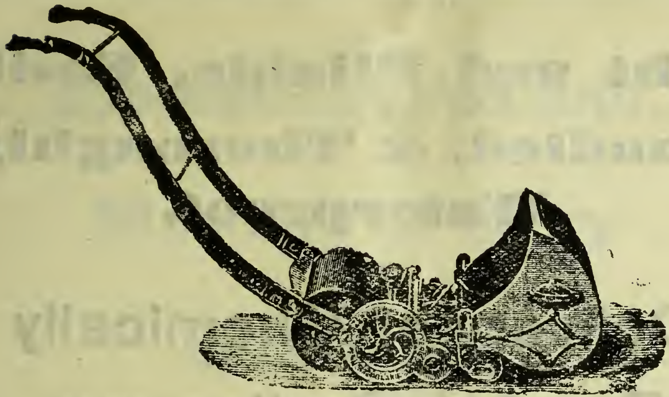

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Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pithagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14, 1887

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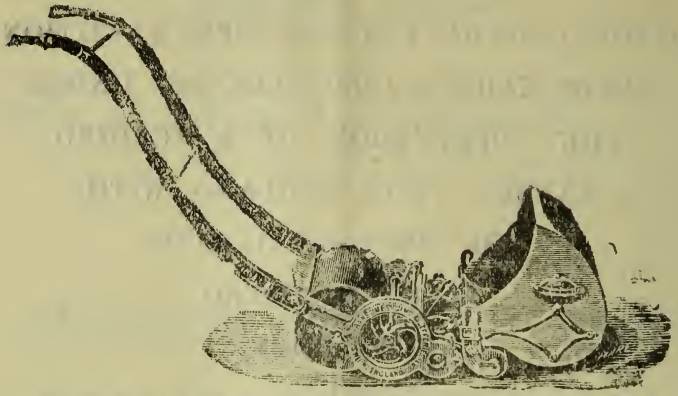

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GARDEN CITIES.

What is the Garden City movement, which bulks so largely in the public view? Its professed aim is to give every family an opportunity of securing a real home, provided with pure water, efficient sanitation, and a plot of cultivable land. Civilised man being essentially a social animal, it is necessary that his dwelling-places should be grouped in a "Garden City," traversed by broad avenues, and having beautiful places of worship, theatres, libraries and playgrounds for adults and children—in short every appliance for the leading of noble and happy lives.

Every one will admit that the scaffolding of civilisation consists of adequate food, fuel, clothing, education, and housing. The first three constituents have been cheapened by improved methods of production and transport; free-education—of a sort—is within the reach of all; the home, so necessary in our vigorous climate, has not received the attention it deserves. Royal Commissions investigate the housing question with results which must appeal to every lover of his kind; it is discussed at wearisome length in Parliament and the Press. But class-selfishness and inherited prejudices conspire to hinder the nation from handling it on comprehensive lines. A retrospective glance into history will reveal the causes of our "toleration of intolerable things."

For four centuries the Feudal System regarded land as the source of honour and basis of national defence. Lay landholders were virtually trustees. Their tenures were conditioned by the rendering of military service to a superior; and when this obligation gave place to rents in money or kind, their amount was regulated by custom rather than competition. The soil was cultivated by a yeomanry of small freeholders and farmers, who showed unrivalled capacity as fighting material. Non-agricultural industries were domestic-pursued in the craftsman's homes with the simplest mechanical appliances. While feudalism remained in full vigour it was the landlord's duty to protect his vassals who, in their turn, owed him allegiance. Every Englishman, from king to peasant, rendered instinctive obedience to the Law of Mutual Help.

During the fifteenth century this time honoured nexus was loosened by civil warfare, and received its deathblow for the commercialism which crept in with the growth of oversea trade. The Church's overgrown estates passed into the hands of keen business men, who employed the huckster's methods in dealing with them. Lawyers have always been henchmen of the class in power. They invented a novel theory of absolute ownership in the soil, thereby setting up a conflict of interests, which rages at the present day. Land was degraded into an engine for raking in personal profit; its possessor had licence to treat it as his instinct of self-aggrandisement might dictate. Four hundred years ago raw wool was the chief source of England's wealth; and yielded greater profit than village. The yeomanry were therefore, evicted wholesale by subservient courts of law; and their holdings merged in extensive sheepfarms.

Commercialism received a mighty impulse from the Revolution of 1688, which brought the Jewish race back to England after a banishment of nearly 400 years. Their instinct for profit-mongering soon made itself felt in every branch of the national economy, and fortunes gained in trade outshone those of the territorial aristocracy. The new element reacted on our legislature. Landlords had long been supreme in the Upper Chamber; under an Act of Queen Anne's reign they secured a monopoly of representation in the House of Commons. My Bengali readers may ask themselves what would have happened in their provinces had it been governed solely by a parliament of Zemindars. Would it not have framed laws converting every ryot into a tenant-at-will, permitting the confiscation of his improvements, and reducing him to the barest subsistence? Such manœuvres proceeded without hindrance for seventy years after the Parmanent Settlement, which was essentially an attempt to foist land-lordism upon Bengal. Indeed, it was only within living memory that a foreign government interfered to protect the ryot from grinding oppression.

A similar process has been at work in Great Britain for more than five centuries. In 1688 there were still 170,000 small proprietors descended from the splendid yeomanry who had helped their kings to conquer France, and afterwrds curbed royal despotism at home. During the eighteenth century landlords entrenched in Parliament, laid hands on the yeoman's inheritance by means of Enclosure Acts; while small estates were bought up by successful merchants, eager to acquire land as the badge of social rank. The growth of great estates was stimulated by intermarriages among the landowning class, and by the legal customs of settlement and entail. This train of causation explains the startling anomaly that one-thirtieth of the population of Great Britain now enjoys a monopoly of country's soil.

Comfronted with similar conditions the Bengali ryots would have died like flies in winter, just as they did during the famine of 1770, which was due in part to the formation of "trusts" controlling the necessaries of life, by highly-placed officials of the East India Company. So the mass of English peasants sank to a status resembling slavery, and were compelled to till their ancestral acres in return for a weekly wage. There was a considerable minority made of sterner stuff, who found an outlet for their stubborn energy in developing non-agricultural industries. Successful warfare, colonizations and foreign trade had poured a flood of wealth into the country. A portion was invested by landlords in scientific farming, superseding the ancient system under which the peasantry were wont to plough and reap their scattered plots of land in common; the rest served as money-capital, enabling commodities to be manufactured on an extended scale. Great Britain owes to her uprooted peasants the Pandora's gifts of machinery and factories. Production decupled, and this country became the world's workshop. But the artistic faculty latent in every race suffered atrophy, and the craftsman was divorced from the means whereby his labour produced wealth. Water, and afterwards steam-power, being the forces employed to drive machinery, its human slaves were compelled to concentrate, and the land-monopolists seized a golden opportunity of enriching themselves at the community's expense. So rural villages grew into towns, packed with highly-rented but insanitary hovels and lacking every concomitant of civilised life. Indian readers may wonder why the British government forgot that its primary duty is to protect the weak from ruthless strength. I answer, because our legislators were landlords and money-capitalists, controlling all the instruments of production, because independent thinkers were blinded by the sophisms of a pseudo-science termed "Political Economy."

One of its doctrines enunciated that free-play given to selfishness would automatically promote the well being of all. It followed that "hands off!" should be called to the State, should it attempt to interfere in the relations between landlords and tenants, industrial employers and factory "hands." This stupendous fallacy commended itself to a generation mindful of royal aggressions and the clumsy efforts of goverment to regulate industry. *Laissez-Faire,* "let well alone," made a fetish of private enterprise, and allowed capital to work its will with helpless labour.

Another mischievous fallacy classed land with commodities, that is to say goods produced for sale at a profit; and affirmed that, as such, it was subject to a natural Law of Supply and Demand. Now the "laws" of Nature are mere tendencies of things to recur in a given order; and the essence of civilisation is that it should apply human will-power to these habits in view of forcing them to subserve human happiness. The process has inevitable limitations: Bacon stated a profound truth when he wrote "Nature is governed only by obeying her." It is none the less an indisputable fact that every triumph of civilisation has been arrested from natural forces which are quite indifferent to human happiness. "Eat or be eaten" is nature's behest; "let man struggle with man for a larger share of my gifts." "No," rejoins civilisation, "rather let men link arms in a concerted effort to master your blind forces : co-operation stands on a higher evolutionary plane than the struggle for life."

It cannot be denied that, in the long run, the supply of a commodity must equal the demand for it: no one but a fool would bring to market goods no longer in request. Private enterprize, or the call of selfishness, assures an unstable equilibrium between the entire volumes of production and consumption. Industry on a competitive basis is orderly as regards its broad lines, however chaotic may be the relations between individual producers. But the soil of old-settled countries has an immanent characteristic which takes it out of the category of commodities. While they may be turned out in proportion to demand; the area of land is a strictly limited quantity. An increased wish to possess it serves but to enhance the price of such as comes into the market: and its monopolists alone profit by the rise in value.

Let us now examine the effect of economic fallacies on the British working-class, numbering 15,500,000. Their wages are that portion of the capitalist's gross profits which he concedes to the labourer in return for the use of his brain and muscles. Profits vary with market prices, which are kept on the downward grade by competition. In order to survive in the struggle capitalist-employers must submit to a dwindling income or cut down their wage-roll. Self-interest naturally prompts them to adopt the second alternative. Wages, therefore, are constantly approaching the irreducible minimum on which the labourer can secure a bare existence. This tendency is styled by socialist the "Iron Law of Wages." But we must bewail of the confused thinking which ranks a habit of things to recur in given sequence with behests commanding universal acceptance. Law, properly so called, is an emanation of human will: and it can be modified to suit the exigencies of human happiness. In urban centres the tendency of wages to gravitate downwards is checked by spontaneous combinations among labourers termed "Trade Unions," which relieve their members from the hard necessity of bargaining singly with their employers. But cooperation with a given end in view demands intelligence and discipline, which are lacking in the majority of wage-earners. Great Britain is the cradle of Trade-Unionism, yet even there four fifths of the labouring class are unprotected against the encroachment of capital. In their case the residue left after food, fuel and clothing have been provided is too small to admit of their paying an adequate return to the landlord on the capital which he must sink in building cottages.

This return, styled House-Rent, is that portion of a man's income which he must hand over to some land-monopolist for the privilege of shelter from the elements. There is an "Iron Law" of House-rent; but, conversely with wages, it has an upward tendency, rising more than in proportion to the labourer's income, and encroaching on the minimum by which life can be sustained. It is a counsel of perfection that house-rent ought not to exceed one tenth of a man's income. As a matter of fact the plutocracy pays considerably less; the "comfortable" classes about one sixth: the aristocracy of labour, organized in Trade-Unions one-fifth; the unskilled and sweated a quarter or even a third of their wage pittance. Moreover, the article hired is, in most cases, exorbitantly dear. The slum-dwelling pays in proportion to his resources a far higher rent than the occupant of a Belgravian palace.

To sum up:—there are three factors in the production of wealth, namely land, money capital and labour. While the first two remain in the grip of a numerically insignificant class, those whose only contribution is their brain and muscles are mulcted on both sides. Ground between the upper and nether millstones of landlordism and money-capitalism, they are kept in a state of chronic poverty. The inference is that, in order to afford a commercial house-rent, they must derive a larger return for their labour than at present, which from the nature of the wage system is in most cases impossible. Under such condition private enterprise has egregiously failed to solve the housing problem.

The human organism needs sunshine, space, pure air and water for the healthy development. None of these essentials are found in the wildernes of squalid dwellings which disgraces the metropolis and lesser hives of industry. The cottage-famine has caused an exodus of our rural population to towns, or compelled its finest elements to emigrate. Working-class parents, racked with anxiety for the future, are not capable of producing healthy offspring. So one-fifth of slum-born children perish in the first year of infancy while those who reach maturity embark an active life illfitted for the struggle that awaits them. I dare not dilate on the mortal results which flow from the hideous overcrowding in town and country. That our wage-earners retain so many sterling qualities as they unquestionally do is a standing proof of the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Does the anti-social environment which has grown up unckecked in our midst exemplify the teachings of Him who enjoined His followers to "bear one another's burdens"? Is a community which fails to grapple with them likely to hold its own in the struggle with others, far better organized for mutual help?

Happily for the race's future their habitat has been swept by a great social renaissance. A galaxy of illustrious thinkers conspired to awaken Great Britain from her long lethargy; and rather late in the day attempts are being made to remove a blot on her fair fame. The Town-Planning Act of 1909 was a concession to the Garden City ideal. Municipal authorities have been empowered to clear the foetid slums which disfigure every industrial centre, and cover the sites with "model dwellings." Unfortunately most local government bodies are controlled by landlords and their parasites. Property is revered as a fetish. In no other country are hardships inflicted on a very few held to outweigh the certainty of benefit conferred on millions. Vested interests arise, to block the reformer's path; and the cost of acquiring slum-areas is a burden on the rates too grievous to be borne. When all these difficulties have been surmounted it always turns out that the new fangled workmen's dwellings cannot accommodate a tithe of the population evicted, which migrates to overcrowd surrounding districts. No real progress will be made until County and Borough Councils are animated with the spirit of citizenship, and obtain more drastic powers to exterpate a crying social evil

It may be urged that philanthropists have devoted life and fortune to grappling with the housing problem. But wage-earners do not sue for charity; they demand social justice, and will assuredly use their growing political power to secure it, perchance at the cost of a revolution. Moreover, the ugly human hives erected by Peabody's Trustees and the like are too costly to accommodate the classes which stand in greatest need of help. Wherever society has crystallized into a horizontal formation, every social improvement is appropriated by the upper strata. Our universities and "public" schools, planned for the people, benefit, and are a close preserve for the superior classes: co-opertive stores, which had a similar origin, have degenerated into overgrown shops; "model dwellings" are peopled by clerks and the aristocracy of labour. Although urbanization has been carried further in Great Britain than elsewhere, it is contrary to the genius of the race. All Anglo-Saxons are potentially country-dwellers. Deep down in their nature there is a craving for sunshine, space and flowers. Improved means of communication are bringing country life within the reach of all: the closely-packed city is an anachronism in an age of tramways, motor-omnibuses and bicycles. A centrifugal tendency is at work, which thins the population of central districts, to the advantage, alas, of suburban landlords. This silent revolution makes for the ultimate success of the Garden City movement.

Sporadic efforts, however well intended, can produce no lasting good ; they evidence the British opportunism, which palters with effects instead of dealing with causes. Destitution is, in large measure, due to the grip maintained on land by its monopolists, who are permitted to appropriate the fruits of collective labour. There is an essential difference between urban and rural landlordism. In the one case home and site-owners rarely come into contact with their tenants. The law allows them to confiscate improvements, exact heavy premia on the renewal of leases, and seize every opportunity of enhancing rents. In the other case enough of the old feudal nexus survives to ensure a certain degree of mutual help in the relations between landlord and tenant, and they are seldom on a strictly commercial basis. Root and branch reform is called for in the law, aiming at the gradual elimination of private ownership in urban land. An industrial community has the right to enjoy the results of its citizens' industry by means of equitable rating. There is a corresponding duty, to ensure a reasonable degree of comfort and hygiene for every dweller within the area it administers. The unjust distribution of manufacturing profits is another factor in producing morasses of hopeless poverty, and is placing a civilised home beyond the average worker's reach. The wage system is doomed by common sense : it must be superseded by co-partnership, which assigns to every labourer a share in controlling the concern on which he is engaged, and in the profits which it may earn. This life-giving principle tends to allay the internecine strife of capital and labour : it has made some little progress in this country, but needs the strong aim of the law to ensure its universal acceptance.

Come we now to the Garden City movement, which is, perhaps, the latest outcome of the Social Renaissance. Like most revolution it has begun well but threatens to end badly. The promoters began by organizing companies with limited liability, and secured large subscriptions by offering the attractive bait of philanthropy *plus* five per cent. Their share-capital was invested in building land on the north-western outskirts of London in rural Hertfordshire, and elsewhere. Lavish advertisements appealed to the Teutonic strain in our national character; applications poured from town-dwellers ; and the companies' estates were speedily covered with residences. The general effect is pleasing; masses of red brick relieved by foliage are a notable advance on the Georgian and Victorian town. But closer examination reveals the cankerworms of commercialism and restricted responsibility. The promoters deal with land as though it were a commodity; and have adopted the joint stock company system. I have laboured to prove that land, especially in urban areas, cannot rightly be classed with goods made for sale at a profit; and will now say a few and on the other weak point of the Garden City movement.

When commerce and industry have attained a certain degree of development, it becomes self evident that a group of men, each member contributing his quotum of capital with a common object in view, is infinitely more efficient as a money-getting organization than as many individuals working independently of each other. So joint stock companies took root in Italy and Germany during the middle ages and were copied by Englishmen at the beginning of the seventeenth century. India was annexed by a company of London merchants, nor at the present day has the reek of the counting house disappeared from one administration. England owes her colonies and foreign trade to the joint-stock company system. Like the expensive plant required by machine production, it has caused a concentration of capital and estranged the interest of employers from those of labourers. Directors are avowedly "out for profit" and the only check upon their rapaitly is competition of other producers. This latter brings on a further evolution. Joint-stock companies form federations, termed "Trusts" or "cartels" which regulate prices and wages with a single eye to their dividends. In this manner gigantic monopolies are created, to the detriment of the consumer and employee alike. Lastly, men in association have a low moral standard. The sense of responsibility for the results of a given action is in inverse ratio to the number participating therein. Shareholders often adopt a line of policy of which the majority disapproves in their heart of hearts: they acquiesce in outrageous sweating because they never come into contact with its victims.

While the Garden City is relegated to private enterprise, there is an ever-present temptation to pack humen too closely. It seems indisputable that a quarter-acre say half a bigha is the minimum area which would give the householder a flower and vegetable garden. Yet the average allotment in Garden Cities is eight, and even ten houses per acre! Industrialists are clamouring for factory sites, owing to the low scale of rating and other advantages offered by the Garden City. Recreation-grounds will in time be encroached upon, and every evil seen in our chaotic towns will gradually come with overcrowding. Rack-renting is another lion in the path Thirty-two shillings a week is the average wage of organized labours. So that four shillings are the maximum rent which this favoured class can pay. The casually-employed, unskilled and sweated sections earn no more than £1, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and cannot afford more than 2*s.* 6*d.*; if they are mulcted in a larger sum it is paid at the expense of other necessaries of life. No Garden City in existence can cater for the mass of wage-earners: site values are so high, especially in the suburbs of a great city, that eight shillings a week must be the minimum rate of rent. In point of fact, I was told by a working man whom I met in an inspection of the Hampstead Garden City, that he earned £3 a week, and yet found nothing there within the limits of his purse. The movement, conducted on its present lines, may save the purposes of a laboratory experiment, pointing the way to national treatment of the housing question. At the best, it will stud England with oases of smug respectability, peopled by professional folk and retired shopkeepers; at the worst, it will fall into the clutches of an octopus-like Trust.

Readers who have followed my line of argument may possibly agree with me in thinking that the provision of decent dwellings for the people ranks with national defence and the postal organization. These public services have long ago been removed from the scope of private enterprise, and the time is at hand when others, connected with lighting, power, water, supply and vehicular traffic, will pass into public hands. The nation must adopt Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb's idea of a national minimum of comfort in the home, arrived at by the light of science, and enforced by rigorous inspection. When that standard has once been fixed, local authorities will be empowered to expropriate peccant landlords, and cover slum-arears with wholesome dwellings, or advance the necessary capital for a garden city to building societies conducted on strictly co operative lines. It is really immaterial whether tenants enjoy absolute ownership or a long lease: each system has its advantages. The only "things that matter" are security of tenure, compensation for unexhausted improvements, and a scale of rent adjusted to the means of every class. Given business-like management and public spirit, the provision of decent housing for all would yield a fair profit to the local authority. The innitial cost might be met by loans raised on national credit. If the incidence of rating were shifted, as it should be, from tenants' buildings and improvements to site-values, the public burden entailed by interest and sinking-fund would scarcely be felt.

The Garden City ideal has penetrated the rather unreceptive mind of Indian officialdom, and its influence is at work in new Delhi. Every one now admits that the growth of a great city should not be left to the chances of spontaneous evolution, but be directed by conscious effort, with due regard to hygiene and artistic beauty. Let us hope that the movement will not be stifled in its cradle by "private enterprise" *i.e.*, the machinations of the speculator in land values and his brother-friend, the "Jerry" builder.

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

THE STORY OF CREATION.

(Part II.)

One Absolute Reality, call him Parabrahma or Moolprakiti exists from eternity. He is '*Satchidanunda*' or existence, bliss and knowledge. He is Almighty, the Infinite, the Pure Being. Before the Universe came into existence his essence was an absolute unconditioned consciousness. An active conscious principle, the First Cause of all, existed in him as a motive power to induce creation, possessing *Ichasakti* or volition, *Kreeasakti* or the spirit of action and *Gyan Sakti* or intelligence. In this conscious reality the universe existed as an idea yet unexpanded, imperceptible and indiscernible by reason. Chidakas. (চিদাকাশ) or space in thought—form and Kal (কাল) or time were also symbolised by this eternal matrix. She is called Prakriti or the cause of all manifestations.

Then the Almighty willed to create from Himself an objective universe and subjective entities, the former by the concretion of an abstract and immutable idea existing eternally and the latter by individualising his consciousness in various forms of existence. As he thus willed, the part of His consciousness in which the will was roused became the spring of creative activities. It resolved itself into two principles (1) the soul principle or the Supreme Spirit and (2) the underlying principle of something whose grossest form is matter. The latter may be viewed as the First Cause or the Eternal matrix in which the Universe appears and disappears, the Prakriti of Hindu Philosophy. The two principles being correlative to each other and conditioned by His will, this part of his consciousness is called Sagoon Brahmo. The rest of His essence which is pure, unconditioned and absolute is called Tooreo Brahma.

Parabrahma or Moolaprakriti may thus be viewed under two aspects viz. (1) absolute consciousness, representing bare subjectivity and (2) consciousness conditioned. To conceive his *Tooreo* or unconditioned state, as pure abstraction, is an impossibility to the secular mind accustomed to form concrete notions. His Sagoon or conditioned aspect is to a certain extent discernible by reason.

The conditioned aspect as the centre of creative activities may also be viewed as symbolising spirit or the Supreme Soul and Prakriti or the underlying spiritual Reality of a substance whose ultimate developement is matter. The substance first existed in Prakriti as an abstract idea. The Supreme Soul, as we shall next see, with a view to manifest himself on the plane of being as individual souls clad in bodily forms, gave the idea a concrete shape. Thus endowed the idea assumed the character of substance Though the two principles Soul and Prakriti are one and the same yet for logical precison the schools have drawn a fine line between, calling the Soul male principle and Prakriti the female. To be more explicit we may adopt the terminology. The female principle possesses, as we have seen, the three moral forces Iccha Sakti (volition), Kreea Sakti (principle of action) and Gyan Sakti (intelligence) and also the attributes Sattya, Rauja and Tauma. The attributes so far as they are predicated of mind are goodness, passion and darkness and so far as they relate to matter are perceptibility, expansibility and inertia.

Different names have been given to the dual principle by the different schools. Vedanta calls the male principle Sabal Brohmo (সবল ব্রহ্ম) and the female Maya (মায়া). Sankha gives them the names of Pooroosh (পুরুষ) and Prakriti (প্রকৃতি). The Tantras have their own system of naming. Param Siva (পরম শিব) and Parama Prakriti ((পরমা প্রকৃতি) are the appellations they have bestowed. In Bhagabat Gita the male principle is denominated Biddya (বিদ্যা) and the female Abiddya (অবিদ্যা). In Jamal they are represented as the Paura (পরা) and Apaura (অপরা) aspects of the one Absolute Being. The Purans are divided in their adoption of nomenclature. By far the majority prefer the appellations Narayan (নারায়ণ) and Luksmi (লক্ষ্মী), applying the former to the male principle and the latter to the female and the highest form of existence under which they conceive this Divine reality they connote by the term Boikunto (বৈকুণ্ঠ). Brahma Boybarta Puran and Debi Bhagabut are more analytic in their conception of His personal existence, They view it under a two-fold aspect, Goloke (গোলোক) and Boykunto (বৈকুণ্ঠ). By Goloke they mean the form of existence of which Nibritti (নিবৃত্তি) or aloofness from his creation is the central idea and under this form the male principle is styled

Krishna (কৃষ্ণ) and the female Radha (রাধা). By Boykunto is meant Prabritti (প্রবৃত্তি) i.e., existence replete with love for His creation and under this form the male principle is called Narayan. About the naming of the female they are still more analytic. Instead of adopting the generic name Luksmi they speciallise her conscious, intelligent and living powers Icchasakti (ইচ্ছাশক্তি), Kreeasakti (ক্রিয়াশক্তি) and Gyansakti (জ্ঞানশক্তি) by the distinct appellations Luksmi (লক্ষ্মী), Doorga (দুর্গা), and Sorraswati (সরস্বতী).

It is not to be supposed that the Divine Being has a distinction of sex. To imagine this would be imagining an absurdity. In the Purans, Tantras and other sacred writings Brohmo and Prakriti or the spirit and the underlying reality of substance have been identified as one and the same, having no form, no shape, but being only sheer thought and knowledge. The distinction into male and female principles is perfectly arbitrary, founded on a consideration of the generative character of the spirit and the receptive nature of the substance.

This Divine Reality who has a separate personal existence apart from his creation, this All-powerful Being who combines in him a two-fold principle, call him Krishna-Radha or Luksme-Narain or Param Siva—Parama Prakriti, is our personal God. To him are prayers offered and sacrifices made. Apart from a belief in the divinity of creation, the implanted religiousness of human nature demands a personal God to worship and pray, to invoke for aid and to appeal to for mercy. To satisfy this craving of the human heart God in his goodness is both in his creation and out of it.

From the dual principle have proceeded all manifestations. From the male principle or spirit emanated the souls of individual being. The mental and intellectual principles, the principles of sensation and perception, nay all that constitute a subjective ego as also the objective Universe owe their origin to the latter. The emanations from the Spirit linked to these principles became individualised on the plane of matter. The process of individualization was not unit by unit. The male principle or spirit first produced out of himself an oversoul. The female principle or Prakriti or the underlying entity of matter set about working upon him, invested him with a *linga sarir* or a vehicle for his manifestation on the plane of matter and wove round him out of her substance a subtile external world to communicate with. There was thus produced the first manifested being. Effluxes from him clothed with bodily forms by a subsequent process of materialization became individual beings on the different planes of existence. How the process of individualization took place is detailed below.

The male principle or Brohmo first gave being to time and to the duration of time. With the start of time He breathed out a thought into Prakriti which impregnated her. As she received the impress of thought, what had existed in her as an abstract idea now assuming concrete qualities began to expand. Then followed a differentiation of the qualities producing distinct activities of her moral forces *Icchasakti*, *Kreeasakti* and *Gyansakti.* The abstract principle of *Chidakas* assumed also a concrete aspect as *Mahakas* or the substratum of the elements.

As the idea began to expand, the Great Breath, for manifestation in individualised consciousness, as *Jivatma*, on the plane of the ultimate devolopement of the idea, assumed a collective state as Supreme Soul or oversoul, *Paramatma.* The purposes of creation requiring in Him an implanted sense of seperate, personal existence and individuality and his investment in *Linga Sarir* for the exercise of sensation and cognition on the plane of matter, He though sheer thought and knowledge became, under the influence of Prakriti, linked to her qualities of *Satya, Rauja* and *Tauma.* Then followed the process of his investment in *Linga Sarir* for communication with matter.

The qualities first produced in him a Budhi principle or creative wisdom called *Mahattatwa* (মহত্তত্ব). This principle was qualified by the three attributes. In the course of time *Mahattotwa* begot a sense of individuality and seperate personal existence, called *Ohongtatwa* (অহংতত্ব). This had also a *Satyic, Rajasik* and *Taumasic* aspect according as it was qualified by the three attributes. The Spiritual entity thus became endowed with a sense of personal existence and individuality.

From the Satyic aspect of his individuality there was evolved a principal called Manas or the mental principle comprising (1) mind proper (2) Boodhi proper (3) Chitya (4) Abhiman. The functions of the mind are volition and thought. Budhi is the faculty of discriminating, discerning and judging. Chitta is inquisitiveness. Its functions are to enquire and search for. Abhiman is attribution to self the agency of all acts. Perception of external objects is the result of the joint operation of these four faculties.

The Rajasik part of his individuality quickened by the influence of Prakriti produced vital exertions resulting in the development of the vital forces Pran, Opan, Saman, Udan and Byan. These forces are in the individual being the propellors of organic and inorganic actions. It next produced the five centres of sensation, visual, nasal, auricular, tactual and palatial and five centres of activity laryngeal manual, locomotive, procreative and evacuative.

The vital forces stirring excited the Tamasic nature of his individuality. It is this element of the ego which by reflex action imbibes the conception of an external world. By the law of cause and effect the conception of external world is engrafted on the Tamasik part of the Ego within us, for which reason we are intuitively connected with external and material objects of sensation. So long as our individuality exists the vision of an external world must haunt us, so to say.

Side by side with the embroynic structure of the universal Ego there was evolved out of the substance of Prakriti or the First cause —a principle called Maha Akas (মহাকাশ). Hindu Philosophy explains it as the substratum of the elements. In Brahma Boyburto Puran and in Debi Bhagabut the process is allegorised as a projection of Divine breath. Another bit of allegory is impregnation by the Divine breath of a vaccum with Karan Bari (কারণবারি) or germs of vital force.

From Mahakas first emerged a subtil ether possessed of the quality of producing and conveying sound. The force operating in it excited the Tamasic nature of the spiritual entity. As he became sensitive to its vibrations there was generated in him a notion of sound. The notion became located in some part of his consciousness. By degrees it acquired intensity, whereupon there was developed a sense of hearing and an ultimate conception of exterior or space. With the sensibility to sound there was developed in him power of speech.

The ether effecting a transmutation in form produced in him an acute sense of a subtile medium filling his exterior. The sensation was excited by the *Satya* (perceptible) quality of the medium. His Tamasik nature thus affected, he became sensible to vibratory motion without. As the feeling intensified and sought location under the influence of the *Kauja* (expansible) quality of the medium there grew in Him by degrees tactual sensibility. The *Tama* quality of the subtile medium produced the conception of a plastic essence endued with the quality of touch.

The Great Being next willed to see. The plastic essence vibrating had radiated gleam. The *Satya* quality of the gleam at once affected the part of his consciousness affected by the will. Its *Rauja* quality intensified the sensation. As he received the new impression there was developed in him visual power. The luminous agent having the quality of figure produced the perception of colour and external appearance.

The luminous agent in the course of time became subject to the principle of condensation. The transition affected as well His *Tamasic* nature. A new influence was brought to bear upon him by the force operating in the principle. The *Satya* quality of the condensation introduced a notion of fluidity which became localised in a part of his consciousness. Endued with the quality of taste, the fluid principle produced in him a corresponding sensation. Its *Rauja* quality deepened it and its *Taumx* quality by reflex action gave a notion of liquid.

As time flowed on, the liquid attribute was reduced by the principle of consolidation to a compact character. The Tamasik nature of the Being was exercised by the transition. The impression of solidity and extension which were gaining strength culminated in intensity. The new production which was endued with the quality of smell awoke in him a corresponding sensation. Its *Raja* part by molecular action laid the foundation of the principle which in the individual being is the nerve-centre of smell.

Thus was formed a Linga Sharira or thought-body of the Spiritual Being, consisting of mental principle, the principle of sensation and perception, vital forces and consciousness of separate personal existence. He is Maha Vishnu or Maha Birat and the projection of his thought into space is Brahmanda or the Universe.

We have seen that from an abstract idea down to the principles of sight, hearing. taste, smell and touch, the cosmic substance had passed through a course of evolution. The intermediate stages represented its concretion and the various grades of differentiation of its concrete qualities. We have seen also that there is a spiritual reality underlying it and supporting all its forms: This spiritual reality, Prakriti as she is called, gave unity and harmony to the subtile cosmic form it assumed. We have seen also that a soul principle flowing forth from Brohmo as an infusion of his breath into Prakriti became invested in her womb with all the elements of conscious personality as a perceiving being, subject or Ego. This entity in embryo feeding upon Prakriti's nutritous essence imbibed the conception of a subtile cosmic form enclosing him. No longer sheer soul but a conscious personal being invested with Linga Sharira, having relations with external forces and influences, he is God's first manifestation on the plane of existence. With an aura round him as the miniature thought—form of the universe, characterised by Hindu Philosophy as its germinal cell, this spiritual entlty in the womb of Prakriti continued to draw upon her for ideation. His spirit is oversoul from which have emanated our souls and his Linga Sharir is the parent-stock of the Linga Sharir in us whereby we are conscious of an external world.

After a long course of embroynic development, so to say, in the hot bed of Prakriti's essence, this entity with his oval aura was projected by her into the Karan Bari, where lay latent the causes of visible nature. For ages, more wonderful relations complicated the causes of his sense-knowledge, more developments took place, more forces united to build up a perfect system. The aura expanded, grew larger and larger till it assumed the proportions of a Universe or Brahmanda. It was a Universe composed of a subtile essence. Its materialization into visible nature was a subsequent accomplishment which we shall come to later on.

Inconceivable, impercibtible and indiscernible, this Spiritual Being, the omnipotent and omnipresent reality is the central principle of the Universe. He pervades it, his power extends everywhere, he works in every thing. He is divinity in creation and in his unmanifested state he is outside the creation.

The Great Rishi (sage) Sookdev in his discourse on the omnipresence of the Deity struck the following key-note to a rational comprehension of him. "Know king" said he to Raja Parikshit "Existence of God is beyond the aphere of knowledge and even of conception. We can know or legitimately think about nothing but phenomenon. Though we are compelled by an intellectual necessity of our nature to think about things which are not phenomenal, our mind is so constituted as to be unable to grasp abstract principles. To conceive of him is to conceive something beyond the range of human thought. If your rational nature fails to carry you to a conception of Him as an absolute abstract reality try to form an idea of him as a Being enriched with a concrete form of existence. As a pure, abstract Being he is beyond comprehension. He has another aspect as embodying the principles of spirit and substance. Though it is also an unmanifested condition nevertheless it is discernible by reason. In this condition he is Sagoon Brahma or spirit and substance, (Pooroosh and Prokriti), operating as the First Cause. If you are unable to conceive him under this aspect even then think of him as the underlying reality of the visible nature, This is his manifested aspect. He is the central principle of the universe. His thoughts compose it, his essence permeats its inexhaustible variety. He is everywhere in it. Every part of it depends upon his being for existence. In fine the universe is his manifestation. To conceive him as a manifested being is to conceive the Universe. Figuratively speaking, Sottolok (সত্যলোক) or the top region of the universe is his head.: Topolok (তপলোক) the region just below it is his brow: Jonolok (জনলোক) the third region his face: Maharlok (মহর্লোক) the fourth region his neck: Sorlook (স্বর্লোক) or the starry region his breast: Bhooburlok (ভুবর্লোক) the astral region his navel: Boolok (ভূলোক) or the earth his waist: Autol (অতল) the first subterranean cavity and Beetol (বিতল) the second are his thighs: Sootal (সুতল) the third subterranean region or cavity his knee. Telatol (তলাতল) the fourth region his leg: Mahatol (মহাতল) the fifth his ankle: Rasatol (রসাতল) the sixth the upper part of his feet and Patal (পাতাল) the seventh and last the sole of his feet; the four quarters are his ear-cavities: the great orbs of heaven his eyes: the mountains are his bones; the clouds his locks etc. etc. It is a metaphorical representation of his immanence in the Universe (Vide Sreemut Bhagabut, Book II, Chapter 1).

On the battle-field of Kurukshetra when the great warrior Arjuna threw down his arms in disgust, declaring that his heart shrank from the idea of carnage, Basudeva to exhort him to fight impressed on his mind the unreality of life and of all the forms and phenomena of nature. " What we perceive is a mere phantasm." said he "There is a Divine reality underlying and supporting all the apparent forms—the intelligent principle pervading the

Universe. This principle by its relation to the senses and by the adjustment of the senses to our Buddhi and mind presents itself in all natural forms with all their interacting forces. It exists as the basis upon which rest all our conceptions of natural things. This underlying and all-pervading spiritual reality manifests its energy in the heavenly bodies, being the inherent force energyzing in the various, activities of Nature. But the Divine Being is not to be identified with his creation in the sense that the Universe is God and the only God. He the Almighty had a separate personal existence before the universe came into being and He continues to have a separate personal existence simultaneously with it. The inference of some power different from the universe as its cause is an intellectual necessity of our nature. Though our mind is not adequate to the full comprehension of that cause, the rational principles of our nature do lie at the basis of our belief in a personal God. Know, warrior, that the Almighty Providence is an absolute Being. He is existence, bliss and knowledge. Under this aspect He is called Tooreo Brohmo (তুরীয় ব্রহ্ম), yet He may be viewed under another aspect as the First and Infinite cause embodying the principles of spirit and substance. As spirit He is the Supreme Soul and as substance the omnipotent underlying reality of the force which in its gradual unfolding assumes the ultimate form of matter. Under this aspect he is Bidya (বিদ্যা) and Abidya (অবিদ্যা) commonly called Pooroosh and Prakriti or the male and the female principle. Even under this aspect He is unmanifested. For creative purpose He manifests himself on the plane of being as Mahabirat (মহাবিরাট্) or the Universal Spirit. Mahabirat is oversoul from which have emanated the souls of individual being and his Linga Sarira is the parent-stock of the Linga Sarir of each creature. He is immanent in all things. The Universe is only a sensible gross manifestation of his being." The better to convince the warrior of the Universal illusion Basudev by his own psychic power called into temporary activity his dormant clairvoyant faculty. Arjun's third eye was opened. The rounded body of the size of a small bean, called Pituitary body, situated in the sella turcica in the spenoid bone on the floor of the cavity of the skull is called by Jogees the third eye. It can be opened by the process of Joga It can give the vision of things not obvious to the senses. As soon as his third eye opened, the great warrior beheld to his utter astonishment that behind the hard unyielding material world, underlying the resisting and reacting matter and beneath intractable and undurated forms there is an internal world, a world of spiritual substance in which space is vested in thought-forms flowing forth from a central Divine Principle. "Behold" said Basudev 'the great central principle, the radiating spiritual light with forces playing around him. He is Mahabirat the omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient reality underlying and supporting the Universe. All beings are in Him, all things are in Him. Their distinctness and varied forms are only a phantasm reflected from Prakriti." What Arjun saw filled him with wonder and admiration. Vide Bhagabat Gita Chapter XI.

Hirannokossipu a demon king was so inflated with conceit that he exalted himself into divinity. Deluded by a sense of almightiness within he was loath to admit the existence of a God above. To root out from the public mind the implanted belief of a Deity he compelled his subjects on pain of death to abjure their ancestral creed and adore him as their Providence. So great was his dread that prayers and sacrifies ceased to be offered to the Deity, all rites, rituals ceremonies fell into disuse. One by one people acknowledged his divinity and imbibing the principles he promulgated became truly godless. However much was the public mind revolutionised, his son Prohlad a devout worshipper of God was untainted by the profane surrounding. His days passed in contemplation of the Supreme Being, his voice rang in praise of Him and oftentimes he forgot himself in spiritual delight. This was too much for the despot. The young prince was subjected to a bitter persecution but it was his faith and devotion which pulled him right through.

One day the tyrant summoned him into his presence:

"Has your good sense returned" asked he coarsely "or have you still the devil to pay?"

"My lord" replied the prince respectfully "my faith in God is firm. He is my life and light. Deal with me as thou wilt, I will rather die a myrtyr than be false to my creed."

"Who is your God" demanded the former in stern accents glaring savagely at him.

"Sire" replied the prince "Since your Majesty takes pleasure to enquire, I may take the liberty to say that God is not an object of sense-knowledge or consciousness. He cannot be known or rightly thought about. Our minds are so engaged with the objects and relations of the present sensible universe that nothing but phenomena, their relations and generalisations from them are they capable of knowing or thinking about. But the Universe is not under the control of blind natural and moral laws. It is folly to think that it is the result of a long course of developement from some original matter and force in which there was no intellegence. If we go beyond and beneath it we come to some Power and Intelligence capable of producing it. This Intelligent Power is the Infinite First Cause to be conceived under the highest form of existence as a living conscious Being. We think in accordance with the laws of our nature when we attribute to that cause intellectual and moral powers. It is our rational nature the basis of our belief in a Supreme Being endowed with conscious intelligence and will. Your Majesty may ask, Does our conviction correspond to the reality? It does, my Lord There is an absolute reality. He is not a logical abstraction but a living power. Though a pure Being he for creative purposes assumes the character of a Primeval Cause. In this character he embodies the principles of Spirit and Substance. To conceive him as a Pure Being or abstraction (তুরীয় ব্রহ্ম) is an impossibility to the mind occupied with concrete notions. The Jogee alone can arrive at the comprehension. In his character of a First Cause he is to a certain extent comprehensible to the lay mind. As the First Cause of all things He is to be conceived as the Universal Spirit forming the spiritual unity of all being and forming also the underlying reality of a substance which evolving from Him has produced the Universe. Under this aspect He is called Pooroosh and Prakriti or Krishna-Radha or Luksmi-Narayan or Param Siva Parama Prakriti by the different sects. Apart from his independent existence as a Personal God He has also a manifested state and this state is represented by the universe. In his manifested state he is Mahabirat or the all-pervading principle of the Universe. He is the underlying omnipotent reality of visible nature, permeating every part of it. The individual beings on the different planes of existence are but the units of his Universal self. He is everywhere, in every being and in every thing."

"Do you see the pillar over there?" cried the tyrant impatiently, pointing to a detatched cylandrical column away in the courtyard. "Is your God in it?"

"Of course" replied the prince assuredly "He is in it, outside it, nay everywhere."

No sooner were the words spoken than the tyrant sprang from his seat, wild with rage and fury and dashing forward landed on the pillar a tremendous blow. Down came it with a crash which shattered the stillness. Presently with a thunderous rataplan which shook the earth there burst out of its site a definite visible form. The omnipresent had made his presence visible. To exhibit to the infatuated demon the hidden spiritual reality beneath the external appearance of things the Great Lord appeared in visible form—in form visible to him and to the prince.

This living intellegent power with his forces playing around represents the Universe. Differrent names have been given to him by the different schools. Vedanta calls him Issur (ঈশ্বর) and his forces Maya (মায়া). Sankha gives him the name of Mahattatwa (মহত্তত্ব) and his forces the generic name Prakriti (প্রকৃতি). The Tantras prefer the appellations Mahakal (মহাকাল) and Mahakali (মহাকালী). The Purans have a different nomenclature. Him they call Maha-Vishnu (মহাবিষ্ণু) and the sum of his conscious intelligent forces Maha-Luksmi (মহালক্ষ্মী) The name Maha-Vishnu has a wider adoption than the other synonyms. In the Sanhitas and in Sremat Bhagbat also we find its preference. In the Upanishads he is named Heerunnogurbha (হিরণ্যগর্ভ) or Maha-Birat (মহাবিরাট).

In the course of time his Satya goona (সত্বগুণ) or preservative attribute for the purpose of sustaining the creation and maintaining its unity and harmony assumed a personal nature under the appellation of Vishnu (বিষ্ণু). To adapt him to the accomphlishment Prakriti, the primitive force, out of her own essence gave him an active intelligent power called Vaisnavi Sakti (বৈষ্ণবী শক্তি) or Kamala (কমলা). Thus united, Vishnu and Kamala maintain preserve and regulate the Universe. Different names have been given to him by the different Purans. In some he is described as Kherodsayee Vishnu (ক্ষীরোদশায়ী বিষ্ণু), in some Annontosayee Vishnu (অনন্তশায়ী বিষ্ণু), in others Setdeepbasi Vishnu (শ্বেতদ্বীপবাসী বিষ্ণু). His Sakti has also the synonyms Sree, Padma &c. Poetic fancy depicts him as seated on the coils of a serpent.

As time passed the Rauja goona (রজঃগুণ) or the creative faculty of Maha Vishnu, for the purpose of chrystallising the subtile form of the Universe into compact state, partook of a personal nature. This entity is Brahma (ব্রহ্মা) the secondary maker. To make up the full complement of his potentiality Prakriti, the Primeval Force, out of her own essence gave him another kind of active intellegent force called Brahmisakti widely known by the names of Brahmani (ব্রহ্মাণী) Sabitri (সাবিত্রী) Trooee (ত্রয়ী) and Gayatre (গায়ত্রী). To the co-operation of these two agencies the visible universe owes its materialization.

Lastly the Tauma goona (তমগুণ) or the destructive faculty of Maha Vishnu assumed a distinct conscious personality. Death, decay and transformations in the super-astral, astral, and maternal worlds, in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms of nature are attributable to his agency. He is called Siva. The highest form of existence under which he is popularly conceived is connoted by the term Kailas (কৈলাস). It is a condition, no location. Prakriti, the Primitive Force, out of her essence gave him an auxilliary endued with conscious intelligence and will. This auxilliary is called Gouri Sakti (গৌরীশক্তি). The names most familiar are Gouri (গৌরী) Parbati (পার্ব্বতী) and Sivanee (শিবানী). The dual agency is also called Hara-Gouri (হরগৌরী) and Hara-Parbati হর-পার্ব্বতী). Poetic fancy revels in grotesque representations about them, in wild speculations regarding their union and co operation, whose corruptive trend is to create in the popular mind an anthromorphic notion. Though the most worshipped of all Deities, the popular conception of them has been so perversely influenced by imagery as to involve ascriptions of human personality, human affections and passions. Mad fancy is responsible for their representation under human forms, endowed with the faculties of man and woman, having human relations and a human history.

We have seen that Brahma, Vishna and Siva are not so many distinct Gods as the shallow, superficial thinkers are apt to imagine. They are only the powers of Maha Vishnu, creative, preservative and destructive. In our sacred writings it is declared a sin to think them as distinct Deities. In plain words Maha Vishnu having produced a universe in subtile form, materializes it in the character of Brahma as a secondary maker; sustains the materialization in the character of Vishnu and works local, periodical and universal destruction in the character of Siva. Truly the most powerful and enlightened human reason staggers in attempting to deal with Divine problems and any conception which the greatest intellect can form must come very far behind the reality. The best means of obtaining a knowledge of what exists beyond the range of phenomenal things is Joga. Those who have had this uncommon experience ought to be credited with authority on the subject.

When the time came, Brahma with the aid of his Sakti (auxiliary) set about materializing the subtle form of the Universe. By the processes of Troeekaran (ত্রয়ীকরণ) and Puncheekaran (পঞ্চীকরণ) that is, permutation and combination, he reduced the principles of perception, viz. the principles of sight, smell, taste, hearing and touch, 'Tanmatra' (তন্মাত্র) as they are called by Hindu Philosophy, into the elements space, air, light, water and earth. The metaphysical views of the West do not chime in with the teaching of Hindu philosophy regarding the recognition of space as an element. With the former space is a mere product or necessity of thought, having no distinct and positive existence by itself. Hindu philosophy repudiates the idea. Space according to it is a positive entity. Its quality is sound. The sound by vibration agitates the smooth expanse of ether. Ether in commotion stirs up air-waves. Without entering into the vexed question let us trace the course of the material creation. Among the five elements each succeeding element acquired the quality of the preceding and in as many degrees as each of them is advanced with so many properties is it said to be endued. The quality of space being sound, the next production air in addition to its own quality of touch acquired also the quality of sound : the third element light in addition to its own quality of figure acquired the qualities of sound and touch : the fourth element water in addition to its inherent quality of taste acquired the qualities of sound, figure and touch : the fifth element earth in addition to its quality of smell acquired the qualities sound, figure, touch and taste. Then by various modes of adjustment of the five elements Brahma materialised the Universe He divided it into fourteen regions one above another. The top region is called Satya Loka ; the region just below it is Jana Loka. These are purely celestial regions. Next in order is Topa Loka, below which is Mahar Loka popularly called the heaven, below this is Swar Loka or stellar region, filled with planets and stars These three are super-astral regions. The region next in order is called Bhoberloka. It is an astral region having numerous subdivisions according to the variety of its denizens. Below it is our earth with its seven subterranean cavities called Atol, Betal, Sootal, Rasatol, Tolatol, Mahatal and Patal. For full description of these regions, their natural features and other characteristics we need refer to the Purans, Sreemat Bhagbut Skanda V. chapter 16 and Mahabharot Vismaparba. Brohmando Puran contains a more graphic description.

He next created the sun, the moon, the planets and the stars fixed their orbits and regulated their motions. He then created other natural forces and phenomena peculiar to each region, in exquisite adaptation to the creature to fill that region and gave to each region a suitable natural feature and resisting, reacting principles.

Next he created the seven winds called Prabaha (প্রবাহ) Awbaha (আবহ), Udbaha (উদ্বাহ), Sumbaha (সম্বহ) Beebaha (বিবহ), Pareebaha (পরিবহ) and Parabaha (পরাবহ). Prabaha is a wind possessing electric properties which charging a cloud with its contents produces thunder and lightning. It is also called the Fire—wind (আগ্নেয়বায়ু). Awbaha is a wind which causes all the heavenly bodies to hold their positions and move in their orbits. Udbaha is a wind which draws minute particles of water, in the shape of vapour, from oceans and seas and charges the cloud with the same. It is therefore a producer of rain, hail &c. Sambaha is a wind which regulates the distribution of rain-clouds and clouds in a frozen state. Beebaha is a violent wind which bursts forth in the form of storm, hurricane, cyclone &c. Pooreebaha is an air-current which props up the fluid vaulted base of the astral region. It also gives a compact appearance to the diverging rays of the sun. The phenomena of waxing and waning moon is due to it. Pareebaha is a destructive wind which aids the extinction of animal and vegetable life. When death comes, it steps in as an auxilliary.

Brahma then occupied himself with animal and vegetable creation. As he willed to create beings there rose uppermost in his mind certain passions and affections called Tauma, Moha, Mahamoha, Tamisra and Andhatamisra. Toma (তম) means illusion of consciousness. Moha is (মোহ) is worldly attachment. Mahamoha (মহামোহ) is craving for corporeal enjoyment. Tamisra (তামিশ্র) is indignation when such craving is resisted. Andhatamisra (অন্ধতামিশ্র) is pang when an object of attachment ceases to be. These feelings played an important part in influencing his thoughts.

Their influences have a bearing upon every part of his animal creation. All beings are swayed by them in a greater or less degree.

His first production in this line was vegetable creation. Though endued with vital principle, possessed of internal consciousness and sensibility to pleasure and pain, the objects of this creation are outwardly insensate.

Then from the spirit of Maha Vishnu he drew forth soul principles and from his Linga Sarira its minutest particles. Pervading those minute particles of the Universal Linga Sarira with the soul principles he produced vital forms endued with the qualities. Satya, Rauja, Tauma and framed all creatures. He produced Tirjak—sroth or birds, beasts, insects, reptiles. This was his second production after the vegetable creation. Then followed the creation of the planetary and stellar beings. They were succeeded by the birth of seven groups of Pitris. Next he created the Sidhas, Sadhas, Moroots, Charans, Bissodevas, Dikpals and Basus. They are the elementals, intelligent, natural forces and Divine agents. For Satya Loka or top region of the universe he created five classes of celestials named Auchooto (অচ্যুত) Suddha (শুদ্ধ) Neebas (নিবাস) Suttabha (সত্যভা) and Sunga-Sunga (সংজ্ঞা-সজ্ঞ). Topolok, the second region he filled with three classes of celestials Aubhaswar, Mahabhaswar and Soomohabhaswar. The third region Jonalok was peopled with four classes of superastral beings of the highest order Brahma Purahit (ব্রহ্ম পুরোহিত) Brahma Kayik (ব্রহ্ম কায়িক) Brahma Mahakayik (ব্রহ্ম মহাকায়িক) and Amara (অমর). With five classes of super-astrals of middle order viz. Koomood (কুমুদ) Ribhab (ঋভব) Probardhan (প্রবর্দ্ধন) Aujanabh (অজনাভ) and Procheebhav (প্রচিভব) he filled Maharloka. He created for Sarloka six classes of super-astrals of the lowest order viz Agni-Satya (অগ্নিসত্য) Tridas (ত্রিদশ) Jammya (যাম্য) Tooseeta (তুষিত) Apabinirmitabosi (অপবিনির্ম্মিতবশী) and Parinirmitabasi (পরিনির্ম্মিতবশী). Bhooburloka or the astral region he filled with four class of astrals of higher order viz Gandharba, Apsara, Biddyadhar and Kinnar (কিন্নর) and ten classes of lower order viz. Bhoot (ভূত) Preyt (প্রেত) Peesach (পিশাচ) Jaksha (যক্ষ) Rakha (রক্ষ) Gujhak (গুহ্যক) Koosando (কুষ্মাণ্ড) Benayuk (বিনায়ক) Kabandha (কবন্ধ) and Betal (বেতাল). Besides these classes there are numerous groups of astrals. Full description of the modes of communion with the astral beings are to be found in the works entitled Bhootdamar, Breehat Bhootdamar and Jokhyadamar. In Bayoo Puran is also to be found a graphic description of their modes of living. They are said to be taller than human being. Their average height is stated to be one hundred fifty eight angoolees, while the average height of human being is eighty-four angoolees; angoolee means the breadth of a finger. *Vide* Brahmando Puran, Chapter LXV Slokas 5 and 6.

It is also to be noted that he had drawn upon the essence of Moha Vishnu for the vital principle of the vegetable creation.

Then from Brahma, as an efflux from himself, there emanated four spiritual beings named Sanak, Sananda, Sanatun and Sanat-Kumar. He bade them take part in the work of creation. Their nature not savouring of creative activity they preferred a quiet enjoyment of spiritual pleasure. Upon this he drew upon himself for another set and produced ten Prajapatis, unlimited in power and glory. They were Marichi, Atri, Angiras, Pulastya, Pulaha, Crotoo, Prochetas, Vasista, Bhrigu and Narada. They are called Projapatis or lords of beings. Five of them, following the example of the preceding issues, showed no proclivity to create, the rest applied themselves to the work and produced various orders of beings.

Siva now produced out of his own substance a group of eleven destructive agents called Maha Rudras. From them sprang Rudra of various orders.

Then came the production of human beings. Brahma created mankind by the same process as he had created the unearthly beings that is, by drawing forth from Maha Vishnu, or the Universal spirit, the principle of soul and particle of Linga Sarir and linking them together in a germ of material frame. For the subterranean regions of the earth he created beings of various orders and classes, the prominent are Daitya (goblin) Danob (genie) Rakhas (demon) Asuras (monster) Naga (serpent having human head and breast), Paunaga (winged serpent), Takshaka (four-footed serpent). For full description of the classes and orders inhabiting each region I refer the reader to Brahmanda Puran, Chapter 54.

The human race created by Brahma, all being male, could not multiply but became extinct in no long time. He therefore saw the need of sexual distinction for the purpose of propogation. Accordingly he created a male and a female and joined them in wedlock. To the male he gave the name of Saumbhooba Manu

(স্বায়ম্ভুব মনু) and to the female Sataroopa (শতরূপা). They are the progenitors of mankind. Their descendants filled the earth. As the founder of the human race, Manu for the guidance of his progeny promulgated a system of duties civil and religious and a system of law in all its branches called the Institutes of Manu or Manu-sanhita.

Thus was the universe created. It had existed in the first Divine idea. The process of its unfolding is the process of Divine thought. The idea expanding assumed concretion as a quality predicable of the underlying reality. The quality developing produced, on the one hand, a perceiving mind and, on the other, causes of perception. Owing to the manifold adjustment of the three elements of the quality, namely perceptibility, expansibility and inertia, the causes themselves partook of sensible, resisting and extrinsic character. This character undergoing modifications produced impressions of solidity, extension, figure, sound, smell and taste. The perceiving mind unfolding all its faculties under the inspiring soul principle received the impressions. The senses being adjusted to it, there were produced five perceptions, namely, sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. These perceptions, are called Tanmatras by Hindu philosophy. Their various relations, interacting and reflex influences constitute the rare or subtile form of the Universe. Its material form is the result of a long series of developments of these principles of sense-knowledge.

Hindu philosophy has neither idealistic nor materialistic tone. It does not assert that matter is a mere product of thought, that all objects are mere thought-forms nor does it affirm that thought is but a product of matter, that the objects are developments from some original force in which there was no intelligence Its views reconcile idealism with materialism having rather a realistic turn. It holds that there exists a positive real something as the basis upon which rests all our conceptions of natural objects. It is a force under the control of moral laws having resisting and mutable attributes, deriving its intelligence from an omnipotent spiritual reality—its underlying, inspiring principle. The spiritual reality is the Infinite First Cause called Prakriti. Though identical with Brohmo, the fine line of distinction drawn between is only a logical subtlety. It is founded on an acuteness to distinguish Divine consciousness as the progenitor of the Universal Spirit (Maha

Vishnu) from Divine consciousness operating as the cause of the Universe. The latter being the eternal matrix in which the germ of the Universe appears and disappears, is called the Female Principle. The former being the power which electrifies the germ is called the male principle.

But the consciousness, viewed under the two-fold aspect of male and female principles, being conditioned is distinguishable from an unconditioned or Tooreo aspect designated Tooreo Brohmo. As Tooreo Brohmo He is a pure, absolute Being. As conditioned he is a Soul Principle and the cause of matter. Next to manifest himself on the plane of existence He as oversoul takes a thought-body or linga sharir and conceives an external world. Next his creative power as a conscious intelligence materializes the world under the appellation of Brahma. His preservative power preserves and sustains the material creation under the name of Vishnu and his destructive power disintegrates it under the denomination of Siva.

The regions of the universe, celestial, superastral, astral and terrestrial are each so composed as to be exquisitely adapted to the life in it. For the celestials is an external world of spiritual substance delicately adjusted to their spiritual bodies. It is as unyielding and refractory as is the material world to the material being. The superastral and the astral beings have likewise an external world of subtle ether of which are formed their bodies and organs. Having relation to their senses and to their minds it presents to them all the forms and phenomena peculiar to their planes.

The Universal Being Mahabirat or Mahavishnu having thus created the Universe by his Raja Goon or creative power under the appellation of Brahma, sustains it by his Sutto Goon or preservative power under the name of Vishnu and when the fated time comes destroys by his Toma Goona or the destructive power as symbolised by Siva.

About the age of the Universe the Purans are our guide. The figure may seem fabulous to one having a false notion of eternity. Time is co-extensive with the Eternal Reality. If we admit that God exists from eternity we are bound to admit that the Universe also eternally exists having only intervals of disintegration. To imagine that the Universe came into being only the other day but God had existed from before as a logical abstraction is to imagine an absurdity. True, He is above the limitations of time and space but as an Absolute Reality he symbolizes the three eternal elements motion, space and duration. In our sacred writings time is regarded as his Sakti or force inseparable from his essence. We can scarce conceive Him apart from his Saktis or powers, if we admit that He is a living intelligent power. If time started with the evolution of the Universe the latter must be as old as time. If our rational nature revolts against the idea of God existing by Himself from eternity and then creating a world the other day from mere whim we must hold that the Universe appears and disappears in Him throughout His existence from eternity.

Time is divided into *Juga* or periods · Satya, Treta, Dwapara and Kaulee. Satya or the first Juga contains 1728000 years, Treta the second 1296000 years. The duration of Dwapara, the third is 864000 and of Kaulee the fourth is 432000 years. The four Jugas constitute a Mahajuga whose duration necessarily is 4320000 years. One thousand Mahajugas or 4320000000 years is called a Kalpa. One Kalpa represents a day of Brahma, the secondary maker. His night has also an equal duration. During a Kalpa, commencing from Syambhuva, fourteen Manus' rule in succession. Their sway extends over the earth. In like manner fourteen Indras lord over the astral and the lower superastral regions. The Manus are Syambhooba, Soroochees, Uttum, Tamasha, Roybuta, Chakhoosa, Bybashata, Sabarnee, Dakhasabarnee, Brahmosabornee, Rudrasabarnee, Dharmasabarnee Debsabarnee and Indrasabarnee. The reign of each Manu and of each Indra lasts for a little more than seventy-one Mahajugahs.

When Brahma's day closes, that is at the end of a Kalpa, the destructive principle of nature, as symbolized by Siva, comes into operation. With the exception of the highest three regions *viz.* Satyaloka, Tapaloka and Janaloka, whose duration is one Mahakalpa, all the other regions of the Universe are dissolved into their primal atoms, to be held in solution in the Karan Baree till the dawn of Brahma's next day. Their inhabitants perishing fly back in their *linga sharira* to Maha-Vishnu the Universal Being. The three powers of the latter, creative, preservative and destructive are withdrawn by him. This is called a night of Brahma which endures as long as his day. As his next day breaks Brahma as propagation of the central energy manifests himself again on the plane of being, crystalises the dissolved regions and completes the system. By the process referred to above he frames creatures and fills the new regions. Vishnu and Siva as propagations of the same central energy perform their respective parts, the former sustains it and when the day closes the latter wields his deadly power. Thus at the dawn of each Kalpa a creation takes place to be destroyed at its close.

Reckoning only the day, thirty Kalpas or 129600000000 years represent Brahma's month and three thousand sixty-five Kalpas or 157680000000 years his year. His term of existence being one hundred years it is represented by 15768000000000 mortal years. This is called Maha Kalpa. As I have just pointed out, at the end of a Kalpa only a partial destruction takes place of the Universe but at the end of a Mah-Kalpa the whole system disintegrates, is resolved into the five elements, the elements themselves into five Tanmatras or the perceptions of sense. The Linga Sarir of the Uuiversal Being, Maha-Vishnu,—the cause of the Tanmatras is dissolved into the First Cause. His seperate existence ceasing his spirit flies to the Supreme. Brohmo folds up, so to say, his motive power and exists as one with Prakriti. This is called Mahapralaya, its lasts for a thousand years of Brahama. At the end of it Brohmo again sets into activity his Prakriti, the eternal matrix, manifests himself again as a progenetor of individual souls and gives birth to a Universe. Countless Moha Proloyas had taken place, countles Maha Kalpas had gone by. Of the present Maha-Kalpa one-half has elapsed, that is to say fifty years of Brahma's life have passed. The Kalpa now going on is the 51st Kalpa or the first day of the fifty first year of Brahma's life and the present Kali Juga is a part of its 453rd Maha Juga. The reigning Manu is Bybashata. We find by calculation that 1972949014 years have elapsed of the present Kalpa called Setbarahas Kalpa (শ্বেতবরাহ কল্প). There still remain 647 Mahajugas or 2347050986 years to elapse till its end is arrived at. Then will follow Brahma's night and a partial destruction of the Universe as we have just seen. It is also to be noted that local disturbances take place at the end of the reign of each Manu. It is called Mannantara.

The world we live in was created, as I have just pointed out, 1972949014 years ago. The testimony of science regarding the age of the Mountains leaves no room for doubt as to the accuracy of the figure. The formation of the mountain ranges must have been the work of thousands and thousands of years. There are valcanos, extinct for several thousand years which still bear traces of countless years of deadly activity. The History of the development of the earth's crust, of the floras which successively clothed it and of the faunnas which peopled its surface in bright succession is a history of numberless ages. The fossil embedded in its strata bear marks of inconceivable antiquity. A study of the order and position of the layers, of the relative positions of the layers in rock-strata, of the relations of the stratified groups carries us to the conception of a ceaseless flight of time in ascertaining its age. The coral islands are composed of the skeletones of Toophytes, how many millions of years their composition must have taken. There are stars, now visible, whose light took thousands and thousands of years to reach us. From every department of physical science evidence is available of the hoary antiquity of the earth. Since every part of visible nature teems with life, how many millions of years the peopling of the various regions of the Universe, the subregions and the numberless minute divisions of the latter must have taken place. The peopling of the earth alone must have covered an immeasurable length of time, considering the countless forms of life abounding in it and the presence of life in every inch of it. We find in the Purans that the whole of the first Satya Juga of the present kalpa passed in the stocking of the world with people and as usual its last Kali Juga will be co-extensive with the course of destruction. It will not, be out of place to mention in this connection that the four Jugas, *Satya, Treta, Dwapara* and *Kali* revolve in a cycle from the dawn of a Kalpa down to its close. At the end of the present Kali Juga comes Satya Juga again and so on till the end of the Kalpa is reached. Of the present Kali Juga 5000 years have already expired, there remain 427000 years to run out before another Satya Juga sets in.

The creation does not take place every day. It is irrational to suppose that the Deity sends forth effluxes from himself daily and hourly to equalise the distribution of life on the earthly place. To conceive that the humanity and the brute order are constantly receiving influxes from the Divine source is to land one-self upon the fallacy that the Divine Being is a creative machinery whose fly-wheel is in ceaseless motion. It also involves the absurdity that man is born by accident, that his weal or woe is only a matter of chance and that his position in the scale of being is a random her. Creation takes place only at the beginning of a Kalpa. The beings thus created do not perish for ever at the end of their fated term of life but migrate in their linga sharir into different forms of existence according to the quality of their deeds. Death is only a change of garment. Stripped of his outward vestment the being slips in his Linga-sharir into another outward cover, material, astral or superastral according to the nature and quality of his deeds and migrates to a plane for which he is qualified.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH B. L.

SANTI DEVI.

(VII.)

CHAPTER XX.

When the funeral ceremonies of Kunti Devi were over, the Sadhu, Depen and Santi were seated together conversing upon the events, which had happened, with such dramatic suddenness. They were interrupted by a sentry, who saluting the Raja, informed him, that a Bengali has been picked up on the roadway, in a sorry plight. The man, the sentinel said, was suffering from serious illness and was so much enfeebled, that he could hardly stand up. According to the standing orders of the Raj we have brought him here and would take him, where we are directed to. The Raja commanded the sepoy to remove the sufferer to hospital and to ask the resident doctor to attend upon the patient forthwith. As soon as the sepoy was gone, the Sadhu addressing the Raja said—"This Bengali is no other than Manindra, whom your father chose to marry Santi. For an unforeseen deplorable cause the matrimonial arrangements did not transpire and were broken off.

In a sheer spirit of bravado, Manindra tried to carry off Santi forcibly, but by the grace of God he was foiled in his dastardly attempt. When we were coming here, Manindra followed us, and I met him twice enroute. He did not dare to show his face to me." At this juncture a man entered the room suddenly, he was so enfeebled that he could hardly move without the aid of a stout stick, he held in his hand. The man dragged himself in, so to speak, and his complexion which was originally fair, was now dark, owing to illness and the privations he had suffered from. His hair had turned prematurely grey, his eyes were lustreless, and his nails have grown in size. It was a pitiful sight to see a man so young moving at a snail's pace. On noticing the stranger, Santi speedily drew her veil over her head. Depen ordered the man to sit down, and the Sadhu said :—"Depen this man is Manindra." The stranger nodded his head by way of affirmation and said—"I have come here to ask your forgiveness, I am a great sinner and am suffering untold miseries. My days are numbered owing to my incurable disease.

May I express a hope that Srimati Santi Devi would be so good as to forgive me and forget the past, if I have done anything wrong, I am sincerely sorry for it. I now want to die peacefully. May God bless you and your sister, I have nothing else to say. Tears began to trickle down the poor fellow's cheeks, when he made known his sentiments. Finding him remorse stricken everybody was moved to tears and felt pity for him. The change he had undergone mentally and physically was surprising. He was now a changed man and no trace of his former spirit was perceptible.

Manindra again accosted the Sadhu with folded hands—"Sir, you know the past, present and future; you are, therefore, aware that my tenure of life in this world is up, and I shall have to leave this plane for good, within a short time. I hope you will not deny to do me a good turn, as a last favour. I wish to hear from Srimati Santi Devi's lips that she has forgiven me, and that she will be kind and gracious enough to accept this sealed envelope from my hands, I hand over the envelope to her as a token of respect and gratitude. I shall, I need hardly say, be happy if she accepts my poor gift. The Sadhu asked Santi to take the cover from Manindra and forgive him. Santi was sobbing under her veil during Manindra's recital. At the request of the Sadhu, she got up, and slowly said the following words in an unsteady voice. "I forgive you heartily, and am ready to accept gratefully anything you may be pleased to give me. I also on my part ask forgiveness from you if I have done any wrong and given you pain willingly or unwillingly. May God grant you peace and contentment." Saying this she stretched out her hands towards Manindra and took the envelope from him. On hearing these words Manindra became cheerful and his pale face turned red with emotion. He said—"May God shower His choicest blessings upon you and may you live long and be happy. Your kindness has soothed me and made my last moments happy."

Manindra then prayed God fervently and fell down dead from sudden heart-failure. After his death the sealed cover was opened, it contained a deed of gift by which Manindra bequeathed his entire property, movable and immovable, to Santi!

CHAPTER XXI.

One day, Depen said to the Sadhu—"Sir, I regard you in the light of a parent. I have lost my father and mother and in adversity, I have nobody else to look up to, beyond your holy self. Under the circumstances, I appeal to you to do what is good, for the safety and happiness of my dear sister. I am exceedingly anxious on her account. I wish to see her settled in life—and honoured, with a happy home. If you approve my idea, I will arrange the preliminaries. I can't leave this country, as my subjects are savage and turbulent. May I, therefore ask you to look out for a suitable partner for my sister. I entirely depend upon you. Santi is now the mistress of a big estate and can fairly look out for the scion of an aristocratic family. I wish to see her domestic bliss." The Sadhu said—"My son, we try to do good to all creatures irrespective of caste, creed or colour, and we consider it our duty to do good by all fair means. We do not grudge to do good unsolicited and by steatlh. I like Santi, and am ready to better her prospects and position in life.

But I am afraid she would not care to marry. She had made up her mind to devote herself to God and to her fellow men. Sacrifice of self and service to humanity are her watch-words. To be always in communion with the over-soul and to alleviate human suffering to the best of her ability, will be her life-work, as long as she is in this world of woe and suffering. I will, however, sound her and learn her views. Let us wait and hear what she says. Santi in deep thought was cogitating in her mind as to what she would do with the money, providentially sent to her hands.

"Is the Lord Sri Krishna testing her—finding out whether she has still avarice in any corner of her heart?" Suddenly she cried out and said—"Oh my Lord do not delude me with a plaything. I don't care for money and would not have it. I want to serve Thee with Thy lotus feet in my bosom. You are my husband, my master, my parent, my teacher—anything and everything dear to me on earth. I want to worship you day and night. Your all-pervading spirit is reflected in every human soul. Man is therefore, to me an object of worship and I will devotedly serve humanity." The tenor of her thought was interrupted by the advent of a maid-servant, who told her that her brother desires to interview her and is anxiously waiting for her with the Sadhu. Santi followed the maid-servant and entered her brother's room. She noticed the Sadhu there and respectfully bowing down to him, turned towards her brother and quietly asked why she has been sent for? Depen requested her to sit down and was evidently embarrassed to open a conversation. Hemming and hawing a bit, and clearing his throat, just to gain time to make a start, he said :—"Sister dear, I wish you should settle down in life and be the presiding goddess of your own household. I wish you to answer me fairly and frankly?" Santi heaved a sigh and with tearful eyes replied—" Brother, I have been married long ago, and am leading a happy wedded life with my consort. I have a lot of children, and I fondly look after them ; my life is devoted to their service. Do you wish to see my husband ? Blindfold your eyes, and with the aid of *satta guna* (ennobling quality) contemplate Him. Contemplation will bring communion and you will find Him in the recess of your heart, dazzling with effulgence, with a halo of light as His crown." Depen was dumbfoundered with awe and astonishment—Santi's words were so elevating and illuminating. The Sadhu smilingly and lovingly blessing Santi said "you are a jewel and your utterances are elevating. Your faith, devotion and love to God are exemplary. I will now explain to you the esoteric meaning of Pancha Pandavs of the Mahabharat. They represent the five senses, and their wife Draupadi is the goddess Luchmi (Goddess of Wealth). Dhritarastra (Father of Durjodhan of the Mahabharat) is the mind and is represented as blind, with the strength of a Hercules. Likewise Gandhari (mother of Durjodhan) has blindfolded her eyes by the band of of illusion. Her sons represent temptation, envy, avarice and ignorance in fact, hundred evils which fall to the lot of man. Durjodhan is arrogance and vanity personified. The human body is represented as the car of Srikrishna, who drives it. Consequently the plain of Kurukshetra is a holy place, intended for warriors to fight and fall down in the battle of virtue and vice. Those who are pure in heart, and rely firmly on God, can win the battle easily.

Chapter XXII.

Addressing Santi, the Sadhu said—"My child man has to contend with forces which are inimical to him.. Dangers always beset his path, lurking to pounce upon him without notice. His own nature and environments are against him. Superior entities and the galaxy of planets try to injure him, if only a loop hole is found. With such odds to contend he would be floored in no time, had not the divine spirit within him, lent a helping hand, and protected him, and smoothed the way, by which, he could pass his evolutionary period on earth advantageously. The indwelling divine spirit in man is the guardian angel, safe-guarding evils which it would have been impossible for man to resist. Energy in man is the gift of the divinity. The soul and over-soul are identical in substance when embodied it is the human soul, when disembodied it is the over-soul. Men encumbered with material bodies can not know Him and his attributes easily, unless he is able to unify his soul with the over-soul. If one leads a pure life, abstains from animal food eats spairingly and contemplates about the soul, then the indwelling deity appears, before the devotee in the shape of a bright light whose effulgence is dazzling. Leaving aside disbelief which is a mischief maker, the mind should be controlled. Worldiness should be banished, a keen desire to do good to all creatures must be engendered, and there should be a perfect surrender to Him. In this way you can please your Maker and obtain His mercy. The baser passions and the mind must be first subdued and conquered then the mind should be placed in the control of the intellect, and when the unified mind and intellect are passive the all-pervading spirit appears. When this stage is attained man gets freedom. Thus emancipated, man never returns to this world of woe. I have mentioned these matters at the time of your initiation, it is useless to recapitulate them again. You have taken as enjoined by law, possession of the estate bequeathed to you by Manindra. I am sure you will not touch a farthing accruing from the estate. Under the circumstances, sell it off at once and utilize the sale-proceeds for the good of mankind.

At the birth-place of Manindra you should establish a charitable dispensary and free school, naming them after him, with a view to perpetuate his memory. The people of the neighbourhood would be greatly benefited by the institutions; which should be entrusted to the management of men of light and leading of the place. By completing these arrangements and setting the institutions in working order, you would be free and in a position to lead a religious life. May God fulfil your heart's desire. Service to Him and humanity would be the mission of your life. Leave apart from the world, so full of dangerous illusions. Don't fall into the meshes of *kal* (Destroyer of human life) who is always on the alert to entrap the unwary. I have stayed long enough with you. I am about to depart. Don't you be sorrowful on my account. I will always keep an eye over you and will be with you, if necessary. If my presence is necessary, concentrate your mind upon me, and I will come to you. Know that human beings can attract other human beings, as well as the denizens of other worlds by means of telepathy.

The one thing essential in such matters, is concentration of the mind. Truths of occultism should be kept secret and not divulged to people who can't grasp truths. Wicked people are naturally inclined towards mischief, and should by all means be restrained. Santi, Bhaba and Depen shed bitter tears on the Sadhu insisting to leave them for the time if not for ever. They one and all said—"We were sheltered and supported by a saint. We would now be friendless, without the protecting hand of a benefactor." The Sadhu assuaged their grief and consoled them by loving words. He said—' God is the protector of all and will smooth your difficulties. By worldly calculation, I may be ever so distant from you but I will be near you and the mental plane. I will watch over you. The Sadhu then left his disciples and was out of the Lushai country.

Chapter XXIII.

Santi erected a temple in a suitable place, with a view to perpetuate the memory of her parents. Within the precincts of the temple, a dias of white marble was constructed and on it two marble figures, representing a male and a female, were placed. Underneath the figures, the names of Prithinath and Kunti Devi were inscribed in bold letters of gold. Santi donned saffron coloured cloth, and renounced the world for good. She resides in the temple and is always absorbed in the contemplation of her Maker. Throughout the Lushai tract, she was widely known as the Lukshmi and ministering angel of God. The tribesmen venerated and adored her, and a word form her, would induce them to give up their lives cheerfully. Every day, early in the morning, she distributed food, clothing, money and sundries to the poor and needy, gave medicine to the sick, and suffering, soothed the sorrowing and afflicted, and her name was blessed and lovingly mentioned in every hearth and home. Santi was a true type of Hindu womanhood, whose mission was to sacrifice everything to serve God and man.

SIVA NATH ROY.

HOW OUR YOUNG MEN SHOULD ENSURE SUCCESS IN LIFE, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC.

India is the land of Rishis and Aryas. History informs us of their glorious achievements and imperishable acts. Whether in the province of philosophy, science, law, medicine or theology, she attained an eminence which has seldom been surpassed. She has noble traditions before her. She has vast natural resources requiring development and utilisation. She has abundance of fertile lands and navigable rivers for purposes of agriculture and commerce. She has excellent raw materials of every kind for purposes of either home manufacture or export trade.

The blessings of English rule have afforded us great facilities of travels and communications. The laws and administrative machinery of Government are a sufficient guarantee for the security of life and property. The establishment of numerous colleges and schools, both State and private, has placed education on every subject within easy reach of the public. The increased production of text-books on various subjects and a gradual improvement in experimental apparatus have rendered the subjects of study interesting and easily comprehensible. A free press in the country has proved a tower of strength enabling us to acquaint our rulers with our wants and requirements and ventilate our grievances. The boon of local self-government conferred upon us together with the benefits expected from the reform scheme, already given effect to, is calculated to be a stepping-stone to further political concessions if our educated young men can satisfactorily prove their fitness for self-government. Will not these several motive forces produce their resultant effect ? Are they not strong incentives to our young men for the pursuit of a career of activity and usefulness ?

High education is no doubt desirable for persons who can afford to undergo the heavy expenses incidental to its acquisition. But instead of joining in an indiscriminate rush towards such education, persons of limited resources will find it to their advantage to acquire special training in certain subjects for which they have natural aptitude. India is a vast country and its resources are almost inexhaustible. Our young men should be trained in such scientific and industrial education as will enable them to develop such resources and compel the mother earth to give them their birthright. They should not imagine for a moment that such callings, humble though they may be, are by any means ignoble; for the dignity of a profession or avocation does not consist in its high-sounding name and popular repute where failure or indifferent success is the result in its pursuit, but in the fact of its being successfully and prosperously carried on. The importance of scientific education cannot be overestimated and our young men will do well to cultivate it. The following passage in Herbert Spencer's treatise on education sets forth the manifold value of knowledge of science. "Thus to the question we set out, what knowledge is of most worth, the uniform reply is science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is science. For the due discharge of the parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in science."

"For the interpretation of natural life past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is science. Alike for the most perfect production and present enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still science, and for purposes of discipline, intellectual, moral, religious, the most efficient study is once more science." Grounded in the principles of science, the energies of our young men may be usefully exerted in various directions so as to improve the condition of India physical, commercial, political, social and religious. Our rural villages and tracts are in the most insanitary condition. Noxious vegetation, dirty puddles or tanks, irregular and bad arrangement of the bustees, have all combined to make them the hot-beds of cholera, malarious fever and other diseases. Let those trained in science set themselves to work in earnest to improve the physical condition of the country. Then our agriculture is in the most backward condition. The system of European farming should be gradually introduced so as to improve but not altogether supplant the indigenous art. The question of Indian famine is the most difficult of modern problems requiring solution. Let our local self-governing institutions and private bodies largely engage the services of our young men, for which their scientific knowledge will qualify them, in remedying the crying evil in these various respects.

Scientific knowledge will also enable our young men to participate largely in the benefits of commerce and break down the monopoly of foreigners. Learning to work machines they will be able to set them up on their own account for the manufacture of commercial commodities. Let them profit by the example of our Bombay brethren in this respect. Their success will be certain as the Swadeshi movement had created a growing demand for indigenous products. Let them eschew the violent methods of boycott which can be peaceably and normally secured if we can produce our home-made articles equal in price and quality to foreign imported goods and sufficient in quantity to meet the increasing demand.

Let our young men qualify themselves by the study of jurisprudence and the constitutions of civilised Governments for the noblest of all undertakings to redress the standing political grievance of India—taxation without adequate representation. This is the cornerstone of all reforms. We for ourselves do not call in question the good intentions of the Home Government—the British Sovereign and the British Parliament—towards their Indian dependency. The good or bad government of India in consequence of the accidental circumstance of its liberal or arbitrary personnel for the time being, does not affect the theory of good government intended for India. Such being the case, our young men have no reason to lose heart in their exertions for reform which shold and can be brought about not by mere vociferous agitation or a violent attitude towards the government but in a spirit of moderation and loyalty putting forward reasonable claims in the interests of the people at large and not in those of a particular creed or coteri. Students should not take active part in politics but learn the science first of all by study and by listening to political speeches. Let them not fritter away their energies in political controversies which should be left to their superiors in wisdom and experience but devote themselves to the discharge of their duties as students. Let them be always deferential towards their parents, teachers and seniors in age as well as in experience. In social and religious matters, let our youngmen take note of the signs of the times, observe minutely the peculiar constitutions of our society and religion, compare them with those of other civilised nations, preserve in them what is good and adapted to the genius of the nation eschewing what is found to be extremely absurd on rational and philosophical points of view. Let not their youthful zeal produce disintegration of the national unit. Let them try to bring about the happy result that in spite of the differences in their social and religious customs, the several races of India do unite for a common cause and s and on the common platform of brotherhood and friendship.

In order to enable our young men to duly discharge the duties incumbent on them they should secure their physical, intellectual and moral culture. The importance and usefulness of physical exercises is too well-known to require any detailed notice. Suffice it to say that there is observed an intimate connection between the body and mind; the healthy functions of the latter generally depending upon the sound state of the former. One whose stomach cannot digest food properly cannot be expected to possess a brain capable of digesting knowledge. One whose vitality is weak cannot easily undergo the tedious processes involved in complicated reasonings. Our young men have ample opportunities and facilities for receiving intellectual training as there are numerous educational institutions in the country. The principal aim of such training which should be steadily kept in view is originality. But it is to be highly regretted that our University system of education, instead of producing such a happy result tends to foster a spirit of cramming or mental subserviency.

The necessity of cultivating a habit of thinking is therefore urged upon our young men. What the digestive process is to our food, thinking is to our knowledge. As the one invigorates the body, the other endues the intellect with understanding and wisdom. Meditation or wisdom is the mental architect who builds out of materials derived from knowledge.

As to moral training much depends upon self-exertion. As no one can become a good athlete without subjecting himself to systematic physical exercises, so his morals cannot be expected to be improved without his leading a moral life. Study of the rules of gymnasium and morality is no doubt good in its way in furnishing our young men with knowledge of these subjects: but their morals can no more be improved by mere study of ethical text-books than a nation can be rendered virtuous by Acts of Parliament.

Meditation has a large share in enlightening our mind and soul. It unlocks the treasures of psychological and moral truths. It is the best safeguard against immortality and vice. It leads to the formation of good character which is the principal object of education. It lays down more than anything else a broad line of demarcation between man and beast and keeps working that monitor within which discriminates between rectitude and wrong. A principal part of moral education is discipline which is the life and soul of an institution. The mere apprehension of punishment in consequence of breach of discipline should not be the sole motive of the students to subject themselves to it. They ought to realise its manifold advantages. Their educational institution is a world in miniature. Thcy are the subjects of a sort of little State and their Head Master or Principal is a Governor. They are taxed for promoting their improvements physical, intellectual and moral. They reap the benefits of deligence, perseverance, self-restraint &c., and suffer the consequences of idleness, inattention, wantonness &c.

If they prove to be well-behaved and successful students, the chances are nine to ten that they will turn out fortunate gentlemen and law-abiding and useful subjects.

Our young men should form habits and principles of conduct which may stand them in good stead in their dealings with the world. Formation of fixed moral principles of conduct is the first link in the chain of secrets of success in life. Our actions are liable to be inconsistent, impulsive and whimsical unless regulated by such principles. Like a vessel without a rudder a man without principle is liable to be tossed about at every gust of passion and wrecked on the treacherous rocks of life. It is not easy for such a man to be the master of his own actions. Uncertainty as to how he will act under certain circumstances deprives him of public trust and confidence so essential in our dealings with the world. His motives are liable to be misconstructed. If he attains success by unscrupulous means, it can at least be temporary and at the sacrifice of self-satisfaction which cannot be derived unless our conduct be fair and above-board. Another requisite to worldly success is decision of character which results in the adoption of a fixed standard of action. Like the pendulum of a clock, a man of undecided character oscillates between conflicting and contrary volitions. He is at a standstill and his thoughts seldom make any progress. He is at a loss how to act under emergencies which require prompt judgment and immediate action. Decision of character produces firmness and fixedness of purpose. Although it requires time and experience for such a character to develop itself, yet we expect it in our young men as we would have them came up to the *beau* ideal of human perfection and excellence in all things. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance is a salutary principle which they should try to act upon.

In the next place a proper selection of a sphere of action peculiarly suited to the capacity of our young men is the *sine qua non* of their success in life. Some persons are found to possess natural powers in understanding and mastering certain subjects. These and no other subjects should, principally if not exclusively, engage their attention and application. What but disappointment would be a certain result, if a person having no mathematical head were to choose engineering as his occupation or one having no gift of the gab or argumentative talent were to select the profession of law. The great disparity of worldly prosperity in persons of equal qualifications and attainments is mainly due to neglect or mistake in proper selection.

There should be thoroughness to render our knowledge solid and perfect and give it the last finish and touch. Concentration of attention and application to one subject at a time produces thoroughness. Instead of wasting their time and energies in a multiplicity of subjects, our young men would do well by confining themselves to certain limited ones. A jack-of-all-trades and master of none cannot have any but shallow and superficial acquaintance with diverse matters—a character most unfavourable to original conceptions and inventive talent. Quality and not quantity should be the standard of measurement by which the worth of our knowledge and actions is to be ascertained. Thorough knowledge of a single subject is preferable to imperfect and superficial acquaintance with diverse ones.

We reap the benefits of our knowledge by reducing it to practice. Our young men know very well that obedience to their teachers and parents, keeping good company, attention to their studies, early rising are some of their principal duties ; but it will be of little use unless they are obedient pupils and children, agreeable companions, diligent students and early risers. Knowledge is not merely utilised but perfected by practice. Young men should never excuse themselves for their juvenile misconduct on the ground that they are young enough to indulge in transgressions without incurring the risk of corrupting their character. Their misdeeds will grow in strength with their years and become, so to speak, a part of their nature which it will be afterwards as difficult to divest themselves of as a chronic disease brought on by habitual irregularity. The last, though not the least requisite to worldly success is the neccessity of cultivating habits of self-help and self-reliance. God helps those who help themselves is a golden proverb. Honesty and diligence are the best legacies a parent should bequeath to his children. Treasures may be lost, estates ruined but they are not subject to any loss or decay. Self-reliance raises us in the estimation of our fellow-creatures, preserves our self-respect and stimulates our exertions so as to enable us to be in a position to stand on our own legs.

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Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pithagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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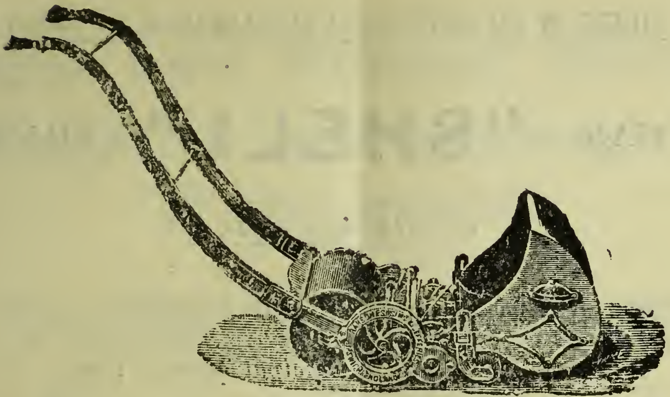

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ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

(II.)

Chapter II.

Notwithstanding the great variety of qualities, physical intellectual, and moral, to which the word *beauty* is applicable, I believe it will be admitted, that, in its primitive and most general acceptation, it refers to objects of Sight. As the epithets *sweet* and *delicious* literally denote what is pleasing to the palate, and *harmonious* what is pleasing to the ear; as the epithets *soft* and *warm* denote certain qualities that are pleasing in objects of touch or of feeling;—so the epithet *beautiful* literally denotes what is pleasing to the eye. All these epithets, too, it is worthy of remark, are applied *transitively* to the perceptions of the other senses. We speak of *sweet* and of *soft sounds ;* of *warm,* of *delicious,* and of *harmonious colouring,* with as little impropriety as of a *beautiful voice,* or of a *beautiful piece of music.* Mr. Burke, himself, has somewhere spoken of *the soft green of the soul.* If the *transitive* applications of the word *beauty* be more numerous and more heterogenous than those of the words *sweetness,* *softness,* and *harmony,* is it not probable that some account of this peculiarity may be derived from the comparative multiplicity of those perceptions of which the eye is the common organ? Such, accordingly, is the very simple principle on which the following speculations proceed; and which it is the chief aim of these speculations to establish. In prosecuting the subject, however, I shall not fetter myself by any regular plan, but shall readily give way to whatever discussions may naturally arise, either from my own conclusions, or from the remarks I may be led to offer on the theories of others.

The first ideas of *beauty* formed by the mind are, in all probability, derived from *colours*. Long before infants receive any pleasures from the beauties of form or of motion (both of which require, for their perception, a certain effort of attention and of thought), their eye may be caught and delighted with brilliant colouring, or with splendid illumination. I am inclined, too, to suspect, that, in the judgment of a peasant, this ingredient of beauty predominates over every other, even in his estimate of the perfections of the female form ; and, in the inanimate creation, there seems to be little else which he beholds with any rapture. It is, accordingly, from the effect produced by the rich painting of the clouds, when gilded by a setting sun, that Akenside infers the existence of the seeds of Taste, where it is impossible to trace them to any hand but that of Nature.

> ———————————" Ask the swain
> Who journeys homewards from a summer-day's
> Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils,
> And due repose, he loiters to behold
> The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
> O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
> His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
> Beyond the power of language, will unfold
> The form of Beauty smiling at his heart."

Nor is it only in the judgment of the infant or of the peasant, that colours rank high among the constituents of the *beautiful*. The spectacle alluded to by Akenside, in the foregoing lines, as it forms the most pleasant of any to the untutored mind, so it continues, after the experience of a life spent in the cultivation of taste, to retain its undiminished attractions: I should rather say, retains all its first attractions, heightened by many stronger ones of a moral nature.

> " Him have we seen, the greenwood side along,
> As o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
> Oft as the wood-lark piped his evening song,
> With wishful eye pursue the setting sun."

Such is one of the characteristical features in a portrait, sketched for himself, by the exquisite pencil of Gray; presenting an interesting counterpart to what he has elsewhere said of the poetical visions which delighted his childhood.

———" Oft before his infant eye would run
Such forms as glitter in the muses ray,
With orient hues."———

" Among the several kinds of beauty," says Mr. Addison, " the eye *takes most delight in colours.* We nowhere meet with a more glorious or pleasing shew in nature, than what appears in the heavens, at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light, that shew themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, *borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic."*

From the admiration of *colours,* the eye gradually advances to that of *forms;* beginning first with such as are most obviously regular. Hence the pleasure which children, almost without exception, express, when they see gardens laid out after the Dutch manner; and hence the justness of the epithet *childish,* or *puerile,* which is commonly employed to characterize *this* species of taste;— one of the earliest stages of its progress both in individuals and in nations.

When, in addition to the pleasures connected with *colours,* external objects present those which arise from certain modifications of *form,* the same name will be naturally applied to both the causes of the mixed emotion. The emotion appears, in point of fact, to our consciousness, simple and uncompounded, no person being able to say, while it is felt, how much of the effect is to be ascribed to either cause, in preference to the other; and it is the philosopher alone who ever thinks of attempting, by a series of observations and experiments, to accomplish such an analysis. The following expressions of Virgil shew how easily the fancy confounds these two ingredients of the Beautiful under one common epithet. "*Edera formosior alba.*" "*O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.*" That the adjective *formosus* originally referred to the beauty of *form* alone, is manifest from its etymology; and yet it would appear that, even to the correct taste of Virgil, it seemed no less applicable to the beauty of *colour.*

In another passage the same epithet is employed, by the same poet, as the most comprehensive which the language afforded, to describe the countless charms of nature, in the most beautiful season of the year:

> "Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
> "Nunc frondent sylvæ, *nunc formosissimus annus.*"

Similar remarks may be extended to the word Beauty, when applied to *motion*, a species of beauty which may be considered as in part a modification of that of *form*; being perceived when a pleasing *outline* is thus sketched, or traced out, to the spectator's fancy. The beauty of motion has, however, beside this, a charm peculiar to itself; more particularly when exhibited by an animated being;—above all, when exhibited by an individual of our own species. In these cases, it produces that powerful effect, to the unknown cause of which we give the name of *grace*;—an effect which seems to depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on the additional interest which the pleasing form derives from its fugitive and evanescent existence; the memory dwelling fondly on the charm which has fled, while the eye is fascinated with the expectation of what is to follow. A fascination, somewhat analogous to this, is experienced when we look at the undulations of a flag streaming to the wind;—at the wreathings and convolutions of a column of smoke;—or at the momentary beauties and splendours of fireworks, amid the darkness of night. In the human figure, however, the enchanting power of graceful motion is probably owing chiefly to the living expression which it exhibits;—an expression ever renewed and ever varied,—of taste and of mental elegance.

From the combination of these three elements (*of colours*, of *forms*, and of *motion*) what a variety of complicated results may be conceived! And in any one of these results, who can ascertain the respective share of each element in its production? Is it wonderful, then, that the word Beauty, supposing it at first to have been applied to colours alone, should gradually and insensibly acquire a more extensive meaning?

In this enlargement, too, of the signification of the word, it is particularly worthy of remark, that it is not in consequence of the discovery of any quality belonging in common to colours, to forms, and to motion, considered abstractly, that the same word is now applied to them indiscriminately. They all, indeed, agree in this, that they give pleasure to the spectator; but there cannot, I think, be a doubt, that they please on principles essentially different; and that the transference of the word Beauty, from the first to the last, arises solely from their undistinguishable co operation in producing the same agreeable effect, in consequence of their being all perceived by the same organ, and at the same instant.

It is not necessary for any of the purposes which I have at present in view, that I should attempt to investigate the principles on which Colours, Forms, or Motion, give pleasure to the eye. With the greater part of Mr. Alison's remarks on these qualities, I perfectly agree; although, in the case of the first, I am disposed to ascribe more to the mere organic impression, independently of any association or expression, whatever, than he seems willing to allow.

The opinion, however, we may adopt on this point, is of little importance to the following argument, provided it be granted that each of these classes (comprehended under the generic term Beautiful) ought, in a philosophical inquiry into the nature of Beauty, to form the object of a separate investigation; and that the sources of these pleasing effects should be traced in analytical detail, before we presume to decide how far they are all susceptible of explanation from one general theory. In this respect, Mr. Alison's work seems to me to be peculiarly valuable. It is eminently calculated to awaken and to direct the observation of his readers to particular phenomena, and to the state of their own feelings; and whoever peruses it with due attention, cannot fail to be satisfied, that the metaphysical generalizations which have been so often attempted on this subject, are not more unsuccessful in their execution, than they are unphilosophical in their design.

Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Burke are also entitled to much praise, for a variety of original and just remarks, with which they have enriched this part of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. But although they appear to have aimed at a plan of inquiry founded on the rules of a sound logic; and although their good sence has kept them at a distance from that vague and mysterious phraseology concerning Beauty in general, in which so many of their predecessors delighted, they have, nevertheless, been frequently misled by the spirit of system; attempting to erect the critical inferences which their good taste had formed in some particular departments of the fine arst, into established maxims of universal application. The justness of this criticism, so far as it refers to Hogarth, has been shewn in a very satisfactory manner by Mr. Alison; and it will appear, in the course of our present speculations, that Mr. Burke falls, at least in an equal degree, under the same censure Before, however, I proceed to any comments on the conclusions of this eminent writer, it is necessary, in the first place, to follow out, a few steps farther, the natural progress or history of the mind, in its conceptions of the Beautiful.

I have already taken notice of the pleasure which children very early manifest at the sight of regular forms, and uniform arrangements. The principles on which these produce their effects, and which render one regular form more pleasing than another, have engaged the attention of various authors; but it is sufficient for my purpose if the general fact be admitted; and about this there cannot possibly be any room for dispute. With respect to the theories which profess to account for the phenomena in question, I must own, that they appear to me more fanciful than solid; although I am far from being disposed to insinuate, that they are totally destitute of foundation.

The same love of regular forms, and of uniform arrangements, continues to influence powerfully, in the maturity of reason and experience, the judgments we pronounce on all works of human art, where regularity and uniformity do not interfere with purposes of utility. In recommending these forms and arrangements, in the particular circumstances just mentioned, there is one principle which seems to have no inconsiderable influence; and which I shall take this opportunity of hinting at slightly, as I do not recollect to have seen it anywhere applied to questions of criticism. The principle I allude to is that of the *sufficient rexson*, of which so much use is made (and in my opinion sometimes very erroneously made) in the philosophy of Leibnitz. What it is that, in anything which is merely ornamental, and which, at the same time, does not profess to be an imitation of nature, renders irregular forms displeasing? Is it not, at least *it part*, that irregularities are infinite; and that no circumstance can be imagined which should have decided the choice of the artist in favour of that particular figure which he has selected? The variety of regular figures (it must be acknowledged) is infinite also; but supposing the choice to be once fixed about the *number* of sides, no apparent caprice of the artist, in adjusting their relative proportions, presents a disagreeable and inexplicable puzzle to the spectator. Is it not also owing, *in part,* to this, that in things merely ornamental, where no use, even the most trifling, is intended, the circular form possesses a superiority over all others?

In a house, which is completely detached from all other buildings, and which stands on a perfectly level foundation, why are we offended when the door is not placed exactly in the middle; or when there is a window on one side of the door, and none corresponding to it on the other? Is it not that we are at a loss to conceive how the choice of the architect could be thus determined, where all circumstances appear to be so exactly alike? This disagreeable effect is, in a great measure, removed, the moment any purpose of utility is discovered; or even when the contiguity of other houses, or some peculiarity in the shape of ground, allows us to imagine, that some reasonable motive may have existed in the artist's mind, though we may be unable to trace it. An irregular castellated edifice, set down on a dead flat, conveys an idea of whim or of folly in the designer; and it would convey this idea still more strongly than it does, were it not that the imitation of something else, which we have previously seen with pleasure, makes the absurdity less revolting. The same, or yet greater irregularity, would not only satisfy, but delight the eye, in an ancient citadel, whose groundwork and elevations followed the rugged surface and fantastic projections of the rock on which it is built. The oblique position of a window in a house would be intolerable; but utility, or rather necessity, reconciles the eye to it at once in the cabin of a ship.

In hanging up against the wall of an apartment a number of pictures, of different forms and sizes, the same consideration will be found to determine the propriety of the arrangement. A picture placed near one extremity of the wall will require a companion at the same distance from the other extremity, and in the same horizontal line; and if there be any one which, in point of shape or size, is *unique,* it must be placed somewhere in the vertical line, which is equally distant from both.

Numberless other illustrations of this principle crowd on me; but I have already said enough to explain the notion which I annex to it, and perhaps more than, to some of my readers, its importance may appear to justify.

The remarks which have now been made apply, as is obvious, to the works of Man alone. In those of Nature, impresssd, as they are everywhere, with the signatures of Almighty Power, and of Unfathomable Design, we do not look for that obvious uniformity of plan which we expect to find in the productions of beings endowed with the same faculties, and actuated by the same motives as ourselves. A deviation from uniformity, on the contrary, in the grand outlines sketched by *her* hand, appears perfectly suited to that *infinity* which is associated, in our conceptions, with all her operations; while it enhances, to an astonishing degree, the delight arising from the regularity which, in her minuter details, she everywhere scatters in such inexhaustible profusion.

It is, indeed, by very slow degrees that this taste for Natural Beauty is formed; the first impulse of youth prompting it (as I before hinted) to subject nature to rules borrowed from the arts of human life. When such a taste, however, is at length acquired, the former not only appears false, but ludicrous; and perishes of itself, without any danger of again reviving.—The associations, on the other hand, by which the love of Nature is strengthened, having their root in far higher and nobler principles of the mind than those attached to the puerile judgments which they gradually supplant, are invariably confirmed more and more, in proportion to the advancement of reason, and the enlargement of experience.

The traces of art, which formerly lent an additional charm to the natural beauties which it was employed to heighten, become now themselves offensive wherever they appear, and even when it has been successfully exerted in supplying defects and correcting blemishes, the effect is destroyed, in proportion as its interposition is visible. The last stage of Taste, therefore, in the progress of its improvement, leads to the admiration of what Martial calls—*Rus verum et barbarum*;

——————" Where, if Art
" E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
" Printless, as if the place were holy ground."

To analyze the different ingredients of the Beauty which scenery of this kind presents to an eye qualified to enjoy it, is a task which I do not mean to attempt; perhaps a task to which the faculties of man are not completely adequate. Not that this furnishes any objection to the inquiry, or diminishes the value of such approximations to the truth, as we are able to establish on a solid induction. But I confess it appears to me, that few of our best writers on the subject have been sufficiently aware of its difficulty ; and that they have all shewn a disposition to bestow upon observations, collected from particular classes of facts (and perhaps accurately and happily collected from these), a universality of application little suited to the multiplicity and variety of the phenomena which they profess to explain. That this remark is not hazarded rashly, will, if I do not deceive myself, appear sufficiently from the critical strictures on some of Mr. Burke's principles, which I find it necessary to introduce here, in order to obviate certain objections which are likely to occur to his followers, against the general scope of the foregoing doctrines. The digression may appear long to some of my readers; But I could not hope to engage any attention to the sequel of these discussions, till I had first endeavoured to remove the chief stumbling-blocks, which a theory,recommended by so illustrious a name, has thrown in my way. In the animadversions, besides, which I have to offer on Mr. Burke, I flatter myself I shall have an opportunity of unfolding my own ideas more clearly and fully, than I could have done by stating them at once in a connected and didactic form.

Chapter III.

Among the various writers who have turned their attention to the Beautiful, with a design to trace the origin, and to define the nature of that idea, there is, perhaps, none who has engaged in the inquiry with views more comprehensive and just than Mr. Burke ; but, even with respect to him, it may be fairly questioned, if any one of the conclusions to which he has been led concerning the *causes of beauty*, amounts to more than a critical inference, applicable to some particular class or classes of the phenomena in question.

In examining the opinions of this author, it is extremely worthy of observation, that although his good sense has resisted completely the metaphysical mysteries of the schools, he has suffered himself to be led astray by a predilection for that hypothetical physiology concerning the connection between Mind and Matter, which has become so fashionable of late years. His generalizations, too, proceed on an assumption, not, indeed, so unlimited as that already quoted from the *Encyclopedie,* but yet much more extensive than the nature of the subject will admit of;—That, in the objects of all our different external senses, there is some common quality to which the epithet Beautiful may be applied; and that this epithet, in all these different cases, conveys the same meaning. Instead, for example, of supposing (agreeably to the doctrine already suggested) that the epithet in question is applied to *colours* and to *forms*, in consequence of their both producing their pleasing effects through the medium of the same organ, he endeavours to shew, that there is an *analogy* between these two classes of our pleasures; or, to use his own words, that "the beauty, both of *shape* and *colouring*, are as nearly related as we can well suppose it possible for things of such different natures to be." In both cases, he asserts, that the beautiful object has a tendency to produce *an agreeable relexation in the fibres*; and it is in this tendency that he conceives the essence of the Beautiful to consist. In farther illustration of this, he observes, "that *smooth* things are relaxing; that *sweet* things, which are the *smooth* of taste, are relaxing too; and that sweet *smells*, which bear a great affinity to *sweet tastes*, relax very remarkably." He adds, that "we often apply the quality of *sweetness* metaphorically to *visual* objects;" after which observation, he proposes, "for the better carrying on this *remarkable analogy of the senses*, to call *sweetness the beautiful of the taste*."

In order to convey a still more adequate idea of Mr. Burke's mode of philosophizing on this subject, I shall quote a few of his remarks on the causes, "why Smoothness and Sweetness are beautiful." The quotation is longer than I could have wished; but I was unwilling to attempt an abridgment of it in my own words, from my anxiety that his reasoning should have all the advantages which it may derive from his peculiar felicity of expression.

"There can be no doubt, that bodies which are rough and angular, rouse and vellicate the organs of feeling; causing a sense of pain, which consists in the violent tension or contraction of the muscular fibres. On the contrary, the application of smooth bodies relax;—gentle stroking with a smooth hand allays violent pains and cramps, and relaxes the suffering parts from their unnatural tension; and it has therefore, very often, no mean effect in removing swellings and obstructions. The sense of feeling is highly gratified with smooth bodies. A bed smoothly laid and soft, that is, where the resistance is every way inconsiderable, is a great luxury; disposing to an universal relaxation, and inducing, beyond anything else, that species of it called sleep.

Nor is it only in the touch that smooth bodies cause positive pleasure by relaxation. In the smell and taste we find all things agreeable to them, and which are commonly called sweet, to be of a smooth nature, and that they all evidently tend to relax their respective sensories. Let us first consider the taste. Since it is most easy to inquire into the properties of liquids, and since all things seem to want a fluid vehicle to make them tasted at all, I intend rather to consider the liquid than the solid parts of our food. The vehicles of all tastes are water and oil. And what determines the taste, is some salt which affects variously, according to its nature, or its manner of being combined with other things. Water and oil, simply considered, are capable of giving some pleasure to the taste. Water, when simple, is insipid, inodorous, colourless, and smooth ; it is found, when not cold, to be a great resolver of spasms, and lubricator of the fibres : this power it probably owes to its smoothness. For, as fluidity depends, according to the most general opinion, on the roundness, smoothness, and weak cohesion of the component parts of any body, and, as water acts merely as a simple fluid, it follows, that the cause of its fluidity is likewise the cause of its relaxing quality ; namely, the smoothness and slippery texture of its parts. The other fluid vehicle of tastes is oil. This, too, when simple, is insipid, inodorous, colourless, and smooth to the touch and taste. It is smoother than water, and, in many cases, yet more relaxing. Oil is, in some degree, pleasant to the eye, the touch, and the taste, insipid as it is. Water is not so grateful ; which I do not know on what principle to account for, other than that water is not so soft and smooth. Suppose that to this oil, or water, were added a certain quantity of a specific salt, which had a power of putting the nervous papillœ of the tongue in a gentle vibratory motion ; as suppose sugar dissolved in it ; the smoothness of the oil, and the vibratory power of the salt, cause the sense we call sweetness. In all sweet bodies, sugar, or a substance very little different from sugar, is constantly found ; every species of salt, examined by the microscope, has it own distinct, regular, invariable form. That of nitre is a pointed oblong ; that of sea-salt an exact cube ; that of sugar a perfect globe. If you have tried how smooth globular bodies, as the marbles with which boys amuse themselves, have affected the touch, when they are rolled backward and forward, and over one another, you will easily conceive how sweetness, which consists in a salt of such nature, affects the taste; for a single globe (though somewhat pleasant to the feeling), yet, by the regularity of its form, and the somewhat too sudden deviation of its parts from a right line, it is nothing near so pleasant to the touch as several globes, where the hand gently rises to one, and falls to another; and this pleasure is greatly increased if the globes are in motion, and sliding over one another; for this soft variety prevents that weariness, which the uniform disposition of the several globes would otherwise produce. Thus, in sweet liquors, the parts of the fluid vehicle, though most probably round, are yet so minute, as to conceal the figure of their component parts from the nicest inquisition of the microscrope; and consequently, being so excessively minute, they have a sort of flat simplicity to the taste, resembling the effects of plain smooth bodies to the touch; for if a body be composed of round parts, excessively small, and packed pretty closely together, the surface will be, both to the sight and touch, as if it were nearly plain and smooth. It is clear, from their unveiling their figure to the microscope, that the particles of sugar are considerably larger than those of water or oil; and consequently, that their effects, from their roundness, will be more distinct and palpable to the nervous papillæ of that nice organ the tongue. They will induce that sense, called sweetness, which, in a weak manner, we discover in oil, and in a yet weaker in water; for, insipid as they are, water and oil are, in some degree, sweet; and it may be observed, that insipid things of all kinds approach more nearly to the nature of sweetness than to that of any other taste.

"In the other senses, we have remarked that smooth things are relaxing. Now, it ought to appear that sweet things, which are the smooth of taste, are relaxing too."——"That sweet things are generally relaxing is evident, because all such, especially those which are most oily, taken frequently, and in a large quantity, very much enfeeble the tone of the stomach. Sweet smells, which bear a great affinity to sweet tastes, relax very remarkably. The smell of flowers disposes people to drowsiness; and this relaxing effect is further apparent from the prejudice which people of weak nerves receive from their use."

If this theory of Mr. Burke had led to no practical consequences, I should not have thougt it worth while, notwithstanding its repugnance to my own opinions, to have made any reference to it here; but as it is intimately connected with some of his subsequent conclusions concerning Beauty, which I consider as not only unsound in their logical foundation, but as calculated to bias and mislead the Taste, I was anxious, before proceeding to an examination of these, to satisfy my readers, how little support they derive from the hypothetical disquisitions premised to them, in order to prepare the way for their more easy admission. As for the physiological discussion itself, I am inclined to think that few, even of Mr. Burke's most partial admirers, will *now* be disposed to estimate its merits very highly. By some others, I would willingly believe, that it may be valued chiefly as an illustration of the absurdities in which men of the most exalted genius are sure to involve themselves, the moment they lose sight, in their inquiries concerning the Human Mind, of the sober rules of experimental science.

DUGALD STEWART.

ETERNAL JUSTICE OF GOD.

This is proposed to be proved by showing that sin, suffering, and death are not incompatible with the Justice of God. Sin is not God's work. Moral order may exist with moral disorder. The very notion of moral evil implies a moral good which it contravenes, and a moral law by which it is condemned. It can never be thought as other than something grafted on nature by which nature is preverted and depraved. It is not natural but unnatural; not primary and original, but secondary and derivative; not the law, but the violation of the law.

Free will needs no vindication, for it is the primary and indispensable condition of moral agency. Without it there might be a certain animal goodness but there could be no true virtue. A virtuous being is one which chooses of its own accord to do what is right. The notion of a moral creature being governed and guided without the concurrence and approval of its own will is a contradiction. If God desired to have moral creatures in His Universe, He could only have them by endowing them with free will which is the power to accept or reject His own will. Virtue is self rewarding and vice is self-punishing, Virtue tends of its very nature to honor and life, vice to dishonor and death. Virtue may be followed by no external advantages or may involve the possessor of it in suffering; but infallibly it ennobles and enriches, elevates and purifies the soul itself and thus gradually and increasingly imparts a peace about all earthly dignities. Vice may outwardly prosper and meet only with honour from men but it cannot be said to be passing wholly unpunished so long as it weakens, poisons and corrupts the spiritual constitution. No inductive truth can be easier to establish or is better-established than that righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin lowers, and destroys it.

The vicious affections which torment and debase isolated men, equally disturb and degrade a tribe or nation. The virtuous affections which diffuse peace and happiness in a single heart, equally spread harmony and prosperity through the largest community. Thus the general conditions of social life are that God loves virtue and hates vice. As to suffering it may be generally remarked that it is a blessing in disguise. "Painful sensations," says Professor LeConte, "are only watchful vedettes upon the outposts of our organism to warn us of approaching danger. Without these the citadel of our life would be quickly surprised and taken." It appears thus that pain is not evil but good and justifies both itself and its author. The character of pain itself is such as to indicate that its author must be a benevolent being who does not afflict for his own pleasure but for his creature's profit.

Were all liability to bodily suffering taken away, this world would teem with crimes terminating in the most excrutiating mental agony. Man's exposure to bodily pain saves him from much torture of mind and from vice which would render this world more offensive to pure spirits than the most infected lazar house is to the man of sensitive organs and feelings, Pain is a stimulus to exertion, and it is only through exertion that the faculties are disciplined and developed. Every appetite originates in the experience of a want, and the experience of a want is a pain; but what would the animals be without their appetites and the activities to which they give rise? Would they be the magnificent and beautiful creatures so many of them, are? If the hare had no fear, would it be as swift as it is? If the lion had no hunger, would it be as stong as it is? If man had nothing with which to struggle, would he be as enterprising, as ingenious as variously skilled and educated as he is? Pain tends to the perfection of animals. The perfecting power of suffering is seen in its highest form not in the brute but in man, not in its effects upon the body but in its influence on the mind. It is of incalculable use in correcting and disciplining the spirit. It serves to soften the hardness of heart, to subdue the proud, to produce fortitude and patience, to expand the sympathies, to exercise the religious affections, to refine, strengthen and elevate the entire disposition. To come out pure gold the character must pass through the furnace of affliction. As to death it is a condition of the prolificness of nature, the multiplicity of species, the succession of generations, the co-existence of the young and the old, and these things, it cannot reasonably be doubted, add immensely to the sum of animal happiness. If we can have no notion of the purpose of a thing, we cannot judge whether it is fulfilling it well or ill. The denial of the possibility of knowing the ends of things is inconsistent with the assertion that things might have been constituted and arranged in a happier or more advantageous manner. The prevalence of accidents cannot, as some may be tempted to imagine, be accidental. It is one of the most marked characteristics of the state of the world in which our lot is cast. It is, in fact, the grand means which the governor of the world employs for the accomplishment of his specific purposes and by which His providence is rendered a particular providence reaching to the most minute incidents embracing all events and every event. It is the special instrument employed by Him keep man dependent and make him feel his dependence.

The following passage in Professor M' Cosh's work on Divine Government entirely supports our views. "We are now in circumstances to discover the advantages arising from the mixture of uniformity and uncertainty in the operations of nature. Both serve most important ends in the Government of God. The one renders nature steady and stable, the other active and accommodating. The wisdom of God is seen alike in what He hath fixed and in what He hath left free. The regularity when it is observed by man is the means of his attaining knowledge; while the events which we call accidental enable God to turn the projects of mankind as He pleases towards the fulfilment of His own will and mysterious end. Without the uniformity, man would be absolutely helpless; without the contingencies he would become proud and disdainful. If the progressions of nature induce us to cherish trust and confidence, its degressions constrain us to entertain a sense of dependence. In the one, we see how all is arranged to suit our nature; and in the other we discover that we are as dependent on God as if nothing had been fixed and determined, and so the one invites us to praise, and the other to prayer." In confirmation of and compliance with such views, Dr. Flint graphically describes the utterly dependent condition of man which should teach him humility and fervent faith in God which are the natural and normal results of a truly religious life. Everything, he says, counteracts or balances or assists something else, and thus all things proclaim their common dependence on one original. Co-ordinate things must all be derivative and secondary and all things in nature are co-ordinate parts of a stupendous system. Each one of us knows, for example, that a few years ago he was not and that in a few years hence the place which knows him now will know him no more; and each one of us has been taught by the failure of his plans and the disappointment of his hopes, and the vanity of his efforts, that there are stronger forces and more important interests in the world than his own and that he is in the grasp of a power which he cannot resist—which besets him behind and before and hems him on all sides; when we extend our views we perceive that this is as true of others as of ourselves, and that it is true even in a measure, of all finite things. No man lives or dies to himself; no object moves and acts absolutely from and for itself alone. This reveals a single all-originating, all-pervading, all-sustaining principle. These manifold, mutually dependent existences imply one independent existence. The limitations assigned to all individual persons and things point to a Being which limits them all. Particular causes and secondary movements lead back to a cause of causes, a first mover, itself immovable, yet making all things else to move.

Besides the grounds stated above for bearing the ills of life with patience and fortitude, there are two principal ones, *viz.*, the immortality of the soul and future existence. According to the Bhagavat Geeta, the soul cannot be pierced by weapons, burnt by fire, dissolved by water or dried up by air. The imperishability of the soul being established, its future existence after its separation from the body is a matter of necessary inference. The necessity of a future life is, again, made manifest from the disparities of worldly conditions; that is to say virtue is not, at least adequately rewarded nor vice sufficiently punished here. The adjustment of such differences and the meting out of even-handed justice according to men's *karmas* in this world, imperatively demand a world to come. Addison has given very cogent reasons for belief in a future existence: can we believe, he says, a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvement and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, made a few discoveries of His infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at its first setting out and at the very beginning of its enquiries? It can never have taken in its full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue its passions, establish its soul in virtue and come up to the perfection of its nature before it is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines through all His works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as a nursery for the next and believing that the several generations of rational creatures which rise up and disappear in such quick succession are only to receive their rudiments of existence here and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate where they may spread and flourish to all eternity? Eastern philosophy and theology also come to the same conclusion. Both the Vedas and the Institutes of Manu affirm that the soul is an emanation from the all-pervading intellect and that it is necessarily destined to be reabsorbed. They consider it without form and that visible Nature with all its beauties and harmonies is only the shadow of God.

K. C. KANJILAL, B L.

A LADY'S ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The state of Coleridge's mind when he wrote his fragments of Kubla Khan, must have nearly resembled that of any reasonably excitable person during a first visit to Cairo. Just a degree too vivid to be a natural dream; many degrees too beautiful and wonderful to be an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim courts, the glorious mosques, the marble fountains, the showers of southern sunlight poured on stately palm-tree and slow-moving camel and shifting, many-hued crowd—all form together a scene such as no stage in the world may parallel for strangeness and splendour. One day spent in roaming aimlessly through the bazaars, and the gardens, and the mosques of Hassan and the Gama Tayloon, does more to reveal to us what Eastern life means—what is the backgronnd of each great Eastern story, the indescribable atmosphere which pervades all Eastern literature—than could be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience that it was such a revelation to me, and one so immeasurably delightful that, having performed the long journey to Egypt mainly with the thought of the attractions of the ruihs of Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Philæ, I waited patiently for a fortnight within sight of the Pyramids without attempting to visit them, satisfied with the endless interest of the living town. At last the day came when the curiosity of some quarter of a century (since that epoch in a child's life, the reading of Belzoni could no longer be deferred. I had a *concern*, as good folks say, to visit Cheops that particular morning, and to Cheops I went, mounted on the inevitable donkey, and accompanied by a choice specimen of that genus of scamp, the Cairene donkey-boy. Unluckily I had overnight ordered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for certain expected mails, and bring them to me in Old Cairo whenever they might arrive; and of course the order involved my loss of his service for the entire day spent by him, no doubt, with my letters in his pocket, at a coffee-shop. Thus it happened that my little expedition wanted all guidance or assistance—such acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo being otherwise occupied on that particular morning, and not even knowing of my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with considerable satisfaction that I found a party of pleasant English ladies and gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyramids. Their time, however, was limited by the departure of the Overland Mail that day, and of course they could make no delay—as they seemed kindly disposed to do—to keep up with me and my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who pretends to belabour your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. Only one thing is worse, a mule which carries you through a whole day of weary Alpine climbing, just too far from all your friends to exchange more than a scream at intervals. If there chance on such an excursion to be ten pleasant people of your party, and one unpleasant one, whom you particularly wish neither to follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably that particular objectionable person whose mule your mule will go after, and press past every one else to get at, and drag your arm out of its socket if you try to turn it back, and finally make you wish that an avalanche would fall and bury you and the demon-brute you have got under you in the abyss for ever. On horse-back you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,—not where you please, but where, when, and how, *it* pleases.

To return to my expedition to the Pyramids. Very soon the English party were out of sight, and slowly and wearily I was led a zig-zag course through fields of young growing corn, and palm-groves, and past the poor mud villages of the Fellah-Arabs. Mud, indeed, occupies in Egypt an amazing prominence in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields, where the rank vegetation is only beginning to spring through the deposit of the inundation, mud-dams across a thousand channels and ditches, and finally the vast yellow mud-banks of the mighty Nile. If man were first created in Egypt, it is small marvel that his bodily force should be a "muddy vesture of decay." In the course of my pilgrimage on this particular day my donkey-boy cleverly guided me into a sort of peninsula of mud, out of which there was no exit (short of returning on our steps) save by crossing a steam of some three or four feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or three brown Arabs arose immediately when wanted, from the nearest brake of rushes, and volunteered to carry me across on their shoulders; their backshish, of course, being divided with the ingenious youth who had brought me into the trap. What it costs to the olfactory organs to be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were over; the sands of the Desert were reached, and the stupendous cluster of edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and the splendid tombs, were before me and around. For miles off, in the clear air of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial perspective, I had been able to distinguish the ranges of stones which constitute the exterior of all the Pyramids, save the small portions of the second and third still covered with their original coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow says:—

> The mighty pyramids of stone
> That wedge-like cleave the desert-airs,
> When nearer seen and better known
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

Almost as soon as they come within the range of vision they are seen with their serrated edges and the horizontal lines of the deep steps, marked sharply with the intense shadows of the south.

Of all these ruins of Ghizeh—these earliest and mightiest of the records of our race—the one by far the most affecting and impressive, is assuredly the Sphinx. A human face, nay; an intensely human face, a portrait full of individuality even in its solemnity and colossal grandeur,—gazes at us with the stony eyes before which have passed Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher, and Roman conqueror, and Arab khalif. Had Napoleon the Great told his troops that sixty centuries looked on them through the Sphinx's eyes, he would have used no unmeaning metaphor. Even the very ruin and disgrace of the mighty countenance, seems to render it more affecting. Half immeasurably sublime, half pitiful, nay, grotesque, in its desolation, it stands, with its brow calmly upturned to heaven, and a somewhat one might almost deem a ruddy flush upon its cheek, but with every feature worn and marred since it has stood there, a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through the ages the shafts and insults of sun and storm.

I must not pause to muse over the Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual revelation which comes to the traveller of the enormous magnitude of the Pyramid, as he slowly wades at its foot through the heavy sand, and perceives when he has walked thrice as far as it seemed he need have done, he has but reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, "Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?" "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away. Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed: a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a penknife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards, is also one which, on the slippery well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight, of the Alps, this dark suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was—the awe of the place well-nigh overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chaunt of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion), the English words being apparently a continual repetition :—

Vera goot lady, backshish, backshish ;
Vera goot lady, give us backshish ;

and so on, *da capo.* Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty) standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England ; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here, to give us backshish."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as cooly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshish' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favourite coin in Cairo), as I said I only wanted three men."

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshish !"

"There they are. They are quite enough.."

"Not enough ! We want backshish !"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment

I could not help thinking of it), with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *crux ansata.* Their leader spoke in a calm dogged sort of way to which they all responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshish !"

"It must do. You will get no more brckshis h."

"It won't do. We want backshish !"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm, so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshish, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshish !" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment, I might never have got away ; but the extremity of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and peremptorily—

"I'll have no more of this. *You* fellow there, take the light, and go out. *You* give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle ; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way, it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last of the passages, and when I at last emerged safe and *sane* out of the Great Pyramid! Dante ascending out of the Inferno, "a riveder le stelle," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode home to Old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik, with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the *stones* in my pocket.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A CHAPTER IN NATURAL HISTORY.

An observant friend of mine who has resided much at Constantinople, has sent me the following interesting account of those birds which fly in flocks along the Bosphorus, and which the French call "les ames damnees," from their restless disposition. He says:—

"There is a bird here which has often excited my surprise and curiosity, and which appears to be peculiar to the place. Every day there are to be seen numerous flocks of birds, not quite so large as pigeons, with dark backs and white bellies, flying up and down the Bosphorus with great rapidity. When they arrive either at the Black Sea, or the sea of Marmora, they again wheel round, and return up the channel, and this course they continue without a moment's intermission the whole of the day. They are never seen to alight either on land or water; they never for a moment deviate from their course or slack their speed. They are never known to search for or to take any food, and no visible cause can be imagined for the restless instinct by which they are possessed. The French call them 'les ames damnees,' and certainly, if being allowed no station or repose be included in this idea, it is not a bad one. They fly very near the surface of the water, and if a boat meets a flock of them transversely, they rise a few feet out of the line; it divides them like a wedge. Their flight is remarkably silent, and although so numerous, and so close, the movements of their wings are scarcely ever to be heard; they are so abundant in this particular spot that I have counted fifteen large flocks in my passage from Pera to Therapia, a distance of seven miles. I have often wished to shoot one and examine it, but the Turks have such a tender and conscientious regard for every animal but *man* that no person is permitted to kill any bird upon the Bosphorus without incurring their displeasure. It has been called the 'Alcyon Voyageur,' to distinguish it from the 'Halcyon' of the ancients, which was supposed to have its nest on the waters. It is certainly a species of Alcedo, but which of them I cannot determine"

I have to state, in continuing this account of these celebrated birds, that I have taken some pains to ascertain from persons who have long resided at Constantinople, on what spots they are supposed to roost, but have never been able to procure any satisfactory answers to my questions on this subject. It is to be regretted that more is not known of the history of these very interesting birds, which have excited very general curiosity from those who have frequented the shores of the Bosphorus.

The next bird I propose to notice is the eider-duck (*Anas mollissima;* to whose soft down I am indebted for many a good night's repose in cold weather. This valuable down is provided by nature for the clothing of the bird in the inclement countries in which it is generally found. As it lives generally out at sea, it is able to endure the severity of the northern regions, such as Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is also found through Arctic America. Audubon states that he found eider-ducks in abundance on the bleak and wintry coast of Labrador, nesting and laying their eggs from April to the end of May. Their eggs were from six to ten, of a dull greenish-white. The nest was usually placed under the shelter of a low prostrate branch of a fir-tree, and sometimes several were made under the same bush within a foot or two of each other. The nest is composed of seaweed and moss, and the down is only added when the duck begins to sit on her eggs; this and the eggs are taken away, when the duck lays a few more, and adds her down to them. If these are removed she will lay two or three more eggs, but having exhausted her stock of down, the male will then supply the necessary quantity. Should the last eggs be removed, the duck never again returns to the same spot. The down, it need not be mentioned, is very valuable, and one company has sold as much as £900 worth in one season.

But there is another celebrated duck which I believe is only to be found in North America. It is the canvass-back duck, and well-known as a delicacy to the epicures of that country. These birds assemble by thousands in a flock, and rising suddenly on the wing, produce a noise like thunder. During the day they are dispersed about in search of food, but towards evening collect together, and coming into the creeks and river inlets, ride, as it were, at anchor, with their heads under their wings asleep; sentinels, however, appear awake, and raise an alarm on the least appearance of danger. They feed on a weed called sea-wrack; but Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his canoe voyage on the Minnesota River, says that they also feed on the wild rice that is in abundance on its banks. It is only in severe frosty weather that they can be exported in an eatable state to this country, and I have purchased them from a poulterer at Brighton. Their excellence on the table has not been over-rated.

I cannot help noticing here the bottle-tit, one of my favourite little birds of this country, not only from the beautiful structure of its nest, which is most elegantly domed, with a small side opening, but also from the indefatigable way in which the parent birds provide for their numerous offspring, which follow their parents till the return of spring. It has always been a pleasing occupation of mine, when in the country, to watch the proceedings of this family of diminutive birds. The parent birds have a peculiar call which is well understood by their young ones, and as they rapidly flit from tree to tree in search of insects, not one remains behind. At night they all cluster together, forming a little feathery ball to keep each other warm, sometimes on the branch of a well-sheltered fir-tree, or under the eaves of some hay-rick. Should cold weather set in after the young are hatched, I have known a feather fixed at the top of the hole or entrance to the nest, acting as if it had a hinge, in this way keeping out the cold wind. When it is considered that these beautiful nests frequently contain ten or twelve young ones, it may be imagined how actively the parent birds must be employed in collecting insects for them, so that from my own observation I have ascertained that little more than a minute passes without an entrance or an exit taking place all day long. Such is the warmth of the nest that some thousands of feathers have been counted which had been deposited in it, and I have known a common cigar-box filled with the contents of one nest.

With the exception of that of the golden-crested wren, the egg of the bottle-tit is the smallest of any British bird, and it is surprising how the parent birds contrive to feed each of their newly hatched and numerous young ones, enveloped, as they must be, in such a mass of feathers.

EDWARD JESSE.

A WHOLE DAY AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Narayan Babu rose with the lark. It was a dreadful experience for the son of his father, yet he could not help it. But instead of the picture of indolence that he was, oh wonder, he looked full of life and flustered a good bit. Now in, now out, now to and fro, was there ever a greater activity? The household was astir. Here was the housewife busy cooking, there the matron pattering about, the housemaid scouring, the youngsters buzzing and the baby mingling her cries with the general hubbub. Even dead matter joined in the commotion, for while the utensils jingled through the process of cleansing, from the store-room came the croak of pottery and to the music of the broomstick the kitchen lent an aggreable hiss. Ha? What could the matter be, what meant the splutter, the stir and bustle? Oh, you don't know, after years of dallying and fooling our hero was going to have a job in a mercantile firm at Calcutta. The old cashier, his uncle, had begged his Burra Sahib to throw a crumb for his nephew. Who does not yield to lickspittling? The result was that a Bazar Sircarship was offered to him. 'Come sharp and join' the uncle wired to the nephew. The message came the day before. The night passed in expectations and day breaking our hero was preparing for a journey to Calcutta. Hence the fuss.

He was tearing about. Now with the Hooka, next half-buried in water, anon before the glass, how unlike himself, how changed. In the fever of excitement he kicked the poor puss for *mewing* and *mewing* as he sat packing his clothes and wiser than his feline friend the house-dog turned tail to avoid a like fare.

The culinary preparations were complete. He ate a fairly good breakfast and after another parley with his hubble-bubble rose to depart.

Then ensued a scene of sighing, sobbing and shedding tears and the moment recalled sweet memories. The reminiscences of the good old days came back with painful impressiveness and with them the thoughts of his pursuits and associations came dream-like in scattered fragments. How torturous to make a breach with the past, to be divorced from the relish of home-life. Woe to the day he had asked his uncle for a job, who knew the old driveller would bother his head about it. Would that the Burra Sahib had cancelled the arrangement. He cursed himself, cursed his uncle and even the housewife he spared not for letting him go.

The dawn was breaking. The east blushed. The birds chirpped out. It was time to start. Oh? the pang of separation, the agony of the parting look. Who could say when he might return. Are not holidays in a mercantile firm few and far between? However, the scene ended with our hero trudging out of the house bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

Now past by-paths, past neighbours' yards, past patches of green and the village road was gained. A deep hush was still brooding over its lonely length, broken only by the sound of his foot—fall as he plodded cheerlessly on, now fetching a sigh or drying up a tear as though it was an evil day for him, a day of misery.

The dawn soon gathered into day and the first arrows of the rising sun quivered through the air. One by one men showed up. As he passed, every one began to wonder where could he be going to. Was anything the matter with him. It was impossible to believe that he was going off for work, an idler that he was. Thus while guesses and surmises were spending themselves harmlessly, he threaded his way out of the village on to the high-road that ran to the Kanchrapara Railway station.

The sun now bathed the landscape with his brilliant lustre and faster than his golden car the news travelled through the village that Narayan Babu was gone away no one knew where. People met here and there enquiring what was up. The Modee's shop was filled to overflowing and the Barwaritollah had never witnessed a larger congregation. At the tanks women stood dripping wet listening to fusees in mute amazement. A sensation prevailed. The old folks swore that he had no business capacity. The boys wagered their hidden treasure against anything that he was turned out. In fine, before the sun was high it was reported all over the village that he had a roaring brawl with his wife and was off for good and all.

To return to our hero. He was treading the long road sad and gloomy, regardless of the glories of the landscape, its varied charms and its finishing grace, regardless of Nature's coloured beauty, her serenity and her attire of vernal loveliness. On, on he pushed, still onward, when far away above hazy tree-tops the railway distant signal peered out in bold relief. The station was almost reached, but his limbs were exhausted and his spirit needed cheering up and what could be more exhilarating than a *chillum* of tobacco carefully prepared. Wistfully he turned towards a hut on the roadside. It was rather an apology for a shop, but never mind it, he gave a look up.

Whiff? whiff? puffs of grey smoke rolled out of his lips and nostrils. It was a perfection of relief. Much soothed, he now gave himself up to the pleasing contemplation of a magnificent prospect opening before him. The transition was sweet from the cold truth to the warm atmosphere of fancy, whose rich imagery soon entranced him into a complete forgetfulness of the situation. What was now the world to the dream personality enshrined in the ærial castle of his brain-coinage. Whiff, whiff one, two, three, nearly twenty minutes flew noiselessly away.

But hark ? Tin-in, Tin-in, Tin-in,

" The bell, the bell " vociferated the shopman in a tone of warning.

" Never mind it" muttered our hero carelessly, with eyes half-closed " there is time yet. The train has only left Muddunpur."

He plunged back into his reverie and in the dream of delight forgot what he was about, his business and all. Even the outward sighs were obliterated, the post blotted out and the present vanished into space. What cared he for the world without. He was now promenading in the fairy-land of fancy and from his vision the horizon of reality was fast receding. Whiff, Whiff, flew wreaths of smoke, producing a soft accompaniment to the gurgling melody of the hubble-bubble.

The bell tin-ined a second time.

" Bell again " repeated the shop-keeper, wondering what a moony day—dreamer the morning had brought him into contact with.

" Hum ?" interjected he, still chewing the cud of fancy, with no great concern for external things save only what his hookah exacted, of whose presence he was only conscious. Whiff, whiff, the smoke curled up, its action deepened and time crept noiselessly by.

Presently a low rumble of iron wheels broke in upon the silent air.

"The train at last" shouted out the shop-keeper much amused at the developement of the scene.

"Eh" our hero started up. Down dropped the hookah, the *chillum* crackled and amid the snarl of his host he burst impetiously out.

He ran, ran, ran. But what noise was it. Help, help. Merciful God? His feet tumbling on a clod of earth he was down head over heels, wallowing in the dust. It was an awkward fall.

"The devil take the train" he imprecated in downright rage, as he rose up and was flicking the dust off his clothes. "Perdition seize it and the old goose too, dog of an uncle, slavering dolt."

Thus between rage and disappointment he poured down a torrent of execration first on the train and lastly on his poor uncle whom he took to be the author of his trouble.

The morning train was missed. Nevertheless he helped himself over to the station and was noting down 10-12-3-6-9 from the time-table board on the wall.

"The next down passes at 10" confirmed a burly Jemadar.

"Three hours to wait. Tedious" growled he.

Not to be baulked again he resolved to stick to the platform which he was soon pacing in a state of perfect security as to his travelling prospects. Up, down, up, down, up again, down next, his feet beat incessantly upon its gravelled surface. The walk was toilsome and the heat oppressive. Their combined action on him was an acute sense of emptiness of the stomach. Why, thought he, a place of refreshment was close at hand, what harm if he snatched a hasty lunch rather than travel with an empty stomach.

A sharp appetite and the exigencies of the time-table giving promptness to his movements he was seen next instant lodged in a sweetmeat shop with a *tonga* of choice edibles, opening his campaign first of all with Loochee. How delightful was the sensation produced. It eased his mind of half its poignancy. Surely who can contain himself when the flavour of hot Loochee excites his orfactory nerves and to nibble with it a slice of half-spiced potato is to be forgetting one-self. It was to him a moment of supreme bliss. Potato finished he looked wistfully at *Begoonbhaja.* Next went *Pawpur* cracking in, followed by a couple of *Khasta Kochoorees.* A couple of *Neemkees* brought up the rear of the noisy procession. Next rose, *sip, sip,* the soft music of *Chatnee.* Delicious? What next. His eyes gleamed as the red glow of *Pantooa* flashed from the depth of his half-emptied *tonga*. The next instant the crimson dainty in a mutilated condition was fairly under way for his stomach. 'Exquisite', he chuckled, licking its sweet memory out of his fingers. His eyes next fell covetous on the nice little pile of it sparkling upon the stall amidst a motley variety. The vendor grasped the situation and was soon busy handing him one after another.

" Surely my friend you are the master of your craft" he complimented good—humouredly, in appreciation of their grateful effect on the palate.

The first bell had rung out unheeded. Now the second bell announced that a train was a sight.

" Good gracious ?" He sprung up but his eyes refused to turn away from a white globular form now peering from beneath the few *Boondeas* that half hid it. It was the much reputed *Kanchagolla* the place was noted for. What leave it untouched. Impossible The next moment the milk-white globe was undergoing a process of mastication. Ravishing ? Ravishing ? The heart yearned for another, especially as the view of the neat little pyramid of it upon the stall swept all other considerations. The *tonga* chucked he turned to the pile. The topmost came first, another next, then a third, a fourth, he sat again the better to enjoy the situation, a fifth followed, a sixth and so on. He had just commenced his eleventh when the train came screeching.

" Merciful Heavens !" He started to his feet and cramming the remnant into his mouth, more than half-chocked emptied a glass of water.

This done he turned to shift.

"The fare" demanded the confectioner fretfully.

"Confound me" he muttered vexedly and pulling out a Rupee tossed it down.

The vendor tendered him the change.

What, a four-anna bit ? Can his gluttony have cost him three-fourths of a Rupee. This was more than he could believe.

" Horribly unfair" he roared out " come, no fooling me. I can't stand it."

"It is monstrous that I should be trifled with" sharply retorted the confectioner. "Have n't you more than half-emptied my basket to stuff your belly with. Then what the dickens do you worry for. Take this and retire. I will have none of your prating here." So saying he flung the silver-bit on the ground.

"Hang it" pealed out the former, scarlet with rage. "Snuffing dog, shallow-faced lick-boot. What, humbug me. Have a care or I will lay my umbrella about your shoulders."

"Look to your tongue, sir" replied the vendor in hoarse accents of ill-suppressed wrath. "Soon I will make you keep a more civil tongue in your mouth, you blustering bully-rook."

A quarrel arose, each charging the other with fraud and their loud voices snarling in violent vituperation drew the attention of the neighbourhood.

"Ha ! what noise here" interposed some passers by. The little shop was turned for a few minutes into a Court of Common Pleas and on the Daniels committing themselves to a verdict adverse to our hero, he was obliged to clear out with the four-anna bit but not without a round curse on the shopocracy.

He hurried to the station but only to behold the train roll majestically out of it.

"Dear me, it is getting serious" groaned he as he flung himself on the waiters' seat after the time-table had shown 12 A. M. the next train hour. A short reflection followed. "Well, thought he, to wait about was to be reaching his gaol too late, yet a return home meant subjection to what not. What to do. No, no, the latter course was anything but accep'abe. Prudence decided in favour of the former. But the time must be got over till 12 o'clock. To make the interval aggreable he bethought himself of the vivifying power of music.

Ha ! what was it, the dull droning, flat and expressionless, which when it rose to a higher key, resembled a bray and descending died on the lips ? Hush ! he was humming an air. Could sound so mellifluous escape from human lips. Such long-sustained tones, such nightingale shakes, such limpid notes could they be caught by the voice of any other mortal. Could breath vibrate so powerfully as to stun the ear and sink to a whistle all at once. Ah ! the sighs of the Æolian harp, the modulations of the cuckoo, the sweet trill of Robin, what more do you want, were all present in the melody he was jerking out. Thrilling, thrilling, It was a master-piece of song and he the master songster.

But jesting apart, the music did beguile the tedium of long waiting, for when the time drew he could scarce believe that he had droned away two devilish hours. It was nearly twelve. The bell had just chimed out its measured note. The lonely platform was full again and lo, where the iron track kissed the horizon's rim there curled up a cloud of smoke.

Presently there loomed through the smoke a dark spot—a dot—as small as pinhead—next as big as pea, growing still, shapeless at first—discernible next, but assuming outlines which soon gathered themselves into the dark form of an engine with a train behind.

"The train, the train" cried out an impatient passenger. All eyes were turned in the direction of the object espied.

Narayan Babu felt his heart beat. There was the train coming. Here was he ready as ever. What could now stand between him and his Sircarship. But the happy state of security was not fully realised until the train steaming in he found himself in a cosy corner of an inter-class compartment.

Oh Joy? He had secured a train at last and was now fairly under way for the city of palaces. In the ecstasy his imagination broke loose. He fancied his uncle was presenting him to his Burra Sahib and the latter receiving him with open arms. The flapping wings of fancy bore him to yet brighter visions than had ravished Alnaschar on the hotbed of indolence. From a Bazar Sircar he rose to a Burra Babu and what if the Sahib retired who knew but the vacant place might be his. He would then puff out the louts of his village and make short work of its crones. Thus visions imbued in the prismatic colours of fancy flitted like a panorama before his mind's eye enchanting him by their witchery of gorgeousness. His profound meditations were cut short by a white man protruding an arm in.

The checker, the ticket-checker

"Ticket" he demanded of each passenger in his usual gruff tone.

One by one the others produced their tickets.

"Come on" said he, turning to our hero.

Oh God! He had forgotten to book himself. The colour fled from his cheeks. He assayed to speak but words stuck in his throat. It was confusion worse confounded."

"Be quick man" repeated the checker, his voice rising to a hoarser pitch.

The situation was awkward. He felt struck dumb and his lips parted only to pass an inarticulate sound. "Come out" thundered the checker, giving him to understand by his looks that unless he could produce the little bit of paste board he must either clear off or have a tug straight to the railway police office. No, no, the latter alternative was anything but aggreable.

Between dread and disappointment he issued forth and scudded towards the booking office. Oh, mercy! it was closed. They don't issue ticket when a train is in. He rapped at the blind; bang, bang, joining his voice to the manual activity, but the unyielding board of mahogany answered in rattling notes that the railway arrangement was not to be disturbed for his convenience.

"The fiend seize the dog of a booking clerk" he cursed out, dropping his voice to a lower key and finding importunities of no avail tore madly into the office room.

"Get out of here. Get out" a voice sounded from within. It was the booking clerk giving him a warm reception.

"Oh pity me, in mercy pity me"—"appealed our hero.

"Nonsense" the same voice rang again. "Out, or the policeman will show you where to go."

"In the name of goodness graciousness"—

"Ho? there" the clerk's voice pealed forth.

The clerk was serious. Fly, fly.

The next moment he was deposited in a safe corner of the waiting hall venting his spleen in fierce oaths and dreadful exertion.

While he was thus occupied, the guard whistled, the engine screamed and the train rattled out of the station leaving him cry in the wilderness and cry himself hoarse.

The next train was due at 3 P.M.

"Bless me, this is unlucky" he groaned, more than half frantic at such a continued series of disappointments. Fully determined however not to miss another train he placed himself close to the blind in order to secure the 'cursed bit of paste board' as he chose to call it at the very first opportunity. To while away three long hours was no joke yet it was got over and when the time arrived he booked himself first of all, despite the press of a dense crowd, an achievement which he set down as the most heroic ever accomplished by man.

Ticket secured, he swept to the platform and was lecturing to some fellow passengers on the necessity of a wholesale reform of the railway abuses in the shape of a clean sweep of its booking clerks and ticket checkers and as an earnest of his decisiveness made a vow that if he lived to be the Burra Babu of his office his first care should be to rid the railway stations of rag-tags and bob-tails, but his speech was soon interrupted by the arrival of the train when he found a new audience for it in a compartment of its inter-class carriage.

He now forgot all his troubles in the amusement afforded by the situation. He was now in possession of a ticket, what fear if the devil of a checker made his appearance. Sure enough his hopes were within a measurable distance of realisation. The thought was re-assuring. His heart bounded with joy, his face brightened up and his eyes were never more glowing. Hurrah for Calcutta, hip, hip, hurrah !

But where was his umbrella. There was the bag at his side, the ticket in his pocket and cigar between his lips but the poor thing, where was it.' It was missing.

'Bless me, this is very bad' he grunted and not wishing to part with the old parasol rushed off to look for it but returned half-way to rescue his carpet bag from being conveyed to the Sealdah terminus without its owner.

He searched the station compound through and through. The waiting hall was subjected to a close examination. Even the platform was not spared.

'How unfortunate, dear me, gross fatality' he muttered as he ran to and fro in quest of his inanimate companion.

"Ho there, what are you about" interrogated a slim constable who was watching his discomfiture.

"Why, some one has walked off with my umbrella" replied he agitatedly.

"Look. Whose is that over there" responded the former pointing to an old shabby umbrella against the door of the booking office.

Thank goodness, it was recovered at last. Grasping it with the fondness of a lover he strode back to the platform but what sight greeted his eyes? God! the train was in motion.

'Halt, halt' he hallooed out with all his lungs, "halt, halt"—waving his hand frantically in the air. But, as though in mockery, the iron horse hissed and snorted and increased its speed to his immense chagrin and perturbation.

He swept up the platform in a state of frenzy yelling out, 'Station Babu, station Babu, forgetting in his confusion the proper address. The station master was not a Babu but a Briton. Unable to stand the impertinence of a *Kala Admi*, especially as his susceptibilities were stung by the unholy appellation, the proud son of Albion ordered his underlings to *puckrow* him. To hear him was to obey. Ere another moment elapsed our hero was puckrowed in a *jubberdusht* way, shaken *achisai* and finally shoved out of the platform howling, cursing and calling Heaven to witness the Railway Zoolum.

The very atmosphere of the station now became distasteful to him. To shun it for the few hours that preceded the next train-time, he decided on a walk through the village. A fierce sun was shining down, the roads were lifeless, only the din of industrial activity from the railway workhouses enlivened the cheerless scene. He struck into a narrow path, proceeded aimlessly on till on the outskirts of a Haut (market) his progress was arrested by the sight of a company of people bending over a game of cards. It was a species of four-handed whist.

The sight touched a chord that vilbrated in his bosom. He felt transfixed to the spot. Securing a convenient place near the gamesters he sat watching with lively interest the fall of each card, prompting now and then a happy hit. 'This gentleman will make four' suggested a by-stander when one of the players rose to depart. The proposal was accepted and down sat he a player at last.

"We must begin afresh" he said laughingly as he took the cards and shuffled them.

"Agreed" responded the opposite party.

The cards were dealt out and the play began, The first game ended and the winnings were pretty equally divided.

"Let us play another round" he said excitedly and gathering up the cards packed and put them together in sorts with a dexterity which baffled the vigilance of his opponents. It was truly amusing to watch him turn up a card or lay it down or try his hand at a manoevre. The winnings went on for some time pretty equally balanced till the game turned in his favour.

"Hurrah !" He pealed out, a flush of excitement overspread his countenance. "The chances are in our favour. Now it is your turn to begin."

The last words were addressed to the opposite party.

"Here you are" said his opponent moving a ten of spades.

The contest grew hot : Both parties played with great spirit as if their weal or woe depended on the chance of those coloured pieces of paper but fortune was setting in completely in his favour.

"Bravo, my fine fellow" he cheered his partner when the sixth card was played out and over the seventh the latter seemed to be in a pretty mess, as though wavering.

"Strike home" he hinted.

"It is unfair to throw out a hint" protested his opponents.

"You misjudge me" he retorted sharply but unhappily his partner made a slip which the opposite party turned to the best account,

"You hold a bad hand, sir," he reprimanded "I would not take you for a partner if only I knew you were a novice. Move your cards with care. Don't blunder again."

More games followed.

"Don't let our opponents have a glimpse of your hand" he warned his partner "Here I throw a red queen."

First, second, third—the seventh card was played out, luck still declairing in his favour.

"Chok-ka" he pealed forth in high glee throwing down the eighth card. Ha—ha—ha—"

"It is past four" observed a by-stander.

"Hush, don't bother" he rebuked. "Come, another round."

The play ran high. A flush of triumphant pleasure lit up his eyes as he won one game after another. It was a run of luck and in the infatuation he forgot that the next down was not long in coming.

"We must continue the play with good spirit" urged he. " Here I throw a black knave. Come on."

The play went on, the tide of luck still running in his favour he gained at each turn.

"Hurrah" he shouted as a hotly contested game was coming to a close. "Look sharp, my fine fellow, here I throw the king of spades."

Just then the sound of an approaching train was audible.

"I hear a train" said another by—stander.

"Hush" cried our hero "Come on, fortune is all on my side."

More cards were moved. Greater enthusiasm prevailed.

"Pan-j-a-h" he rang out in exultation. "Cheer, cheer, ding-dong."

The play was continued with ardour till twilight deepening obliged the party to break up. The cruel conviction now dawned upon him that the evening train was gone and he must either get home or back to the station.

"I will be hanged if the fates are not against me" he cried out in mingled rage and vexation and not relishing the idea of a return home turned his face in the direction of the station. He could meet an uncle's black look but not an angry wife.

It was fairly evening when the station was reached. The empty appearance of its waiting room was a sufficient advertisement that the next down train which was the night mail was long in coming. The sight of the platform recalling an unpleasant experience, his legs carried him into the waiting room, but before throwing himself on one of its seats he paid a tribute to his daily habit of swallowing a pile of opium. Tne evening breeze was pleasant. By the law of animal economy weariness needs repose and opium, one knows well, has a soporific effect on the human system. From a combination of these causes his eye-lids closed, his limbs relaxed and drowsiness took possession of him. In plain words he fell asleep.

Now past seven, past eight, past nine and true to its hour the night mail came, pulled up and sped away leaving him undisturbed in the enjoyment of a peaceful repose.

He was fast asleep, nay more, dreaming. He dreamt that he was a Bazar Sircar, filling his pocket daily with silver and copper. It was Pujah time and he was come home with holiday finery for his wife, consisting among other things of a nice Parsi Sari and a bodice of blue black velvet. The Saree was of crimson silk ornamented with raised design of exquisite workmanship. The bodice was delightful for Puja wear. It was trimmed with flounces and golden lace, puffed daintly at the waist and its sleeves were finished off with an embroidered cuff. But pity, she turned away from the precious gift and instead of a radiant smile an attitude of cold reserve greeted her approach. 'Why darling' he began to fondle and caress her. But God, what a rough shake was it? He started up between sleep and waking. Can she have indulged in a practical joke. 'So cruel of you, dear,' he complained lovingly and stretched out his hand for a sweet revenge. But what did he behold? Can his spouse have worn a Pugree. Can beard and a full moustache have marred the oval of her cherub face? Why, instead of the chiselled nostrils, the arched eye-brows and the long-beat lashes which finished her profile it was a grim visage staring hard at him.

Instead of dark silken tresses flowing in hundred little curls about a face glowing in all its witchery of loveliness, it was a big uncouth turban half-hiding features which were anything but comely. Was it a hallucination, a deception of the eye ? No, no, as certain as he was himself it was a gaunt constable standing before him in an attitude which was by no means aggreable to his nerves.

He sat up, the better to realise the situation. The stern reality knocked the illusion out of his head that he was still in the railway station.

"When is the mail coming" he enquired diffidently,

"Which Mail" was the rough interrogatory.

"The night mail ?"

"To-morrow night"

"You jest" said our hero

"I do not" was the stern reply. "Where were you when the mail passed ?"

"Passed ?" Stared our hero in open-eyed surprise.

"Indeed"

"My God" our hero fetched a deep sigh. "Any more train for the night."

His constableship nodded his head

"Allow me to rest here" pleaded the former

Any thing but that" was the curt reply.

Seizing his bag and umbrella Narayan Babu left the station. The night was black and moonless, the faint stars shed but a feeble light. A dead hush hung over the scene around as though all nature was locked in sleep. Not a voice sounded, not another soul stirred as he groped his way homeward, dreading every moment some grim spectre to loom up or a prowler to claim his carpet bag, but no spectre, no robber retarded his progress and it was nearly mid-night when he got home. Loud knocks at the door and shouts as shrill as the lungs allowed roused the household. 'Sure he had secured the job and was come with the good news' thought all within. Great rejoicing prevailed, The matron hobbled to the *Tulsitolla* to vow a splendid pujah offering to the Deity. The house-maid stalked out to see if she could procure *Harir loot* from Kenaram Moira. The house wife never looked more bouyant. Even the children joined in noisy commemoration of their father's success. But the general exultation soon died into a hush of despondency when our hero related how he had missed all the trains.

Needless to add that he never more thought of leaving home.

AN INDIAN.

AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.

XXIII.

CHAPTER XVI.

In 1242 B. S. (1835) came the Bengali fortnightly Sangbada Purnachandra under the editorship of Harachandra Banerjee with the financial help of Adwaita Chandra Adya and Udaya Chandra Adya. After two years Hara Chandra left it to join his post as a teacher in the Dacca College and Udaya became the editor. On his appointment as a superintendent in the Abkari or Excise department, Adwaita conducted it with ability. In 1248 B. S. (1841) it became tri-weekly and in 1252 B. S. (1845) daily.

The Bengal Spectator was the organ of the young Bengal and as such an opponent of *Samachara Chandrika.* It was edited by the famous Kashi Prasad Ghosh till January 1837. Rasik Krishna Mallick, Peary Chand Mitter, Govindra Chandra Basak, Ram Gopal Ghosh, Ramtanoo Lahiri and Dakshinaranjan Mukherjee were its contributors. It was under the control of Peary in 1843.

The Bengal Herald was started in 1839 under the editorship of Rajnarain Sen and passed into the hands of Dwarkanath Tagore under circumstances almost dramatic. Dwarkanath's horse bolted near the office of Hurkara and one Martin who had his shop there helped him. For this service, Dwarkanath purchased the paper at Martin's request and made it over to him. But Martin involved the proprietor into so many lawsuits that the latter was obliged to sell it to Hurkara.

In 1839 was started the famous vernacular weekly *Rasaraja* by Bholanath Sen under the editorial charge of Rajnarain Sen. It attracted notice during the days of Gouri Sankar Bhattacharya better known as Gurgure Bhattacharjee, who was a racy though course writer and often indulged in vulgar personalities. The butt of its ridicule was Iswar Gupta of Sangbada Prabhakar. For its attack on the character of himself and his wife Sarnamayi, (afterwards Maharani), Raja Krishna Nath of Cosimbazar brought a libel suit against the editor in January 1843. The editor was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for six months besides a fine of Rs. 500 and was required to enter into a recognizance in the sum of Rs. 1000 with two securities on condition not to publish any libel against the Raja for one year after the expiry of imprisonment. Raja Narsing Chandra Roy of Posta family also brought a suit for defamation against Gauri Sankar in which too the editor was imprisoned and obliged to give a recognizance of Rs. 5000 for good behaviour. The Friend of India used to call it "a scavenger's cart."

In the same year Srinath Roy issued the Bengali weekly *Bhaskara* which was a compatriot of Rasaraja. On 13th January 1840 while Srinath was getting into a cab, he was suddenly attacked and assaulted by a number of Hindusthani Durwans who gagged him and carried him first to Pathuriaghata and thence to Andul under the orders of Raja Rajnarain Roy of Andul for publishing a letter in Rasaraja alleging that the Raja had married two Brahmans with two low caste women and that his mother had acted cruelly towards him. Turtam, the Advocate General, was instructed to move the Supreme Court for a writ of *Habeas corpus* against the Raja. Sir Edward Ryan, Sir John Peter Grant and Sir W. Seton issued the writ and heard the case. The Raja was represented by Princep and Leith. Sir E. Ryan, the Chief Justice, delivered judgment whereby Rajnarain was fined Rs. 1000.

On 1st July, 1840, appeared under the editorship of J. C. Marshman the *Bengalee Government Gazette* and on 24th July, 1844, was published The Calcutta Christian Herald, the organ of the native Christians of Bengal.

In May 1844, Sir John Kaye, then editor of the *Bengal Harkara* brought out The Calcutta Review which proved the best magazine in India. At one time its circulation was extensive. It had a galaxy of brilliant editors like J. W. Furrel. Though it was ably conducted and, indeed, was the only journal of superior literature, yet it could not maintain its ground from financial point of view because of the editors not being conversant with the taste of the readers. Ganguli deplored in 1896 that India was unable to support such a grave quaterly. Its pages are mines of information. In it appeared the article of William Digby on *Native Press.*

There has recently been an attempt to revive the old Calcutta Review and it will be a matter of joy if the attempt succeeds.

The Hindoo Intelligencer was established in November 1846, by Kashi Prasad Ghosh. "It was," to quote Kisori Mohan, "a weekly chronicle of news, politics and literature. The late Harish Chandra Mukerjee, Grish Chandra Ghose, Dr. Sumbhu Chandra Mukherjee and Kristo Das Pal, first flashed their pens in its columns." It was stopped in 1857 inconsequence of Lord Canning's *Gagging Act.* Its annual subscription was Rs. 10. It had an eminence as literary paper. It eschewed politics. "Its calibre, as a political paper," goes on Ganguli, "may be determined from the fact that no reference occurs to the Mutiny in any of its numbers issued in 1857." It opposed the widow marriage movement of Vidyasagar and rightly prophesied that nothing would come of it beyond a few instances of such marriage under exceptional circumstances.

In 1850 a weekly named The Bengal Recorder was out. The same year under the joint editorship of Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar and Madan Mohan Tarkalankar, the vernacular paper called Subhankari was issued. Both these papers were shortlived. Next year the Bengal Literary Society issued Bibidhartha Sangraha. Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra was the editor. It also did not live long

In 1853 appeared under humble auspices a paper which proved within a short time a power in the province and laid the foundation of modern journalism. Srinath Ghosh, Girish Chandra Ghosh and Kshetranath Ghosh of Simla, Calcutta, issued The Hindoo Patriot with the help of Harish Chandra Mukherjee in June, 1853, from the press of Madhusudan Roy. The office was at 12, Radha Bazar. Srinath was the head clerk of the Calcutta Collectorate and Harrish a clerk in the Military Auditor General's office. The zeal of the intelligent Ghosh brothers cooled within the 3 or 4 months, and the sole charge of the paper fell on Harish destined to be the founder of modern journalism in Bengal. He was a splendid writer and a born journalist. Though poor in means yet he took up cheerfully the burden of the new paper. Burden in certainty was in those pre-university days when the number of readers was small and the Indian editor had no staff to assist, no clientele to support and no funds to the meet the costs. The launching of a newspaper was an enterprise as risky and bold as that of the explorerer of the poles in these days. Nothing but an unquenchable thirst for journalism would have pursuaded Hurish to gird up his loins for the conduct of The Hindoo Patriot.

He undertook the herculean task of proving that the Indian could be as apt in journalism, though it was foreign to his instinct, as the westerners. He spared no pains and ungrudgingly toiled and trudged after office hours. Every Wednesday he passed his night awake in the snug and stiffled press-room at Radhabazar for regularly issuing the Patriot on Thursday The annual subscription fixed was Rs. 10. The paper consisted of two sheets. It had literary finish but scarcity of funds told on its 'get up.' The adventure, as was expected, could not succeed financially in the beginning. The proprietor, who looked simply to his counter and had no long purse, became impatient and the fate of the Patriot seemed sealed. But Harish's ardour could not be chilled. He agreed to buy up the proprietory rights along with the press. The bargain was profitably struck for both the parties—the proprietor glad to shake off the burden of further loss and Harish elated at the opportunity of moulding the paper according to his choice. He removed the office to Bhowanipur near his residence. The building that served as the cradle of native journalism was on the Kalighat Road in front of Maulavi Habibul Hossain's mansion. Harish made the purchase in the name of his brother, Haran Chandra Mukherjee who became the manager. Uma Charan De was selected the printer. The removal of the press to the nursery of lawyers and the vicinity of the Sudder Dewany Adawlat brightened its prospects. The educated colony of gentlemen of the bench and the bar took a local pride in the paper and extended their patronage. Harish's masterly pen attracted attention of the European and the Indian communities. The number of subscribers quickly rose to make it independent if not profitable. Harish never looked upon it as a monitery concern. He never pampered to the taste of his clientele at the sacrifice of his conscience. When the widow-marriage question stirred the Hindu society, Harish, who was of heterodox views, did not shrink from supporting Vidyasagar at the risk of losing the support of the orthodox community. Apart from the question whether he was right or wrong, we cannot but admire him for courage of conviction. Harish loved the independence of the paper so much that he refused financial aid from many of his friends lest thereby the independence would suffer. The mutiny found Harish a staunch supporter of the wise conciliatory measures of Lord Canning. The prestige of the Patriot rose so high that the Governor-General felt uneasy if there was delay in issue of the paper, and used to send home by every mail a number of copies to the ministers and his friends as the right exposition and the best defence of his policy. Harish rose to the highest popularity when he took up the cause of the Bengal *ryot* in the great indigo-movement. He was warm-hearted and once convinced of the righteousness of the cause, threw his whole weight for righting the wrong. It was Harish's zealous and lucid exposition of the situation which opened the eyes of all. It was Harish's pertinacity which won the sympathy of large-hearted Europeans—official and nonofficial—for the downtrodden millions of Bengal. It was Harish who in one word saved 'the bold peasantry the country's pride.' He was impervious to all temptations. He was allured and he spurned all offers of base compromise. He was threatened and he laughed. The interested planters raised a whirlwind of agitation and he stood firm like a rock. Many are the anecdotes still in circulation about the acridity of the planters towards Harish. It is said that once Harish and a big planter having literary taste sat silently side by side in the Metcalfe Library pouring over books without knowing each other. The European came to know that his neighbour was Harish after the latter had gone. He ejaculated " what, he was Harish Chunder ! had I known it, I would have killed him and would have been hanged." This news reached the ears of Harish. He noticed this in the Patriot, with the pithy remark—"Oh ! no ; in life and death you would have the benefit of my diseased spleen." The controversy proved much for his weak constitution. His health began to fail. He was obliged to stop literary work and removed to Belur during illness and was carried away on the 14th of June, 1861. Bengal mourned his untimely loss on the eve of the victory and the Bengali dramatist sang :—

"Woe to Bengal, to planters a prey,
Untimely is Harish carried away."

Harish not only raised the prestige of the Indian Journalist but left successors capable of maintaining and enhancing the prestige. Of his disciples Dr. Sambhu Chunder Mukherji was the foremost and Kristodas Pal was the next best. Both were Harish's associates in the conduct of the Patriot in his latter days. Sambhu was the Sub and Kristodas a regular contributor. The relation between the master and the pupils was as warm and as deep as the relation between the Guru and Sishya of old India. Sambhu when in height of his reputation freely acknowledged that all he had learnt was through the grace of Harish. He used to tell his favourite disciple Ganguli several stories of Harish's studio. What deep insight Harish had into the mind of his readers and how considerate he was even to his enemy will appear from an ancedote we have got from Sambhu through Ganguli. While Sambhu was the assistant editor, a missionary paper with the characteristic intolerance of those followers of the Prince of Toleration, violently attacked Hinduism. Sambhu's young blood was up and he answered it by referring to the Christian doctrines of vicarious fall and redemption. The article was from literary point excellent. Yet ·Harish remarked in his laconic way—"Well! Sambhu! will they be able to bear it?" Sambhu did not reply and thought little of the feelings of the readers. He rather was for giving the opponent a good thrust. Hurish went away. Sambhu did not drop the pungent para. Two or three days after a number of letters came from Christian subscribers complaining of the hard pit. One of them touched Sambhu much. It was from a Civilian who wrote that his wife was really in tears to read such attack on the delicate questions of faith, that he contemplated first of withdrawing his name from the list of subscribers but on second thought he concluded it better to appeal to the editor not to hurt the feelings of thousands of Christians for the vagries of a few of them. Sambhu was so abashed that he could not himself hand over those letters to Harish and then realised the golden truth that a journalist shauld not only be expert in retorting but should be considerate to the feelings of the reader and should well peise his words.

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Thus did I hear the turtle dove,
Murmuring forth her love;
And as she flew from tree to tree,
How melting seem'd the notes to me—

Coo! coo! coo!
So like the voice of lovers,
'Twas passing sweet to hear
The bird within the covers,
In the spring-time of the year.

Coo! coo! coo!
Thus the songs return'd again—
Through the shady glen;
But there I wander'd lone and sad,
While every bird around was glad;
Thus so fondly murmur'd they,

Coo! coo! coo!
While *my* love was away.—
And yet the song to lovers,
Though sad, is sweet to hear,
From birds within the covers,
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